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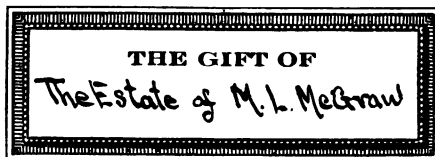
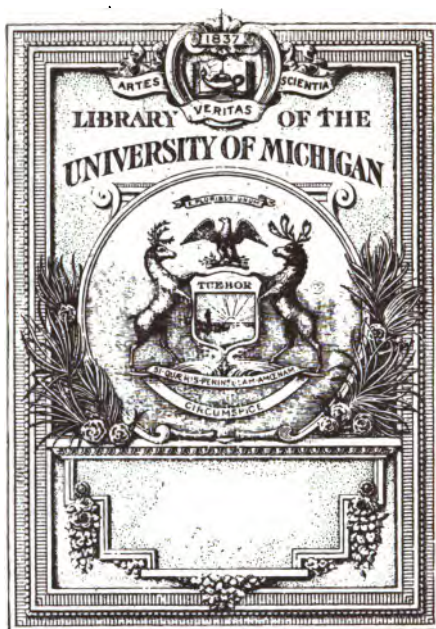
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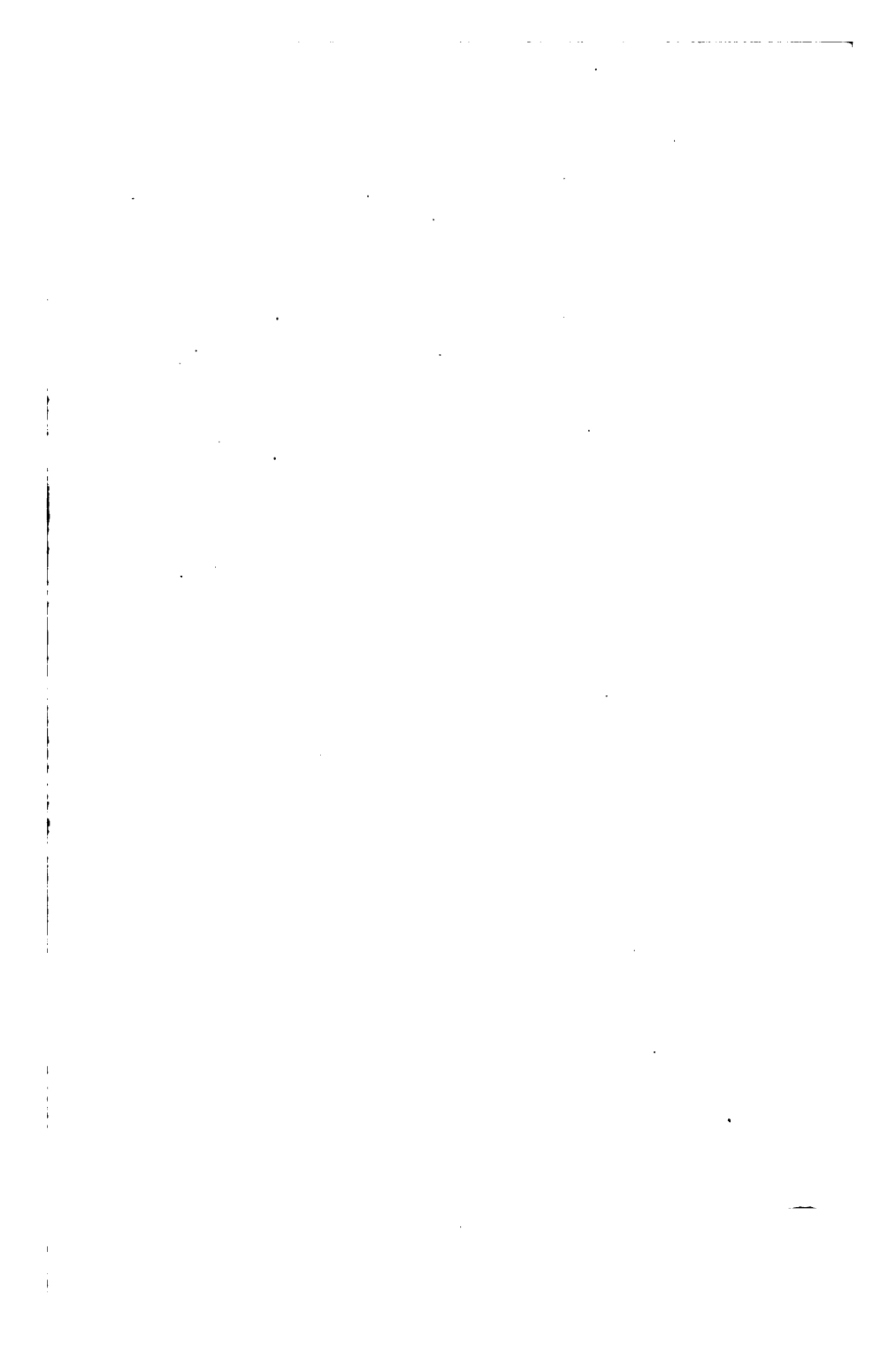
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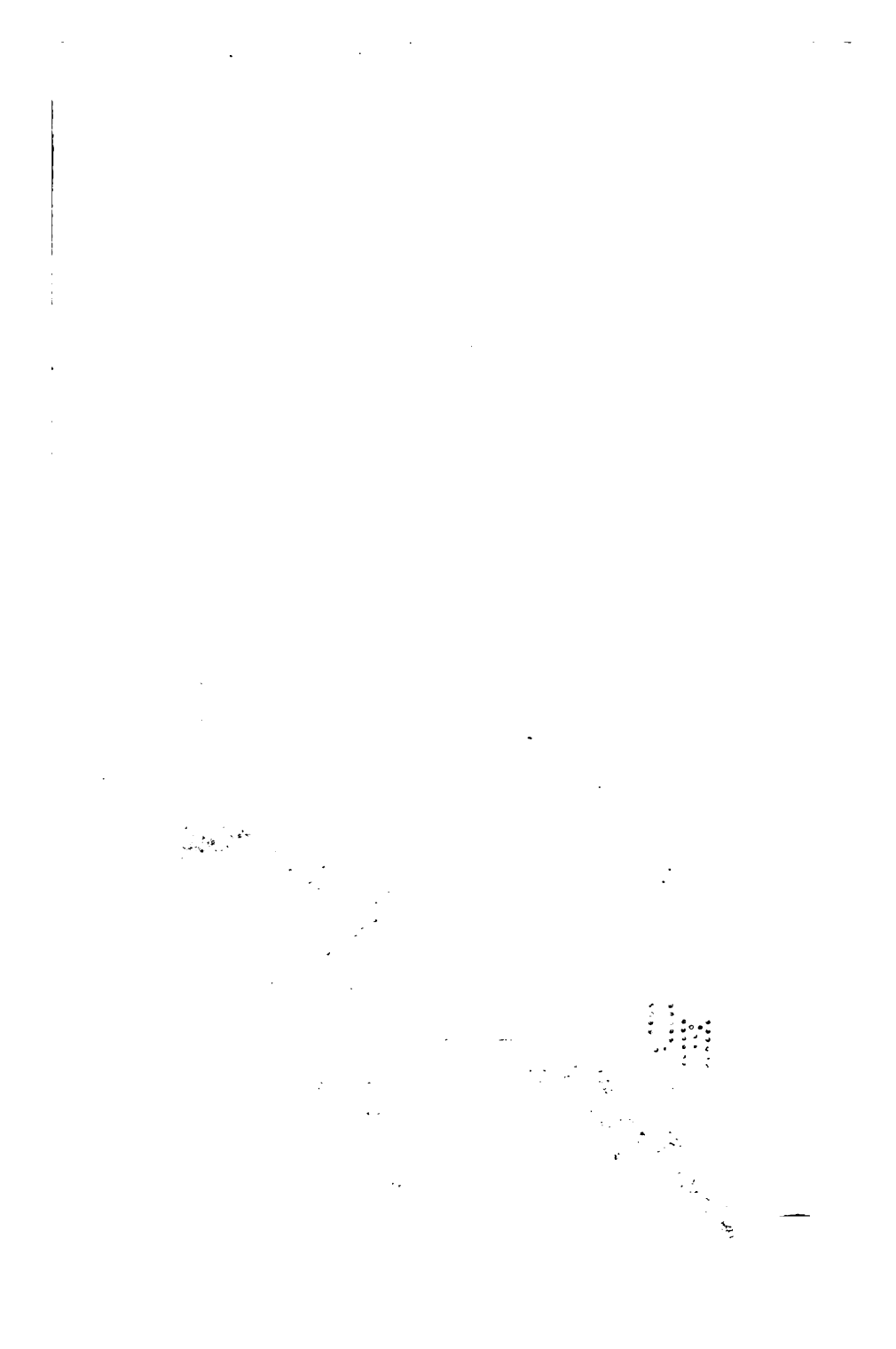
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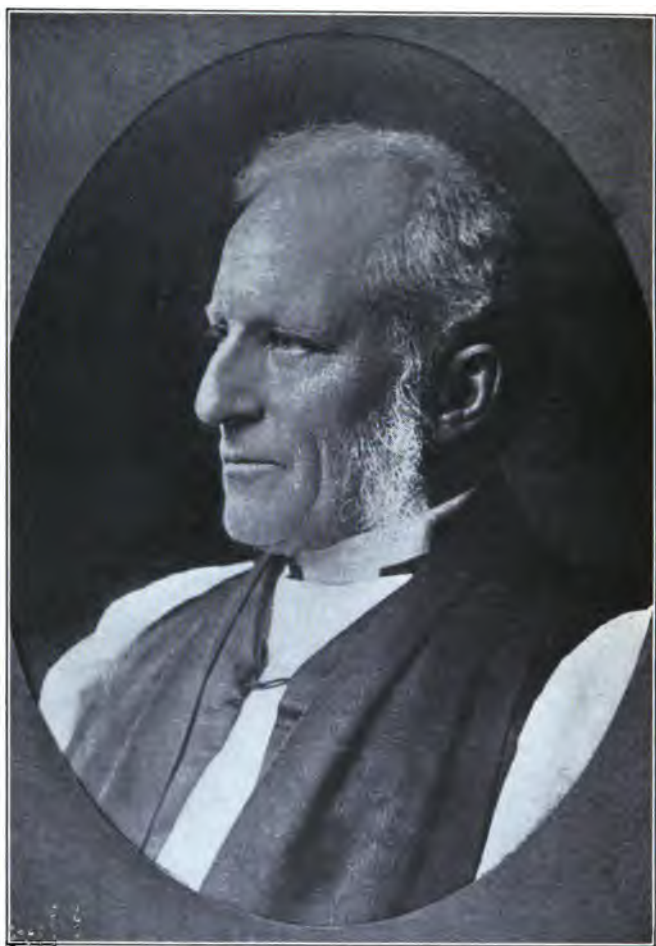
1914





**LIFE AND LABORS OF BISHOP
HARE**





WILLIAM HOBART HARE

THE LIFE AND LABORS OF BISHOP HARE

APOSTLE TO THE SIOUX

Mark Antony BY
M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE

Hare, William Robert 1p.

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LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

From a photograph of Bishop Hare in later life, taken by Gutekunst	<i>Frontispiece</i>
Bishop Hare about 1880	FACING PAGE 52
Bishop Hare and his early traveling equipment . . .	72
Scene at an Indian Convocation	134
Bishop Hare in the Chapel of All Saints School . . .	220
Bishop Hare and his Japanese Interpreter	258
A Woman's Auxiliary Meeting in South Dakota . . .	286
Bishop Tuttle, Bishop Johnson and Bishop Hare in the Chapel of All Saints School	392

NOTE

THE inscription on a memorial in St. Luke's Church, Philadelphia, to my father, the first Bishop of Central Pennsylvania, was written by his son-in-law, Bishop Hare. Beneath a summary of personal and official qualities a sentence reads: "This tablet is placed here that he may still speak."

So in turn this book is written that Bishop Hare "may still speak." In a life crowded with action there was no opportunity for the writing of books. But he wrote abundantly and well. In letters, in printed reports and pamphlets, a large body of his writing has come into my hands. Out of this material it has been my aim to make a book which shall be substantially his book. Such it will be if it can carry with it not only his speech but also something of that spirit of the saint and the knight which illuminated all his arduous days.

Of the physical structure of the book, it is to be said that in arranging a narrative drawn so largely from writings produced with no thought

1

LIFE AND LABORS OF BISHOP HARE

I

THE BOY AND THE MAN

1838-1859

SANCTITY and chivalry were so inherent in the nature of William Hobart Hare that "saint" and "knight" stand in the first rank of the generic terms by which he may be characterized. More specifically he was also an "apostle" and a "pioneer." If John Eliot had lived in the nineteenth century it is easy to imagine that his apostleship to the Indians would have expressed itself in many of the words and deeds of Bishop Hare. As a pioneer, moreover, he exerted an influence not exclusively limited to the work of a Christian missionary. He bore an important part in preparing a wild region for civilization; and when civilization began to come, it came the more quickly and surely for what he had done and continued to do towards making the Indians

4 LIFE AND LABORS OF BISHOP HARE

better neighbors to the whites and to each other, and towards working a corresponding benefit to the whites themselves. This vital and many-sided service he rendered through overcoming difficulties which a man of his sensitive fibre, both physical and spiritual, might have dodged without cowardice. He faced them all, with a high fortitude, a helpful humor, a deep devotion to the Christian religion as a system, and to its founder as a living, personal director of daily life.

When such things can truly be said of a man, it is impossible to say also that he is of those regarding whom

“ . . . no one asks
Who or what they have been.”

The world has a right to ask and to learn the essential facts about them. A life that signifies much in the living must also signify something in the telling—unless the biographer obscure it utterly. It is here his specific task to show with what reason the titles of saint and knight and apostle and pioneer may be linked with one modern name.

*

William Hobart Hare was born in Princeton, New Jersey, May 17, 1838. The science of

heredity may some day demand a new structure for biography, with the date of a man's birth standing midway between ages of preparation to live and years of living. The genealogical pages of some biographies lead one to suspect that this fashion has already won its votaries. Indeed there are lives in which inheritance and performance are so closely related that the temptation to enlarge upon the bare facts of ancestry is somewhat difficult to resist. Such a life was Bishop Hare's; but the new plan of biography is not yet the accepted plan, and in the present instance a brief suggestion of the qualities and tendencies derived from earlier generations will suffice.

In physical aspect Bishop Hare represented clearly, as any picture of him will show, what may be called the best Anglican type. The English churchman of gentle breeding, of native and acquired distinction, has rendered it familiar. Such men are born both to their appearance and to their profession. In the lineage of William Hobart Hare there was quite enough to account both for the outward and for the inward man. On each side of his parentage he was a son, immediately of the Protestant Episcopal Church; and, more remotely he sprang both from the New England Puritans and the Pennsylvania Friends whose beliefs and standards have played

6 LIFE AND LABORS OF BISHOP HARE

so important a part in the religious and political life of America.

His father, the Rev. Dr. George Emlen Hare, an eminent Biblical scholar, one of the American Old Testament Committee appointed under the direction of the Convocation of Canterbury in 1870 for the revision of the authorized version of the English Bible, was for many years a teacher in Philadelphia—first in a temporary professorship at the University of Pennsylvania; then at the head of the old Protestant Episcopal Academy for Boys, revived in 1846 by Bishop Alonzo Potter; and finally as professor of Biblical Learning and Exegesis in the Divinity School in West Philadelphia, of which he was the first dean. "From the period of his ordination," it is written in a brief sketch of his life, "the Scriptures in their original texts had never been half a day out of his hands." One sees him in memory, a typical figure of the scholar, formal, remote, known of those who knew him as demanding of himself the same exacting standard of industry and integrity that he demanded of his pupils. In his veins ran the blood most characteristic of Philadelphia. His mother's great-grandfather, George Emlen, had come from England with William Penn. His own grandfather, Robert Hare, coming from England in 1778, and marrying Margaret Willing,

a daughter of Charles Willing and Ann Shippen, allied himself at once with representative Philadelphia families. One of the sons of the emigrant Robert Hare was the distinguished chemist of the same name, who discovered the oxyhydrogen blowpipe and other important aids to the study of his science. Another son, Charles Willing Hare, the father of George Emlen Hare, won himself an eminent place as a legal practitioner, in the teaching of law at the University of Pennsylvania, and in public affairs. Beyond what the great-uncle and grandfather of Bishop Hare gave thus to the community, the family in every generation has contributed abundantly to the intellectual and social life of Philadelphia.

Perhaps even the greater number of determining qualities in the compound of inheritances came to Bishop Hare through his maternal ancestry. His mother was Elizabeth Catharine Hobart, a daughter of the Right Rev. John Henry Hobart, Bishop of New York. Bishop Hobart, descended from the Rev. Peter Hobart, first minister of the Puritan settlers of Hingham, Massachusetts, specifically foreshadowed his grandson in his important work for the Oneida Indians still within his jurisdiction, in a keen interest in education perpetuated in the name of Hobart College, and in the "banner" of "Evan-

8 LIFE AND LABORS OF BISHOP HARE

gelical Faith—Apostolic Order” which the Rev. Dr. Henry Anthon, in a funeral sermon on his bishop, ascribed to him.

The wife of Bishop Hobart—to “explain” the grandson still more fully—was a daughter of that vigorous defender of Anglicanism in America, the Rev. Thomas Bradbury Chandler, of Elizabethtown, New Jersey. Though descended from Governor John Winthrop and from a brother of that militant Cromwellian divine, Hugh Peters, Chandler was the representative of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts who came nearest to being the bishop of the Colonies before the Revolution. When it broke out he was obliged, as a Tory, to take refuge in England, leaving his family for ten years, unmolested by those from whom he differed, in New Jersey. At the restoration of peace the government offered him the first Colonial bishopric of the English Church, that of Nova Scotia, and filled the place, which he declined by reason of age and desire to return to his own flock, with an appointee of his naming. The granddaughter of that ardent churchman, the mother of the ten children of whom Bishop Hare was fifth, was a woman of the warmest affections and truest piety, and exercised enduring influence upon the lives for which she was responsible. At a Christmas celebration near

the end of her long life she broke her leg by a fall while playing blind-man's-buff with her grandchildren. The bare fact carries with it some suggestion of her spirit and of its value in the family of which her scholar-husband was the head. Three of Bishop Hare's sisters have survived him, and two brothers, Mr. James Montgomery Hare of New York, and Mr. Robert Emott Hare of Philadelphia.

When William Hobart Hare was born in Princeton, his father was rector of Trinity Church in that town. It was in 1843 that the family established itself permanently in Philadelphia, where the institutions with which the father became connected provided the son in turn with the instruments of his formal education. His thorough use of these means is revealed in the quaint memorials of his good standing in school and college. Between 1848 and 1855 there were many announcements on the blue paper of the Episcopal Academy that "The name of William Hobart Hare has been sent to the Bishop of the Diocese, and to the Board of Trustees, as deserving commendation for industry, punctuality and propriety of deportment." On three of the last four of these notices the word "especial" precedes "commendation." In September of 1855 he entered the Sophomore Class of the University of Pennsylvania. Here

10 LIFE AND LABORS OF BISHOP HARE

he maintained his high rank as a student. At the end of his first term his name stood highest in his class in the "Roll of Honorary Distinction," and in succeeding terms he ranked repeatedly from first to fourth in the "First Class of Distinguished Students." But his health—especially that of his eyes—and the feeling that the family resources were far too slender to warrant his completing the college course, removed him from the University at the end of his Junior year.

If he ever thought of preparing himself for any work in the world but that of the Christian ministry, the evidences of such uncertainty have disappeared. His nature and the influences with which he was surrounded pointed clearly in one direction, and—apparently without qualm or question—he prepared himself to walk in it. One of his masters at the Episcopal Academy had established a classical school of his own, St. Mark's Academy, in Philadelphia. Knowing and admiring young Hare he asked him to become an assistant in this school. The offer was accepted, and the duties of teaching did not prevent the continuance of study—now at the Divinity School in direct preparation for the ministry. The first crowning of all these labors came with his admission to the diaconate by

Bishop Bowman, June 19, 1859, when he was only a month beyond twenty-one.

He was hardly more than a boy, therefore, when he began the work of his life. The school-teacher under whom he first studied and then taught is perhaps better qualified than any one else to recall the beginnings of Bishop Hare's career, and from the Rev. Dr. J. Andrews Harris, of Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, comes the following statement:

"In him the boy was in very truth 'the father of the man.' The traits of quiet dignity of manner, of unselfishness, transparent candor, inflexible faithfulness to what he believed to be duty and to his friends, and, above all, a lofty personal purity of thought and deed, were not something new, superimposed upon his younger by his advancing years. They were not the graft of maturity. They were simply an expression of what always seemed to belong to him, to belong to his very nature. From a boy, he was always what I believe to be the highest type of manhood—a clean and perfect Christian Gentleman."

II

IN PARISH AND MISSIONS OFFICE

1860-1872

JUST as William Hare passed naturally from the studies of boyhood into those for the ministry, and thence into the ministry itself, so the duties of his calling presented themselves first at his very door. Near to his father's house in Philadelphia was St. Luke's Church, of which the Rev. Dr. M. A. DeWolfe Howe was rector. Here the young clergyman's work began, soon after the taking of deacon's orders, in the post of assistant minister. St. Luke's was a large parish, with many activities both within and beyond the walls of the parish church on Thirteenth Street. It afforded a full opportunity for the discovery of a young man's powers both by himself and by others. The immediate result of this discovery by others was that in May of 1861 Mr. Hare became rector of St. Paul's Church in the Philadelphia suburb of Chestnut Hill. In May of the following year Bishop Alonzo Potter ordained him to the priesthood.

Meanwhile, on October 30, 1861, his marriage with Mary Amory Howe had taken place. She was a daughter of the Rev. Dr. Howe of St. Luke's and his first wife, Julia Bowen Amory of Roxbury, Massachusetts. To her young husband of twenty-three she brought a sympathetic understanding of his profession and its demands. In purity and beauty of character, in responsiveness to all promptings of the religious nature, she was, to a marked degree, his counterpart. "We are very cozily settled at Chestnut Hill," he wrote to Miss E. N. Biddle, within two months of his marriage, "and living almost too happily for earth." Near the end of the same letter to this dear older friend of the young couple and their families, a lady rarely distinguished for piety and good works, he wrote of his bride: "She is fast eclipsing the Rector of St. Paul's, Chestnut Hill, and he is glad if he is only allowed to shine in reflected light. I have discovered by experience what I ought to have known before, that if a *candle* is ambitious of being seen, it is very suicidal for it to make love to the *sun*."

Again in this letter, devoted by no means entirely to the enthusiasm of the newly married, he wrote: "We have been depleted as much as we shall be by the return to town of the summer residents, and I am glad to find that the places of the absentees are almost entirely supplied by

14 LIFE AND LABORS OF BISHOP HARE

the middle and lower classes who had been crowded out by the influx of crinolines and silks. The new church will be under roof in a few days, and I hope the time may never come again when it cannot be said of my church, 'To the poor the Gospel is preached.' "

Here spoke the future missionary bishop, though still in the youthful stage which set "crinolines and silks" over against "the middle and lower classes." In the letters of this period there are, moreover, evidences of his following the progress of the war with a fervent patriotism, and, by inference from his declination of calls to other parishes, many tokens of the impression he was beginning to make. The regular course of his work in the ministry, however, was sorely affected by the rapidly failing health of his wife. In the summer of 1863 he felt obliged to take her, with their son a year old, to Michigan and Minnesota in search of such benefit as a change of climate might yield, and in September to resign his parish in Chestnut Hill. From Minnesota, where the effects of the Massacre of 1862 were still conspicuous, he wrote a letter to the Sunday-school pupils at home which may be read, almost in its entirety, as the record of his awakening to the cause to which so many of the best years of his life were to be given:

"ST. PAUL, MINN., September 18, 1868.

"My Dear Young Friends:

"You remember that when I was with you, I used to talk to you often of different objects to which I wished you to make offerings. I have not forgotten you nor your monthly collections since I have been away, and I now write because I want to interest you in the poor Indians of whom I have lately seen a good deal. There is a war raging in this state against them so that now we never see them, but when I was in Marquette on the shore of Lake Superior I saw numbers of them every day—sometimes they were lounging about the streets, sometimes picking berries in the woods and at other times paddling their canoes along the shore of the lake. But no one seemed to take any interest in them. . . . They wandered about like sheep without a shepherd. But though no one taught them what was good, there were not wanting those who taught them what was evil.

"As I sat in my room on the Fourth of July I heard an unusual noise and on looking out of my window I found that some of the white people had got about a dozen Indians together to make the day hideous with their savage exhibition. There they stood before the hotel almost naked, and so bedaubed with paint and set off with feathers that they were frightful to look

16 LIFE AND LABORS OF BISHOP HARE

upon. At a given signal they began their dance. They pounded the earth with their feet, they crouched to the ground, they leaped, and sang and whooped and yelled, occasionally firing their guns into the air, until I was sickened at the indecent sight. Thus, my dear children, I have seen white people, your and my brethren, teach the Indian evil and make them almost like that man possessed with the devil, mentioned in the Gospel, who roamed among the mountains crying and cutting himself with stones. . . .

“A young man in Connecticut some years ago who was studying for the ministry felt himself called to go and preach the Gospel to the Indians. He accordingly came out to Minnesota, and began a mission under the care of Bishop Whipple. For a year he went in and out among them teaching and preaching the Gospel, but he met with little success so far as he could see. But a single Indian was baptized during the whole time. Soon after, however, it appeared as if their eyes were being opened to see the kindness and love of the Saviour and many became interested in the Gospel. Another and another was added to the number; they were baptized, and so there came to be quite a Christian community among the heathen Indians. Many persons contributed to build them a church, and it was nearly finished when the savage

Indians made an attack on the whites, murdering or taking prisoners men, women and children. Not one of the Christian Indians joined in these outrages. On the contrary they warned the missionary and his teachers, they hid the church Bible from the savages, and on succeeding in getting some of the white prisoners away from their captors, they sent them in safety to General Sibley, who was coming at the head of an expedition to punish those who had committed the outrages. Thus they proved themselves Christians indeed. But the government passed a law that all the Indians of the tribe should be sent away from the state and so the Christian friendly Indians, though they had done all they could to help the whites, were brought to Fort Snelling and were there tried to find whether they had joined in the massacre. If they had been found guilty they would have been hanged, but they were all pronounced innocent, and sent hundreds of miles away from their homes to a place they had never seen before on the Upper Missouri.

“But God meant that the white man’s cruelty should turn out for the Indian’s eternal good, and so, having no one else to flee to in their misery, they fled to Christ. While at Fort Snelling nearly a hundred Indians were baptized, and when I met the missionary the other

18 LIFE AND LABORS OF BISHOP HARE

day he told me that now after the expiration of some six months he has every reason to trust in their sincerity and single-minded piety. He also told me how God had accomplished this wonderful work. You know the Indians place great confidence in their medicine men, as they are called. They are jugglers who pretend to cure diseases, to keep people well or make them sick and all that sort of thing. Well, as long as they refused the Gospel the others would not receive it. At last, however, four of the medicine men were converted and the missionary called a council of the Indians. Some three hundred came together. The missionary called upon one of the four medicine men to say whatever he had to say. He looked confused, and so the missionary told them that when white men held a council not only the men who called the council but others expressed their opinions. He said this council was called to consider Christianity and he wanted to know what the medicine man had to say on the subject. He now understood what was meant and said that he had believed in four religions in his life. He described them all and said none of them satisfied him. They all were false. The last religion he had had was the Grand Medicine and he knew that was all a lie, and, turning around to the medicine men who were present, he said *they* knew it too. He then

proclaimed himself a Christian and brought his drums and feathers and the other things he had formerly used when he was a juggler and laid them at the missionary's feet.

"The rest of the Indians were very much impressed when they saw their medicine men owning that their religion was all a cheat and soon many of them became Christians too. They have now all gone to their new home. Their missionary has gone with them. They have the New Testament and a large part of the Prayer-Book in the Dakota language and every Sunday, if you were there, you would hear them saying the same prayers and creed and singing the same chants as you say and sing at St. Paul's, Chestnut Hill, only in the Indian language. They now call upon you, my dear boys and girls, for help. . . .

"Most affectionately your friend and pastor,

"WILLIAM H. HARE."

These very Indians, sent from Minnesota to Fort Snelling, and thence to a place they had never seen before on the Missouri, formed the nucleus of Bishop Hare's own Niobrara mission ten years later. Their plight, as he first saw it, made a powerful appeal to his sympathies. A few weeks after writing the letter just cited, he recurred to the subject in a letter to Miss Biddle:

"The Church *outside* Minnesota must do the work. The indifference of the people here to the eternal interests of the Indian is simply astounding. They are concerned in only one thing, their extermination. There is a reward paid by the authorities for every Sioux killed by private individuals. I saw by the paper yesterday that the reward has just been raised to \$200 to stimulate greater activity in this humane enterprise!"

It does not seem unduly fanciful to associate the depth of the impression made by these first observations of the treatment of Indians by whites with the more personal experience through which Mr. Hare was then passing. His wife's health remained such that he must have felt her hold upon life to be increasingly uncertain. The wrongs they saw together must have been the more repugnant to him for their very effect upon her. Their effects upon him, in all the circumstances, could hardly have been other than permanent.

It was partly that Mrs. Hare might change the climate and conveniences of a suburban place for those of the city that he resigned his parish in Chestnut Hill. He returned to St. Luke's Church in Philadelphia, taking entire charge of it for a time during his father-in-law's absence, and in 1864 assumed special care of the Church

of the Ascension, a mission of St. Luke's. When this mission became an independent parish in 1867, he was chosen its rector.

Before this responsibility came to him he had been left to face all responsibilities alone. On January 7, 1866, the pulmonary disease which for several years had threatened Mrs. Hare's life brought it to an end. Yet he was not alone. His son of three years—now the well-known medical writer, teacher and practitioner, Dr. Hobart Amory Hare of Philadelphia—remained to him; and, to share the management of his little household, his sister, Miss Mary H. Hare, came immediately to his side and remained there until he took up the work of a Missionary Bishop. Nor in the more intimate sense could he have been so much alone as the death of his wife seemed to leave him. Her life, especially as its end drew near, was so preponderantly a life of the spirit, that it could continue in vital relations with his own spiritual existence. And so it did continue—if one may put a reasonable interpretation upon obvious causes and effects—not only through the dark days of readjustment, but far into the years through which he shaped and followed the course he must have known she would have him take. "*Sit anima mea cum illâ,*" he wrote in his wife's Bible, opposite the record of her death; "*quis non desideret illam civitatem*

unde amicus non exit, quo inimicus non intrat?"

The course he took remained at first in the grooves of a city parish. In the summer of 1868 he sought relief from it in a few months of foreign travel, through which we may not follow him. A single passage from a letter, written in Switzerland, to a brother-in-law also traveling in Europe, tells something of his need for rest and of the discretion with which even his pleasures had to be taken: "Pray remember that in your case and mine, health and not sight-seeing is of first importance. I find I can do very little of the latter without prejudice to my health. I lie awake at night thinking in a sort of ecstasy of what I have seen, and find it necessary to sandwich a week of seclusion between my spells of sight-seeing. Pray be wise and do the like."

Returning to Philadelphia he continued for about two years in the routine of parish work, when he was appointed Secretary and General Agent of the Foreign Committee of the Board of Missions. His Philadelphia parishioners were loath to part with him. Bishop Stevens, in a letter of a later day, wrote: "During the whole of his ministry in Philadelphia, it was under my eye continually, and I can bear solemn testimony before God to its marked success and usefulness." But the call to the Missions Office

in New York was a call to larger service and offered also the entire change of climate and mode of life which physicians had already counseled him to seek. In the winter of 1871 his new work began. The duties of the position were those of an intermediary between the church at home and its representatives in the foreign fields of missionary work. It was necessary both to make known their deeds and needs through frequent speaking and writing, and, through correspondence with them, to give them that stimulus which the knowledge of sympathy and support could afford. In the performance of his duties a native gift of persuasive and telling speech received constant cultivation. At the same time his power to stimulate generosity on the part of the supporters of missions won him an enviable name for efficiency in an important branch of the work before him. One innovation in the daily work of the missions office was introduced under his régime—the pause at noon for the “Midday Prayer for Missions,” a practice which has since spread far and wide. For himself there could hardly have been a better school than in his new employment for the all-round development of the missionary spirit. “So there seemed,” said Bishop Tuttle in a memorial sermon at Sioux Falls in 1910, “in the early days a holy christening of him to his special work.

24 LIFE AND LABORS OF BISHOP HARE

Name this person, might have been asked of his sponsors then; and you could have almost heard the answer clear and unhesitating,—A Missionary Bishop.”

The personal records of this period are scanty. A letter from Mr. Hare, while traveling with a party of prominent representatives of the clergy and laity, sent as delegates to a missionary meeting in San Francisco, will serve, however, to give its impression both of the writer and of his glimpse at Mormon conditions in 1871:

[To Miss Mary H. Hare.]

“ABOUT 550 MILES EAST OF SAN FRANCISCO,

“April 26, 1871.

“My Dear Mary:

“I have written three letters (to dignify them by that name) since I have been on the cars, two to Mother and one to my dear boy.

“It is marvelous how accustomed one becomes to life on a railway. I have hardly known what *ennui* is and have slept almost as well as at home. So say the rest of the party. But I dread the return, for the novelty will have passed away, and I fear that none of the party will return in time to accompany me.

“The weather has been charming. They have no rain here for several months and our umbrellas are altogether useless baggage. We reached

Salt Lake City on Saturday evening at about nine o'clock.

"The journey until Saturday afternoon was entirely uninteresting. Though we had ascended the Rocky Mountains we had seen nothing but barren desolate plateaus and all that was mountainous in appearance was far in the distance. But as we descended towards the Salt Lake Valley the land became more precipitous, and the scenery very imposing.

"The Salt Lake Valley is most charming. On each side is a range of mountains covered with snow rising up right out of the plain to a height of seven thousand feet. The great Salt Lake lies in the midst of the Valley. It is ninety miles long by thirty to forty wide. Out of it rises a long ridge of mountain. The snow-covered mountains, the water, and the highly cultivated plain make a scene of charming beauty.

"Our visit to Salt Lake City was full of intense interest. The Mormons showed on all hands a great desire to show us what is to be seen. They have certainly done wonders here. This Valley was a desert from want of water. They have divided the stream from the mountains into a thousand rills and introduced a perfect system of irrigation. The desert has been converted into a garden.

"They are a most thrifty and industrious peo-

ple. Indeed they teach that labor is religion. They have organized their Society so thoroughly and they have been so shut out from the world until lately and so compacted together by a common faith and absolute submission to their leader, whom they believe to be inspired, that the community is more like a school than a city.

"Their religious system is Christianity, *grossly* understood, for they are a gross, ignorant people; and they maintain that Revelation is continued among them and that they can add what they like.

"They have in this way introduced polygamy, and this foul blot produces a sense of disgust even in the midst of the delights of their charming abode.

"We attended their services at noon on Sunday, and desired to do so as unnoticed as possible; but they were on the look-out for us and as the party appeared at the door in squads they were singled out from the crowd who were waiting to get seats and assigned seats in a place that had been reserved. There must have been twenty-five hundred people present. Brigham Young and his counselors were seated on a platform, some of them engaged in breaking bread into large silver baskets, like a good-sized cake basket. This we found was for the Sacrament.

"The first address was by the celebrated apostle

of the Mormons, Orson Pratt. He has a great reputation. His sermon was an apology for their religion, but not very conclusive. He was followed by George A. Smith, a very prominent dignitary, who took the ninth commandment for his text and pleaded that the Gentiles present would not tell lies about them when they went to their homes.

"To our amazement, the Rev. Mr. — . . . was then introduced. He is an Episcopal clergyman, one, however, to whom Bishop Alonzo Potter refused orders for cause, and whose record has not been very good. . . . I was mortified to see him get up, and when I heard his address, which was altogether in the Mormon vein (though he made no allusion to polygamy) I was both indignant and disgusted. So were all the party. . . . Brigham Young himself closed with a very insinuating address.

"In the midst of the proceedings the bread was consecrated and then the water (which they use instead of wine) and handed about through the audience. A Mormon behind me told me that I might partake, but I preferred to refrain. There was something revolting in the mixing up words and phrases and acts we prize with follies.

"The sight of the congregation was one not easily forgotten. It was a larger audience than I had ever beheld. There was not one cultivated,

refined face to be seen. The women were the most unattractive, vulgar and dull-looking I ever saw. And throughout the whole proceeding there was not the least appearance of devotion. The audience throughout wore the air of a gathering waiting for a concert to begin.

"I do not mean to say that there is no devotion among them. Everything leads me to think that many of them, though deluded, are thoroughly earnest.

"On Sunday the delegation was called upon by two of the apostles, George A. Smith and another; and it was represented that the call was on behalf of Young, for whom it is not etiquette to call in person. None of the party were at the hotel. The next day two or three of the laymen returned the call, but for some reason or other Brigham, who is generally very affable, was taciturn and reserved. Perhaps it was that a reporter of the *Herald* got in with the party. Perhaps he thought that he was slighted by the clergy absenting themselves. The landlord, a Mormon, who guided the party, was very much provoked that the President did not show to greater advantage and swore not a little on coming out." . . .

It was in the year following the missionary journey to San Francisco that the House of

Bishops, brought especially by the vigorous and unselfish efforts of Mr. William Welsh of Philadelphia to recognize the needs of the Indians and to consider the wisdom of sending a Bishop into their country, created the Missionary Jurisdiction of Niobrara and elected Mr. Hare its Bishop. Their course in this matter and the bearing of it upon his personal fortunes are set forth so clearly by Bishop Hare himself in the "Reminiscences" which he delivered as an Address on the fifteenth anniversary of his consecration that it is best to give the facts in his own words:

"On All Saints' Day (November 1), 1872, I was waited upon by two members of the Commission then charged with the care of the Indian Mission work of our Church, and informed that the House of Bishops had elected me to be Missionary Bishop of Niobrara.

"Niobrara was the name of a river running along the border line between Nebraska and Dakota, and had been chosen as a convenient term in ecclesiastical nomenclature for the large tract of country of which then little was known, save that it stretched northward from the river Niobrara, and was roamed over by the Poncas and different tribes of Sioux or Dakota Indians.

"The jurisdiction proper of the Missionary

Bishop of Niobrara was originally a tract of country bounded 'on the east by the Missouri River; on the south by the State of Nebraska; on the west by the 104th meridian, the Territory of Wyoming, and Nebraska; on the north by the 46th degree of north latitude; including also the several Indian Reservations on the left bank of the Missouri, north and east of said river.' In order, however, to give unity and compactness to the effort of the Church for the Indian tribes, the Missionary Bishop of Niobrara was also authorized to take charge of such missionary work among Indians east of the Rocky Mountains as might be transferred to his oversight by the Bishops within whose jurisdiction such work might lie.

"The news of my election was utterly unexpected, and fell upon me like a thunderbolt from a clear sky. The honor was almost too much for my small stock of virtue. I was at the time Secretary and General Agent of the Foreign Mission Work of this Church, and deeply immersed, body, mind and heart, in the work of making known the Gospel among the heathen in distant lands. I had but a year before been elected by the House of Bishops to the Missionary Episcopate of Cape Palmas and parts adjacent in Africa, but this action of the Bishops had not been allowed to come before me. The House

of Deputies, in language complimentary to me, which I may not quote, represented to the House of Bishops, that injury would be done to the Foreign Missionary Work of the Church by my withdrawal from the office of Foreign Secretary, and the House of Bishops reconsidered their appointment. (See Journal of General Convention, 1871, pp. 227-228.)

"I fell into the habit of considering that this action virtually determined that my vocation should be for many years that of Secretary and General Agent for the Foreign Work. My sense of the practical worth of that enterprise had strengthened every month I was connected with it; and my conviction deepened that that department of the Church's enterprises can never be either relinquished or disparaged so long as 'neighbor' means any one near or far off to whom we may do good, nor so long as the Church believes that her creation and her mission are not of man, but of God, and that her resources are not merely an aggregate of human agencies nor an aggregate of money collections only, but 'the powers of the world to come.' My heart had become knit in, too, with the brave standard-bearers of the Church in heathen lands, and tears filled my eyes as I thought of even seeming to desert the army in the field, and leave it uncertain about its base of supplies. Moreover, a

32 LIFE AND LABORS OF BISHOP HARE

domestic tie of tender sacredness bound me to my home.

"My first thought was to decline; and I informed my visitors that it would take me but a few hours to decide, and if the House of Bishops would remain in session, they should have my answer without delay. But the House had done its duty and adjourned, and left me to decide what was mine. The call was most solemn. It was from an authority that was next to that of the Head of the Church Himself. It came to one who held the opinion that the opposition of the individual judgment and will to the summons of the Church is almost fatal to her prompt and efficient conduct of her missionary campaign, and should never be ventured except for reasons of paramount importance.

"As I afterward came to see, I had been led through a course of preparation for such a summons. Though born and bred at the East, I had spent six months in Michigan and Minnesota, in 1863, and there seen something of the Indian problem. . . . I had returned to the East the Indian's advocate, and . . . I had become convinced of this: that the Indian's claim upon the Church of Christ was most sacred. . . .

"The issue of all my cogitating was—I accepted the appointment."

Quite different from this cool account of the "cogitating," written fifteen years after its end was attained, are the two following letters to a trusted friend and the "Considerations" sent to her with the second letter. They add to the "Reminiscences" a vivid sense of the struggle which the decision cost, and of the motives that brought it to pass.

[To Miss E. N. Biddle.]

"ORANGE, N. J., November 8, 1872.

"My Dear Friend:

"I must acknowledge your telegram if only in a few lines.

"I am undergoing mentally the agony which many an early disciple was called upon to endure in his body while the two chariots to which he was fastened were driven violently in different directions and he was torn limb from limb. My conviction of duty to the work in which I have been engaged has been supreme. It now binds me to it with a band of iron. My conviction that when a man is called to be himself a wanderer like His Master that he may the better bring the wanderers home, he cannot easily refuse, is gaining strength every hour. Behold then with what conflicting emotions I am torn. 'O my God, I am but a child. I know not how to go out or how to come in!' Unable to guide my

34 LIFE AND LABORS OF BISHOP HARE

boat, not able to see the way, I feel that if ever the little boat is to reach port it must be by the breathing of the prayers of my friends. These I want. If you see any that love me, tell them so.

"With love to all your circle,

"Very affectionately yours,

"W. H. HARE."

[To Miss E. N. Biddle.]

"ORANGE, N. J., November 14, 1872.

"*My Very Dear Friend:*

"Let me show my sense of your loving interest by writing to you among the very first to say in *confidence* that my present decision (altogether as yet an *internal and private* one) is to be the Church's servant in the Indian work. I send you a paper in which you will find the steps by which I climbed my way over the arguments urged against such a course. The last half page was copied by mistake. I wrote those lines at a time when the harder side of the new life was impressing me, and to an eye other than my own they will seem rather intense. Overlook that. I should like Mrs. V. (to whom much love) and Mr. Welsh to see the paper, no one else.

"Gratefully and affectionately yours,

"WILLIAM H. HARE."

"CONSIDERATIONS.

"That these Indians are *heathen* men;

"That they are heathen whom God has placed right at our doors, who are our wards, and whose claims rank therefore first;

"That they are heathen men to whom we owe a debt altogether peculiar, because, though they are our wards, we have wronged them more than we have wronged any other people on the face of the earth;

"That it would be quixotic to work for heathen far off, unless we are grappling also with the heathen question at home;

"That earnest effort, in faith, for these heathen in particular may give a favorable solution to the question whether the Gospel can benefit the heathen in general, and thus help all Missionary effort for heathen men;

"That, while it is true that the heathen at home are comparatively few and the heathen abroad many, it is also true that the responsibility of enlightening the former rests upon the *American Christian* alone, while the responsibility in the other case is divided up among all the Christians in the world;

"That I am called not merely to minister as a Bishop to this despoiled race, but to head, so far as the Episcopal Church is concerned, what

36 LIFE AND LABORS OF BISHOP HARE

is coming to be a *great national* movement in their behalf, and to do what I can to commit the Church to it for life and for death. The Government, when making a noble Christian effort which the world despises, has a right to all that the Church can give;

“That I am reputed to have been *successful*, under God, in an office of administration; and while, in one view, this fact is a reason for staying in it, it is also an argument on the other side. The Indian work cannot afford to take one with the reputation of being an *unsuccessful* man;

“That it is an easier thing to find a Secretary than a Bishop, because a Bishop (especially one for this new enterprise) needs all the qualities which a Secretary needs, and, besides those qualities, the qualities which fit a man to be a Bishop;

“That I have received orders and cannot disobey them unless they are against my conscience or manifestly absurd;

“That I have been spared once (when elected to Africa) and ought not to ask to be spared again;

“That a man who seems to shrink from hard places weakens men’s faith in the reality of Christian character;

“That God has made my heart always tender towards the Indian work, and now has led me, through much perplexity and distress, to be will-

ing to be a wanderer, and an outcast if need be, if only I may do a little toward bringing these poor wanderers and outcasts to a home; ¹

"That, after much prayer, I am inclined in my soul to undertake this work."

Even before he reached his decision fault was found with the House of Bishops for calling upon Mr. Hare to leave his post in New York. It is said that one man exclaimed when leaving the meeting where the nomination was made: "This is the mistake which the Church is always making! She sets her finest men to her commonest work. She is continually using a razor to split kindling!" The complaint is familiar in many departments of life—and many delicate instruments go on achieving things both great and fine. If the Church was blamed, the Bishop-elect was not. "Honors come thick," he wrote in December to a member of his family; "'S. T. D.' of Columbia and 'D.D.' of Trinity. Bobs enough to this kite!" The "Reminiscences" go on with the story:

"The presiding Bishop determined upon Thursday after the Feast of the Epiphany, January 9, 1873, as the time, and St. Luke's Church, Philadelphia, with which I had been intimately connected in my early ministry, as the

¹ It is this paragraph, scratched out in the manuscript, which Miss Biddle was asked to overlook because of its intensity.

place for my consecration, and I was then and there duly consecrated.

"A number of circumstances combined to add to the interest of the occasion. I was only thirty-four years of age; only one of the Bishops of our Church had been consecrated when so young. When consecrated, I made the one hundredth Bishop in the line of the American Episcopate. The Bishop consecrated next before me was my father-in-law, a man of twice my age. My grandfather, Bishop Hobart, of New York, had been distinguished for his Missionary efforts in behalf of the Indians—the Oneidas and other tribes of the Six Nations—in New York, and these Oneidas had been removed to Wisconsin, and were to be placed under the care of his grandson."

To these circumstances contributing to the interest of the service might be added the facts that his father, his brother, his uncle, his father-in-law, his father-in-law's uncle, Benjamin Bosworth Smith, then Presiding Bishop, his intimate friends, William R. Huntington and Henry C. Potter—were all among those who took part in it. Bishop Whipple of Minnesota preached the sermon. "The office committed unto you," he said, "is to be the Apostle of the Indians. . . . They will perplex you daily with their sorrows, and they will weary you with

their pleas for help. Every new mission planted, every church builded, every clergyman ordained, will bring to you new burdens and may add trials to your aching heart. You may grow weary with the care of an office made heavier by the wayward wills, the restlessness under restraint and the individuality of those whom you are over in the Lord. Words of disrespect and reproach may wound your heart."

With intimations of still more poignant prophecy Bishop Whipple continued:

"I know not what trials await you. The Church which is now so keenly alive to the wants of this poor people may grow cold. The first fervor of Christian converts may pass away. Old heathen habits may reassert their power. You may even have to say to some of your flock as St. Paul said to Christians in his time, 'Lie not to one another. Let him that stole steal no more.' The bad men of the border may excite savage hearts to deeds of blood. The government may again forget its plighted faith. You may have to stand alone, and breast the anger of the people in defense of the helpless. In the darkest hour look up to Christ your King. Better men than we have labored and died without seeing the harvest. Thus Greenland and Iceland were won to Christ. It is yours to work and pray and die. God giveth the harvest.

40 LIFE AND LABORS OF BISHOP HARE

You go in the name of Christ. You bear the seal of His authority. You have His promise, 'I am with you alway.' "

Thus commissioned and charged, he went forth to his labors.

III

A PIONEER IN NIOBRARA

1873-1878

THE conditions of life about to confront the young bishop presented the sharpest contrast with those under which his life so far had been spent. He had lived only in the two leading cities of the country and their immediate surroundings. His personal background had been enriched by a multitude of kinsmen and friends holding definite places in a long-established social order. All the comfortable amenities of life in the Middle States in the decade beginning with the Civil War had been his by every right of inheritance and possession. Over against all this was to be set a frontier existence of the roughest sort. The permanent settlement of Dakota Territory had begun but little before 1860. The territorial government was first organized in 1861, but even in 1873 the population of whites was scanty and scattered. Railroad building had begun only in 1872, and in 1873 had been carried up the Missouri

42 LIFE AND LABORS OF BISHOP HARE

River only so far as Yankton. The buffalo were virtually gone—Bishop Hare confessed after four or five years in the country that he never saw one—but every other token of primitive conditions remained. The Indian population greatly outnumbered the white, and most of the Indians were unreclaimed from barbarism. The work of the pioneers of civilization was waiting, almost in its entirety, to be done.

In the field of Indian missions the Roman Catholics had already done something; the Congregationalists and Presbyterians, especially through the labors of Riggs and Williamson and the attendant translation of the Bible and hymns into the Dakota tongue, had more specifically cleared the way. The Protestant Episcopal Church was represented in the thriving work of the Santee mission under the Rev. S. D. Hinman, and in several remote posts. Under the policy of the Grant administration the Indian agents were appointed on the recommendation of the religious bodies working at the several agencies. The activities and influence of Mr. William Welsh were such that the Sioux agencies were filled by men designated by representatives of the Episcopal Church. The field was rough, but it was full of opportunity and promise.

Studying the field from the East soon after his consecration, Bishop Hare wrote to a clergy-

man preparing to join his staff of workers: "I catch just enough glimpses, not to condemn or justify any one, but to make me unhappy and fearful that the 'Lover of concord' will not make His face to shine upon us." Nothing daunted he made ready for his great undertaking, begged the prayers of his friends—"that I may carry with me the spiritual strength of many men, not of one man merely"—and turned his face westward early in April of 1873.

His first visitation on leaving the East was to the Oneida mission at Green Bay, Wisconsin. This was one of the missions outside his immediate jurisdiction which were committed at first to his care. It was also that to which allusion has already been made as the western home of Indians formerly under the care of Bishop Hobart. "Many whom Bishop Hobart confirmed in New York state, fifty years before," said Bishop Hare touching, in the "Reminiscences" already quoted, upon this first visitation, "brought their grandchildren to be confirmed by his grandson."

In a letter printed in the May, 1873, issue of *The Church and the Indians*, a little journal published by the Indian Commission of the Protestant Episcopal Church, Bishop Hare describes his impressions of this first experience as a Bishop to the Indians. The forlornness of

their condition does not blind him to the progress they have made or to the ground for hope for their future. At the end of the letter he writes:

"Easter night.—This day of days is over. A happier Easter I never spent; from all directions the Indians wended their way this morning to their unpretending sanctuary. The building (paved floor, galleries, vestibule and many of the windows) was crowded with people and a more reverent and attentive congregation, a congregation in which there were more men, I have rarely seen. I preached to them by the aid of an interpreter from the text, 'I am He that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive forevermore, and have the keys of death and hell.' Twenty candidates for confirmation then approached the chancel rail and after being addressed, were confirmed. The Holy Communion was then administered, the whole congregation remaining, and at least one hundred and twenty of them partaking in the celebration. I could have wept like a little child. And when, having taken my seat in a chair before the chancel rail, the whole congregation, men and women and children, filed by me and took me by the hand, one old woman slipping a dollar bill in my hand as she pressed it, one man saying, 'You have made us happy,' and another whispering in my ear, 'Pray for the Oneidas,' I forgot that I was

far away from home. My happiness was without alloy, and my cup was running over with it."

In a briefer letter following these words from Bishop Hare the resident missionary declares: "The Indians say they understood nearly all he said before the translator interpreted it. His eye and voice and manner talked to them." This first of all records of the impression he made upon his Indians confirms the belief that there was in his manner of speech and of thought a certain native quality which gave the Indians a feeling of kinship with him, and to others a vivid sense that he was representing truly the people whose champion he became.

The "Reminiscences" deal so fully with the beginnings of his work that several pages by Bishop Hare himself will best continue the narrative:

"I was desirous of studying the condition of the semi-civilized Indians before going to the wilder tribes of the Northwest, and therefore first made a visit to the Indian Territory of the Southwest. While I was *en route*, the whole country was plunged into a frenzy of excitement, and of denunciation of the whole Indian race, by the Modoc massacre, and the mouths of many sober men were filled with calls for revenge, such as at other times they were wont to denounce as the characteristic of the vindictive Sioux. The

general of the army telegraphed a subordinate that he would be 'fully justified in the utter extermination' of the Modocs. Friends wrote me that a blow had been struck at all efforts for the Indians which was simply fatal, conclusive; and that it would be folly in me to persist. I pressed on, nevertheless, only lamenting that the treachery of a *handful* of Indians was allowed by an intelligent people to govern opinion, while the good behavior of tens of thousands of Indians was utterly forgotten.

"From the Indian Territory I made my way to Dakota, like Abraham, who went out not knowing whither he went. I reached Yankton City, April 29, 1873. A military officer, to whom I was there introduced as being the Missionary Bishop to the Indians, somewhat bluntly replied: 'Indeed! I don't envy you your task.' I recalled the words, 'Let not him who putteth on his armor boast himself as he that putteth it off,' and simply replied, 'A minister, like a military officer, obeys orders.' Whatever was uncertain, I was at least sure of my commission.

"My arrival in Yankton occurred just after one of the most memorable storms that Dakota has ever known, and the effects of it were plainly to be seen in the carcasses of cattle which had perished in it, and in huge banks of snow which lay still unmelted. The storm had overtaken

Custer's celebrated cavalry, while they were encamped about a mile or two outside of Yankton, and brave men, who never quailed before the foe, had fled in complete rout before the tempest, and taken refuge in any house where they could find a shelter, leaving all their camp equipment and horses to their fate.

"From Yankton I passed up the Missouri River along which the main body of the missionary enterprise of our Church among the Indians was then located. I found that missionary work had been established on the Santee, Yankton and Ponca Reserves, and three brave young deacons, fresh from the Berkeley Divinity School, had, the previous fall, pressed up the river and begun the task of opening the way for missionary effort among the Indians of the Lower Brulé, the Crow Creek and Cheyenne River Reserves.

"Altogether, there were, besides three natives, five white clergymen and five ministering women. I could not then, I cannot now, admire enough the courage with which these Soldiers of Christ had entered upon the work and the fortitude with which they persevered in it. Their entrance upon it was largely, of necessity, a leap in the dark, and their continuance in it a groping where there was no light and no trodden way. They had made the wild man their companion, an

unknown heathenism their field of labor, and the wilderness their home. Nor could I but wonder at the grand faith, the dauntless conviction of duty and the tremendous moral energy of the one man—William Welsh—who had both excited and backed their efforts by his zeal, his counsel and his wealth. . . .

“But what about the Indians? I had read much of what had been written, by delighted visitors, of the heartiness and reverence with which the services of the Church were rendered by these humble people. And all that was ever written I found more than realized when it was my privilege to kneel with them in their little sanctuaries. I could understand how the brave, self-denying missionaries to whom I had come could feel, regarding their converts, as the Apostle exclaims: ‘What thanks can we render to God for all the joy wherewith we joy for your sakes before our God?’ I found that a great deal of true and effective work had been done—work which has affected the whole after-history of the Mission.

“It was not long before I saw both sides of Indian life. The better side: said a shrewd Christian chief, as I was about to leave the rude chapel erected among his people: ‘Stop, friend, I have a few words to say. I am glad to hear you are going to visit the wild, upper tribes.

Companies of them often come down to visit my band, and I always take them to see this chapel. I think a good deal depends upon the impression my chapel makes on them. I think if it was put in better order it would make a better impression than it does. The rain and snow come through that roof. This floor is not even. Now, you are called an Apostle. That is a good name. I believe it means "one sent." But there are many people to whom you are sent to whom you cannot go, for they are wild people. But these visitors of mine go everywhere and tell everywhere what they have seen.' The wilder side, too, I saw, for among the Lower Brulés, a fellow rode up by the side of our party, with an airy, reckless, dare-devil manner, and remarked, as he flourished his weapon: 'I want my *boy* to go to school, but *I* am an *old man*. I am wounded all over. I like to fight. I love war. I went off the other day among some strange Indians. They said: "Go away, or we'll kill you." "Kill away," said I; "that's what I like."' He was a type of hundreds and thousands. But is it an unheard-of thing for white men to hate the restraints of religion and morality for themselves, and yet wish them for their children?

"The scenes grew wilder as I pushed farther on. A service held at the Cheyenne River Agency, in the open air, left a deep impression

on my mind. It was a strange scene. In front of us, forty or fifty feet distant, rolled the Missouri River. Nearer at hand, grouped in a semi-circle, fringed with a few curious soldiers and employés of the Agency, sat the Indians; many bedecked with paint and feathers and carrying guns and tomahawks; some in a soberer guise, betokening that they were inclining to the white man's ways; while all gazed, apparently half amused, half awe-struck, at the vested missionary of the station as he sang the hymns and offered the prayers of the Church, and then at the Indian deacon and at me, as we spoke the words of Life.

"After a study of the field, and much conversation with the clergy, I reached some conclusions, and began to lay out settled plans of work.

"1st. *Mapping out the Field*.—I soon saw that my work was not to be that of a settled pastor in daily contact with his flock; but that of a general superintendent, whose duty it would be to reach the people through their pastors; not so much to do local work as to make local work possible and easy for others.

"The whole field was therefore mapped out into divisions, these divisions being ordinarily the territory connected with a United States Indian Agency. The special care of each of them was entrusted to one experienced presbyter, and around him were grouped the Indian ministers

and catechists and others who were engaged in evangelistic work within his division.

"Their pay, I arranged, should pass to them not directly from me, or from the Board, but through the hands of the presbyters immediately over them, that the responsibility of the assistants to their respective chiefs might be duly felt. These assistants were to reside near their several chapels and conduct the services there, and monthly the chief missionary was to make his visitation, for the purpose of ministering the Word and Sacraments and inspecting the condition of his field. The whole field was soon, in this way, put in manageable shape.

"2d. *Boarding Schools*.—My visit to the Indian Territory and my study of the Indian problem in my own field, convinced me quite early that the Boarding School ought to be one of the most prominent features of our Missionary work.

"I thought that children gathered in such schools would soon become, in their neat and orderly appearance, their increasing intelligence, and their personal testimony to the loving and disinterested lives of the missionaries with whom they dwelt, living epistles, known and read of their wilder brethren. They would form the nuclei of congregations at the chapels connected with the schools, and learn to carry on

52 LIFE AND LABORS OF BISHOP HARE

with spirit the responses and music of the services.

"I also proposed to establish a central Boarding School of higher grade, at the place of the Bishop's residence, to be conducted under his immediate supervision, to which the other schools should be tributary by furnishing their most promising boys for education as Teachers, Catechists and Missionaries.

"This plan was carried out, and thus grew up the St. Paul's, St. Mary's, St. John's and Hope Indian Boarding Schools, which, under their respective heads, have won a deservedly high reputation. St. Paul's Boarding School was the first venture in this line among the Indians, in Dakota.

"The last feature of the plan was modified later, when the establishment at the East of schools for the Indians, like Hampton Institute, offered peculiar advantages in the way of higher education. It then seemed to be wiser to send out of the Indian country to these schools the pupils who had proved themselves of most promise and most likely to develop into teachers and ministers.

"3d. *Limitations.*—I next realized that, as no man can do everything, I must eliminate from my plan of work those things which it was not *absolutely* necessary for me to do, and devote my



BISHOP HARE ABOUT 1880

44

attention to those things which no one else could or would do, and to the things most essential in one holding the position and placed in the conditions in which I found myself.

"There stretched before me vast tracts of wild country inhabited by roaming tribes. It was to be my duty to explore them and make a way for the entrance of the Church. There were in the whole district but five churches and but two dwellings for the missionaries, and not a single Boarding School. The Missionary Board employed no business agent in the field, and I saw that I must be a builder of parsonages, schools, and churches. There were but seven clergymen in the mission; I saw that I must seek out, or raise up, more. Obstacles of varied and peculiar nature met the workers at every turn. I saw that I must be their friend, counselor and comforter—a real pastor of pastors—if I could be. Large funds would be needed. I was made to feel that it was left largely to me to raise them. 'The Mission had two ends,' I was told; 'one in the East, where the money was, and the other in the Indian Territory, where the work was.' I was expected to look after both ends.

"I gave up, therefore, all thought of ever learning the several native languages with which I was confronted, except so far as was necessary in order to read the vernacular service. It is my

associates, and not I, who have mastered the native languages and proclaimed to the Indians, in their own tongue, the wonderful works of God.

“Now a few words as to my general views on the Indian question. I soon came to look upon everything as provisional—to quote from one of my annual reports—which, if permanently maintained, would tend to make Indian life something separate from the common life of our country: a solid foreign mass indigestible by our common civilization. I saw that just because it has been an indigestible mass has our civilization been all these years constantly trying to vomit it, and so get rid of a cause of discomfort. Ordinary laws must have their way. *All reservations*, whether the reserving of land from the ordinary laws of settlement, or the *reserving* of the Indian nationality from absorption into ours, or the *reserving* of old tribal superstitions and notions and habits from the natural process of decadence, or the *reserving* of the Indian language from extinction, are only necessary evils or but temporary expedients. Safety for 250,000 Indians divided up into over a hundred tribes speaking as many different languages, scattered on about seventy different reservations among 50,000,000 English-speaking people can be found, only if the smaller people flow in with the current of the life and ways of the larger. The Indians are not an

insulated people, like some of the islanders of the South Sea. Our work is not that of building up a National Indian Church with a national liturgy in the Indian tongue. It is rather that of resolving the Indian structure and preparing its parts for being taken up into the great whole in Church and State.

“From the first, therefore, I struggled against the notion that we were missionaries to Indians alone and not missionaries to all men; I pressed the study of the English language and its conversational use in our schools, and, however imperfect my efforts, the aim of them has been to break down ‘the middle wall of partition’ between whites and Indians, and to seek not the welfare of one class or race, but the *common good*.

“The character of the work to be done appears from the fact that the Indians with whom the Mission has had to deal were some of the most reckless and the wildest of our North American tribes, and scattered over a district some parts of which were twelve days’ travel distant from others. So desolate was the country that on one of my trips I remember not seeing a human face or a human habitation, not even an Indian lodge, for eight days. Emissaries of evil had reached the Indians long before the missionaries of the Cross appeared. ‘All the white men that came

before you,' replied a chief, 'said that they had come to do us good, but they stole our goods and corrupted our women; and how are we to know that you are different?' "

"This," said Bishop Hare in another account of the incident, "was carrying the war into Africa with a vengeance; but I replied, 'Well, you must watch and see how we live.' "

The life which he proceeded to live was a thing which the Indians could see with their own eyes. We can see it chiefly through the pictures which Bishop Hare himself made of it from time to time. By uniting separated passages from reports and letters the principal aspects of his life can be presented in order.

The outward form of his many activities on behalf of the Indians was of course the expression of an inner spirit. Of that spirit the draft of a prayer found among his early papers gives some intimation:

"O Most Gracious Master, The Bishop and Shepherd of all souls, Who has deigned to call me, unworthy, to an office in character like Thine own, however beneath it in degree: vouchsafe to me also the gifts of the Spirit Who was in Thee, the Spirit of wisdom and understanding, the Spirit of counsel and might, the Spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord.

"Let me not judge after the sight of mine eyes, nor reprove after the hearing of mine ears. May I do nothing by partiality. May I weep with all. May I rejoice with all. Teach me to bind up the broken-hearted, to preach good tidings unto the meek, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God. Enable me to be gentle unto all men, apt to teach, patient, in meekness instructing those who oppose themselves."

Of more uncertain date is the following "Prayer for Indian Missions":

"O Most Merciful God, Who hast promised that all those who dwell in the wilderness shall kneel before Thy Son, remember, we pray Thee, the Indian Tribes of our land and all those who have gone to them in Thy Name.

"Guide and govern all those who are put in civil or military authority over them, that the people may lead a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty.

"Set up and strengthen Thy Church among them, that they may all come to know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ Whom Thou hast sent.

"Endue its Ministers with Heavenly love and wisdom, and make them ensamples to the flock.

"Sanctify the people. Preserve their Mar-

riages in peace and concord; nourish their infants; lead forward their youth; sustain their aged; comfort the weak-hearted; gather together the scattered; settle the roving; and knit them all together, working with their hands the thing that is good, in Thy Holy Church; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

For the spirit which controlled his practical dealings at the very beginning of his enterprise, the concluding paragraphs of his first Annual Report as Missionary Bishop will speak with clarity and vigor:

"On many subjects connected with the Indian, I ought not to be in haste to form an opinion; but this I may now say, that I have seen nothing to lead me to think that there is anything in the Indian problem to drive us either to quackery or despair. It will find its solution, under the favor of God, in the faithful execution of the powers committed by God to the Civil Government, and a common-sense administration of the gracious gifts deposited with His Church.

"If any one wonders that the large sums of money, spent by the Government, have accomplished so little for the Indians, let him remember that for years these moneys were not used to elevate the Indians, but were devoured by those who should have been their guardians.

"If he wonders that the Indians have learned so little of useful trades from the mechanics whom the Government has employed to live among them and teach them, let him consider that these mechanics have often been shrewd enough to see, and unprincipled enough to act upon, the fact that the less they taught the Indians the longer they would be dependent, and the longer their appointed teachers would retain their places.

"If he wonders that the mere presence of civilization has not, long ere this, ameliorated the condition of the red man, let him remember that the van of civilization is its vilest offscourings; that its first representatives generally despise the Indians, and condescend to them in nothing but the gratification of inordinate appetites and desires; and that when civilization of a better type appears, it is too often so bent on its own progress, and so far from helpful or kindly, that its advance, like that of a railroad train at full speed, dashes in pieces those unlucky wanderers who happen to stand in its way, and leaves the others with only a more discouraging sense of the length of the road, and of the slowness with which they overcome it. In a town of Michigan, ten years ago, I saw half-wild, half-drunken Indians employed by white men to perform diabolical antics to attract men to liquor

saloons. In Minnesota, ten years ago, I read in the daily papers the offer of the State of \$250 for the scalp of any Indian, delivered at a designated office. In Dakota, to-day, I find, not to speak of other iniquities, the Indian woman, despised squaw though she is, made the victim of the brothel.

"This state of things now stares good men in the face. It is high time, surely, for effort of another kind. The Government and the Church call upon them to stand up as champions of what is right. If ever the warning of the wise man be in season, it is now. 'If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain; if thou sayest, Behold, we knew it not; doth not He that pondereth the heart consider it? and He that keepeth thy soul, doth not He know it? and shall not He render to every man according to His works?'

"Discussions of the probable future of the Indians are beside the question, and dangerous because they drown the call of present duty. Suppose these people to be designed by Providence to be hewers of wood and drawers of water. Our duty is to fit them for that lot. Suppose that they are to be merged in our more numerous race. Our duty is to fit them for that absorption by intermarriage, and so arrest the present vicious intermingling. Suppose that

they are to die out. Our duty is to prepare them for their departure. Our duty is the plainer, because the treatment which will fit these people for any one of these lots will fit them for either of the others.

“But I have heard it said that practical men have come to the conclusion that Indians should be EXTERMINATED. What if someone should make this reply? If they are to be exterminated, now is the golden opportunity. Nature has laid the Santee Indians low with smallpox. Let the advocates of extermination come to her help. Their task is easy. Whole tribes of Indians have perished from smallpox in the past. Parched with fever, its victims have crawled to the river brink to slack their thirst, and, too weak to make their way back again, have died there, until the river’s bank has been lined, for miles, with row upon row of ghastly corpses. With a little timely help given to nature’s work among the Santees, such a scene may be beheld again. There are thirty or forty Santee scouts just on their way back towards their homes, from service with a military expedition sent out to protect a railroad survey from molestation from their savage brethren. Brave, gallant fellows they are, some of them communicants of our Church, who have won the commendation of their officers. A telegram has been sent that they

ought not to return. Let some advocate of extermination telegraph them just the contrary. They are panting to see their wives and children, and will be glad of an excuse. Indians have children, black-eyed and merry as larks. Let the gentle members of the Sisterhood of Extermination wrap them up and sing them to sleep in infected blankets stripped from their dying mothers. Let them gather together the cast-off clothing and bedding of the sick, and send it off among the upper tribes. The winter is coming on. Many are shivering for want of clothing. The advocates of extermination may easily scatter these infected garments and the fatal plague with them wherever they will. Here, then, is work for the advocates of extermination. I call for volunteers.

“Manifestly, the cry for extermination is but a grim joke—perforce, perhaps, resorted to by intensely practical men to startle our too great enthusiasm into common-sense. Rightly conducted and presented, Missions to the Indians will commend themselves to all. Real advocates of extermination, there are none.”

These are the words of a man passionately in earnest. The intensity of feeling in them was matched by the intense activity which he brought to his work at the first and maintained to the end.

The Indians in general came to know him primarily as a traveler, moving from camp to camp, from agency to agency, with a celerity which won him the name of *Zitkana duzahan*, or swift bird. We may well turn, then, to a few passages illustrating the method and scope of his movements about the jurisdiction. One of the earliest of his letters is as follows:

[To Mrs. M. A. DeW. Howe.]

“CHEYENNE AGENCY, DAKOTA,

“July 30, 1873.

“*My Dear Mrs. Howe:*

“I write from the most distant mission of this jurisdiction, on the border land occupied by Indians who are ready to live in peace and begin to learn the white man’s ways and by bands of the wilder sort who are here for a few days and then off upon the war path. From Yankton City, the railroad terminus, it is a sixty miles’ drive to Yankton Agency where I intend to live, and where I am beginning to build the School, on behalf of which you may have seen my newspaper appeal. Thence a twelve hours’ drive brings you to a solitary ranch kept by a French half-breed, peopled with vermin of several names, with accommodations (so-called) for traveling folk. These ranches are log huts, the chinks filled up with mud, roofed also with the same

material. Everything about them is disgusting. The food is loathsome. The men who keep them are, many of them, fugitives from justice and their ranches are the haunts of horse thieves and murderers. I have driven up to one of them to find four men, each of whom was a notorious desperado and murderer, drinking and just enough under the influence of liquor to be overpolite and too much bent on having me drink with them. I try to put on an air of utter unconcern, chat about the weather, etc., manage to have some candy with me for the little ones, try to eat what they set before me with relish, compliment the wife, if I can, upon one article at least of the fare, select the cleanest part of the floor, or of the ground outside, spread a comfortable which I carry with me for my bed and lie down to sleep. And though I am sure I do not deserve it, I have the promised blessing, 'When thou liest down, thou shalt not be afraid.' I should enjoy the rest of it, 'yea, thou shalt lie down and thy *sleep* shall be *sweet*,' except that vermin abound and I haven't enough flesh on my bones to make a floor a comfortable resting place.

"Another day's drive of fifteen hours brings me to the Crow Creek Agency, where we have a mission and where the comforts of life, or what seem so compared with the ranches, abound. The fourth day's drive brings me to another

ranch, with its delights, and the fifth day brings me to Fort Sully, where there is refined society, and to this Agency (ten miles above the fort), where there are a garrison, the Agency people, and our mission.

"It is at one of these Indian agencies, the Yankton Agency, that I expect to reside. The United States Indian Agent is a clergyman of our Church, for a time disabled, who has taken his present position in the hope of restoring his health, the Rev. J. E. Gasmann. He is a very excellent man. His wife is a sister of Bishop Clarkson. They both have done everything they could to make me comfortable. Indeed I do not know what I should have done without them.

"At each Agency there is besides the agent, a head farmer, head blacksmith, head miller, etc., so that there is a little gathering of white people besides the Mission family. This family at the Yankton Agency consists of the Rev. Mr. Cook, a faithful man; the Indian Deacon, Luke Walker; and two ladies, Miss Leigh, for many years a true helper in this field, a lady of forty-five or fifty, and Miss Baker, a quite young person whose family live in Davenport, Iowa. This Mission is among a tribe who have been for ten or twelve years advancing gradually in civilization; there are no hostiles among them; you may drive all over their reservation by day or by night

unmolested, and sleep with your windows open on the first floor. The reservation stretches along the Missouri River which is bounded by beautiful bluffs on the opposite side; a fair share of the conveniences of life can be enjoyed there; and, except that all I love are far away, there is no reason why I should not be happy there. Indeed, I believe I am happier than most as things now are. I have made already many friends at the various military posts along the river, am received with a cordiality, which is an inexpressible balm, and have had the joy of seeing a deep religious interest spring up among officers and others who had been, to say the least, indifferent to religion.

"Still, you guess rightly that my thoughts often run off to that little one who was sleeping so sweetly when you wrote, and to others, yourself among them, whom God has given me to love and who are only less dear than he. I am rejoicing in the expectation of coming East early in September, and trust that you may still be at Bristol when I arrive. . . .

"Always very affectionately, dear Mrs. Howe,

"Yours,

"W. H. H."

In the early days of his work, before the railroads had stretched far into the country, the

Missouri River was an important highway. A picture of travel on one of its steamboats is found in an early letter "To the Indian Aid Associations and to my many dear friends among the children of the Church":

"On board the steamer *Far West*,

"MISSOURI RIVER, September 27, 1875.

"My Dear Friends:

"Having visited our lower Missions, I am now on my way farther up the Missouri River to the Missions among the Yanktonnais Sioux Indians, and to those among the Sans Arc, Blackfeet, Minneconjou, and other bands of Sioux. Far up the River as you think of the Yankton Mission as being, and shallow as the River is here (the Mate, even while I write, stands upon the side of the boat, and, as he plunges his measuring pole into the water, in a drawling tone calls out its depth, 'Five feet scant!' 'Four feet!' 'Three and half feet'), boats capable of carrying three and four hundred tons of freight navigate its waters for about seventeen hundred miles above our Missions. The steamer *Far West*, on which I am traveling, is, like the rest of these up-river boats, about twice the length of the little stern-wheel steamers which ply on the Schuylkill and Connecticut Rivers.

"Fortunately the berths on this boat are cleaner than those one sometimes hits upon, which is a great comfort. It is not over-crowded either, the only passengers besides myself being Mr. Hall and Mr. Ashley, of the Mission, and an officer and post-surgeon stationed at one of the river posts. The Captain, Clerk and Engineer are a pleasant, hearty set of fellows. We are on the best of terms, and out of this state of things issued two very interesting services yesterday, Sunday. The boat hands, however, are the lowest of the low. They are taken from the loafers who frequent the river towns, who are called out here 'roustabouts,' I suppose because they have no settled homes, but roost about, now here, now there. They are men who, having ended a trip and got their pay, go off on a wild carouse till their money is all spent, when they re-ship, their eyes bunged up, their bodies stiff and black with bruises, their faces cut and battered, and their minds so stupid from the effect of their excesses, that they know only enough to stumble down to the levee and aboard a boat and to answer automatically with their tongues 'Aye, aye, Sir,' to the orders of the Mate, while they have such imperfect control of their arms and legs that they can at first hardly do more than fumble pointlessly at, or spread themselves over, the gang-plank and other articles that he bids them

lift. They have been two or three days aboard now, however, and are a little straightened out, and I managed to induce even a number of them to attend the service. I was down among them on the lower deck a number of times on Saturday, wishing to win their good opinion in the hope of gaining some of them. They looked at me askance at first, as if they felt that a parson and they had nothing in common. They laughed and half excused themselves on Sunday, as if they hardly took in what I meant, when I told them that I was going to have service and wished that they would come. They took the invitation a little more seriously when I added that the Captain said they might come if they chose. Then several of them went off and shouted down the hold to their companions in a half-serious, half-comic tone, 'Say, Bill, Joe, come along. We're going to Church!' and presently a dozen or twenty of them appeared in the saloon and became very attentive listeners.

"There was not a pleasanter service held anywhere throughout the Church than ours, I feel sure, far off as we are in a desolate country and destitute of everything which was like a Church building. After all, how little in the way of material things is absolutely essential to religious service and religious enjoyment!

“The man whose heart-joys most abound
Is richest of the rich.”

“But a word more about these miserable men. It is from them and such as they that the Indians get their first notions of what we white men are. The laboring man they first see is not the honest farmer who each year finds the reward of his labor in the increase of his stock and the improvement of his farm buildings, but the half drunk ‘roustabout’ who, notwithstanding his hard work, never betters his condition. Shall we wonder if the Indians are slow to adopt the white man’s ways? Shall we be impatient if the new missionary has to spend a year or so in earning for himself a character? And when the world is thus pouring the dregs of civilization into the Indians’ cup already full of barbarism, shall Christian liberality not send them men of love who will offer them in farms and schools and churches the cup of Salvation?” . . .

The steamers were not always so good as the *Far West*, an historic craft of which one may learn more in Mr. J. M. Hanson’s *Conquest of the Missouri*. From another steamer, Bishop Hare once wrote to his sister: “It is not very comfortable. They had nothing to offer me but a berth in the clerk’s office and the soiled sheets

of its previous occupant!" His son recalls the discomforts of other trips—the tedious waiting for irregular boats, the laborious gaining of forty miles a day against the current, the sharing of staterooms with utter and none too cleanly strangers. In after years Bishop Hare quoted with relish a Maori saying apropos of crude conditions and the different ways in which noble-minded and vulgar missionaries took them: "Gentlemen-gentlemen don't mind; pig-gentlemen mighty particular." There were frequent occasions on river and in camp, in these early days, to show himself one of the "gentlemen-gentlemen."

The early conditions of travel on land were vividly set forth at the twenty-fifth anniversary of Bishop Hare's Episcopate by one who frequently traveled with him, the Rev. Joseph W. Cook. Let him tell the story:

"The Bishop having visited all of the seven or eight stations where regular and organized work had been maintained for a longer or shorter time, and which could be reached one from the other in a very few hours; and having studied their condition, work and needs, now prepared for his primary visitation up the river to the newly established Missions and the wild people among whom they were placed. The distance from Yankton Agency to the nearest was one

hundred, and to the farthest three hundred or more miles. The road lay back from the river and through a desolate country without inhabitants, save at long stages where a couple of desperate-looking men, or a white man with an Indian family kept the 'stage-rancho' at the crossing of a creek where there might be running water, or quite as often only a water-hole in the bed of what was sometimes a torrent, and again for many months without water save as described. The 'rancho,' a low log hut, sometimes two placed near together, the one for the accommodation of travelers, the other for the occupants, and where the wretched food was prepared. The latter usually consisted of poor bacon swimming in grease, and soda or saleratus biscuit, often as yellow as gold and smelling like soft soap from the excess of alkali. Sometimes fortunately it was varied by potatoes, often wretchedly cooked, and—luxury of luxuries—stewed dried apples, and coffee prepared by adding a little fresh coffee to the grounds of any number of previous brewings, and in a pot which never knew a cleansing. If pretense of a table cloth there were, it consisted of a piece of worn oil-cloth mopped with the dish-clout after the meal. The table was used as a lounging place or card-table by the occupants of the 'rancho' between times. The roofs were of earth supported on poles whole



BISHOP HARE AND HIS EARLY TRAVELLING EQUIPMENT



or split, with some hay under the earth. By mice, or by natural gravitation, or by force of the wind, the earth often came peppering down, and when it rained heavily drops or streamlets of mud were hard to escape. The floors were usually the virgin earth, and became saturated with filth, and the abode of innumerable fleas which made life wretched by day, or until the weary traveler sought relief in bed. Ah, those beds! the acme of luxury! so sleep-inviting to tired, tormented flesh! A dirty tick stuffed with coarse slough hay, unevenly disposed, no sheets, blankets or quilts, in constant use, seldom or never aired or washed, calico or muslin pillow-cases, sometimes very dirty. Not to show himself entirely devoid of kindness to the lower animals, the tired traveler usually took to bed with him a few of the aforementioned fleas. But he soon found there were other orders of creation which demanded his attention, or thirsted for his blood, and like Solomon's 'daughter of the horse-leech,' metaphorically cried, 'Give, give.' And so between the two he dozed, and tossed, and woke till the morning released him, and he arose more wretched and tired than he had lain down. He tastes the uniform meal and starts again on his weary way.

"The Bishop's vehicle was not a chariot, nor yet a covered carriage, with the arms of his see

emblazoned on its panels, and with soft, luxurious cushions, and scientifically constructed springs tenderly guarding the body from jars and jolts; but the ordinary light-wagon of the west, with no cover, and with common cushions. In such how often and long has he fared along under the canopy of heaven, with the blazing sun streaming down its resistless heat; not even 'a great rock in a weary land,' nor even a spreading tree, nor even a juniper bush to change the monotony of the scene or offer a temporary rest; rarely even a gopher, or a little prairie bird suddenly appearing out of somewhere and as suddenly disappearing into nowhere, to attract his attention and change the current of his thoughts. Only the magnificent distances stretching out on every side which seemed like Tennyson's Brook to 'go on forever.' And then imagine what it was when this monotony was varied by the frequent occurrence in this part of the country of wind and dust storms which often last for days; sudden downpours of rain, often accompanied by hail frightful to man and beast; dry water-courses suddenly turned into torrents impassable, which may not subside for many hours, and no refuge of any sort within a day's travel, or more. The Bishop has experienced what many of us may not have known, a 'dry camp' and a 'wet camp'; the former trying to man and

the worn-out horses because not a drop of water can be found to slack their thirst or refresh the travel-stained hands and face; and the latter because there has been too much, and the forlorn traveler and all his 'traps' are soaked and draggled, and the ground and herbage where he is compelled to camp is wet as wet can be. Fortunate is he who under the circumstances finds his matches dry, and succeeds in lighting the wet twigs and branches he may be able to find for his camp-fire to dry his garments and warm his food. Or when impelled to travel through such a country in the more inhospitable and dangerous season of winter with its frequent very low temperature, snow storms and frightful 'blizzards,' streams filled with ice to ford, or to venture on uncertain ice, or pierced and pinched with the stinging winds which never lull, from which there is no shelter, and against which fur coats and robes are not always a protection. Such items as these are necessary to fill out the picture of the bodily discomforts and perils, nay, sufferings, to 'fill up that which is behind,' in carrying the gospel of the peace of God to the heathen Dakotas."

To these words of another might be added many descriptive bits from Bishop Hare's letters and reports. In this place a single passage from

76 LIFE AND LABORS OF BISHOP HARE

a letter to his sister will throw its light upon both the difficulties and the humors of travel in these earliest days:

[To Miss Mary H. Hare.]

"YANKTON CITY, February 22, 1874.

"My Dear Sister:

"My dating from this place needs explanation. You may remember that I mentioned in my annual report the enterprise of some Santee Indians who had given up all their tribal privileges and gone off to Flandreau and there entered claims and formed a community as ordinary citizens of the United States. They are about one hundred and five miles northeast of this town. They have sent me many messages asking me to come and see them and I have wished ever since I came out here to grant their request.

"Thursday last, I started from the Agency to put my long-deferred hope into execution. A prosperous day's drive brought me a little over sixty miles to this town Thursday evening. Friday early I started for Flandreau, being somewhat alarmed on starting at hearing that there was a good deal of snow a little farther north. We have had so little snow, however, and the country has been so bare for weeks and weeks that I hardly credited the stories which I heard. We had not gone a dozen miles north, however, when

we came upon the snow, which increased in depth every mile we drove north until it became so heavy that it was almost impassable. No one knows the oppressive sense of helplessness that comes over a traveler on these vast plains when he finds his horses' strength giving out, and the natural warmth of his body departing, and remembers that timber and therefore fuel there is none within ten or twenty miles. To add to my alarm the wind began to rise towards twilight, and the mercury to fall, and when I saw a house in the distance and drove up to it about half-past eight o'clock I could hardly have been more relieved had I pulled up at 1345 Pine. The wind blew a gale and was so keen that it seemed that it was hopeless to face it and live. To my dismay I found that a donation party had assembled during the day at the house where I was to find entertainment, which was that of a Baptist minister. The building was literally *jammed*. They were the best-natured people in the world, but Oh, how I longed for rest and quiet! The party was kept up till about half past ten when the company began to disperse. Hardly a half hour had elapsed, however, before many of them came back again, reporting that it was impossible to face the storm and asking accommodation for the night. Twenty-seven people slept there, a few in beds, more in chairs, and still more on the

floor. Fortunately I was treated as a favored guest and had a bed assigned to me and my Indian deacon who was with me. The wind seemed to drive right through the thin boards and I believe my ears would have frosted while I slept had I not taken the precaution to go to bed with my fur cap drawn down over my ears and most of my face.

"I determined that it would be foolhardy to attempt to push on farther and therefore retraced my steps with the morning light and reached Yankton without mishap about nine o'clock last night. A storm of snow which came on during the night and has prevailed all day admonishes me that I did not return too soon." . . .

Thus moving about "in journeyings often," it was primarily as the minister of the Gospel that he came and went. To the impulses of every messenger who believes with all his heart in the message he is bearing, Bishop Hare in his travels added, specifically, the duties of a pioneer in Indian Education, and of an official or semi-official representative of the "Great Father" at Washington and of the whole encroaching manner of life known as "the white man's way." In each of these three capacities he needed all the

confidence his course soon won him with the unfortunate people to whom he ministered. In each capacity he gives an adequate account of himself.

IV

RELIGION, SCHOOL AND GOVERNMENT

1873-1878

AS a minister of the Gospel, Bishop Hare found a people with primitive religious instincts responsive to the spiritual elements of Christian belief. Again and again his thought reverted with satisfaction to one of his first journeys and the meeting with a chief who, receiving him courteously inside a tepee, listened unmoved for some time to the message he brought. "As I talked on, however," said Bishop Hare, "an Indian motioned to another near by to lend him his pipe. Tobacco pouch and pipe were produced, and the owner, having filled the bowl with tobacco, handed the stem to his companion and touched a live coal to the tobacco. The latter took a puff or two, and, as the smoke was wafted by the heat of the fire towards the sky, lifted the pipe, pointing it toward heaven, and simply but reverently said, 'I smoke to God.'" Bishop Hare liked also to tell of a chief who once illustrated for him the religious

courtesy of the Sioux by saying, "We Indians have no paper from God [no Bible]; but we pray to God; and when we think we have something that will please Him, like a piece of meat, or skin, we lift it up and ask Him to take it and have pity on us." Their sense of chivalry appealed to him, their vigor of thought and speech. "You white men come to teach us!" said one of them. "You white men killed the Son of God. Our people never did anything like that." Their mysticism touched him. "These Indians," he said, in the course of an early speech in New York, "generally do not pass the age of sixteen or seventeen without getting in some way or other a deep sense, a vivid sense, of some particular spirit who shall be their patron God. It is very common for their boys of that age to go aside and seclude themselves, fast days and nights, until they have got their bodies in such condition that all sorts of strange hallucinations come over them. Then they think they see a muskrat coming to them, or an elk, and it is singing a song, and they hear the muskrat say that if in the hour of extremity they will appeal to him and sing that song, this spirit will always come to them and be their guardian spirit. Our boys here of sixteen or seventeen never—at least I did not—fast day and night for two or three days to get a keener sense of the invisible. I

say these people are an intensely religious people. You must not hand them over to mere civilization."

The singing muskrat and elk are characteristic figures in the folk-lore which provided the Sioux with their religion. The primitiveness of it all may be illustrated by a Dakota tradition narrated with much earnestness by the old Chief Red Cloud to members of the Black Hills Commission visiting the Red Cloud Agency in September, 1876. It was printed in the June, 1878, number of *Anpao* or *The Daybreak*, a Dakota journal established by Bishop Hare. If the legend seems unduly long, its significance and this opportunity to put it on record may plead in extenuation.

"Red Cloud began by asking Gen. Gaylord, then legal adviser for the Interior Department, whether he, or any of the gentlemen present, had ever heard of a mule's giving birth to a young one. When all had said 'no,' with some surprise at his curious inquiry, he replied that neither had he or any of the Dakotas heard of such a thing yet, but that after we were all dead it would occur, and with that event the Indian and white races would become one people, and there would be no more wars or trouble between them, for they would then both be alike in appearance, interests, customs, habits, etc. God,

he said, has particularly favored you white men in all respects, and given to the Indian that which was of less value, yet we Indians have ever listened to His words, and been content with our lot as assigned to us by Him, while you white and highly favored ones, have always been disobedient and dissatisfied. He gave to the whites the land of the East, toward the rising sun, in which direction ever we must look for light and warmth, and from whence comes most that must administer to life and happiness; a land rich, productive, beautiful and salubrious: but He gave to us the Western land, where the warmth of day is extinguished, and darkness rises over the world; a land by no means to be compared in other respects with yours, sterile, unlovely, and waste. Yet the Indian has ever been satisfied with the country in which God put him, loving it with a strong love, and desiring to hold it firmly, but never to push out from it into that better country allotted by God to his brother, the white man. On the other hand the white man, highly favored as he was, ever rebellious against God's designs for him and discontented with his lot, has never ceased to covet his red brother's country, and turning his back upon the light, and leaving behind him what God in His wisdom knew to be the best of the world and so had given to the white man as his share, has always tried

to crowd the Indian; throwing away that which was best and his own by Divine appointment to steal that which was worst from his less favored brother. Again God sent to the white man his only Son to be his guide and teacher—the best gift possible for him to bestow—but they despised His teachings and crucified their Saviour. To the Indians God sent his daughter—a woman. She came on earth about the same time His Son came to the whites, and lived and taught among a tribe of the Dakotas on the upper Missouri. They loved, respected and obeyed her, and have ever treasured her words as the words of God to them, and looked forward to the fulfillment of her prophecies for their people. She came in a cloud from Heaven, and was first seen by two young men who were out hunting buffalo. One of these youths was virtuous and desired only what was pure and good, the other was of bad character and evil habits. As they went over the prairie far from their homes, they saw at a short distance from them a beautiful white maiden with golden hair and perfect form. As they stood filled with admiration for her graceful form the bad young man suggested that this was an opportunity which they should not lose to obtain for themselves a woman of such rare beauty, and proposed that they should seize and take her captive. The other protested

strongly against such a wicked act, but to no purpose. His companion rushed forward and was about to lay his hand upon her when suddenly with a noise like that of a powerful whirlwind both she and the young man were enveloped in a cloud. This cloud took the form of a cone, beautiful from the top to where it rested on the earth with colors in order: at the top bright scarlet, then blue, yellow, white and black. The white and black represent the white race, and the others are the colors of the Indians. Scarlet being at the top meant that it was the highest order, and hence the Dakotas prize it above all the rest and use it and the others for painting themselves, ornamenting their pipes, blankets, etc. The cloud gradually arose and disappeared from sight but nothing was ever found of the bad young man but his bones lying on the prairie where the cloud had rested. The maiden told the good young man that she would meet him at a certain time in a particular lodge and vanished from sight. She met him according to this appointment, and as the Dakotas had no books she gave to them a pipe (which they still have) that his people might remember her words and the future of the Indian race which she revealed to him as follows: It was that the Indian, from the first the less favored race, was to be the first to pass away, or rather to be merged

into the more favored one. There were yet ten generations to come, and at the end of those generations a mule should give birth to a young one, and with that event the Indian race and white race should become one. 'Now,' said Red Cloud (somewhat in error as to his chronology), 'seven of those generations have passed away and but three yet remain to the Indian. This is the decree of God, made known to us by his daughter—you have not the power to alter that decree or to hasten the set time—let us live in peace until the appointed season, and then the Indians will cease as a race, and the white man will possess both them and all else.' ”

The element of imagination revealed in this legend, joined with the other Indian qualities already mentioned, made the soil of their nature fertile for the labors of a man with just such a nature as Bishop Hare's. The chivalric and romantic elements in him responded quickly to corresponding traits in the Indians. This response was always under the control of a strong element of common sense. His own conception of his duty as a missionary was set forth clearly in a letter which he wrote in 1875 to a clergyman who was planning to join his force of workers: “You are about to enter a work where a hopeful and kindly heart and a high sense of duty are the

first requisites. I pray you to make the possession of them your earnest endeavor. Your duties will be to teach school daily and to prove yourself a friend of the Indians in every way, however practical and humble, which interested ingenuity can devise." Of the broader aspect of the duties of his clergy, he wrote, in extolling the services of such laymen as Mr. William Welsh:

"We want 'priests,' if that word conveys to the mind the idea that our ministers are not merely elected officers, but bear a commission from on high; we want 'priests,' if by priests are meant not only men whose lips keep knowledge, but men who delight in offering the sacrifice of prayer and praise, and clothing Divine service with holy beauty. But we want them not if by 'priests' are meant men who are mere clericals, who do not wish to think as laymen think; men who hate lay counsel and love to have their own way; men who, according to a living English writer's definition of a priest, are 'persons necessary to our intercourse with God, without being necessary or beneficial to us *morally*.' Such priests, we venture to affirm, will find in the end, in this age, that the only persons who want them are those whom one of the brethren has aptly termed 'silly women of both sexes.'"

To his own company of priests and deacons,

he soon added the orders of native "Lay-Helpers" and "Catechists" whose duty it was to prepare the catechumens properly for the rite of baptism. The order of Catechists was a deliberate revival of an institution of the early Church, adapted equally to pagan regions of the new world and to the pagan world of old. A letter to his Catechists in 1877 shows with what painstaking detail he mapped out the functions of his subordinates. This carefulness for the minutiae of his task manifested itself in a multitude of forms, yet never blinded him, as the trees may obscure a forest, to his central purpose as a teacher and preacher of the Christian religion. In preaching to the Indians themselves he was fortunate in being able to exercise a native gift of directness and homely imagery closely akin to the Indians' own methods of expression. Of his words to them, delivered through white and native interpreters, there are of course but fragmentary records. In *The Daybreak* for July, 1878, there is the report of one of his addresses, interpreted by the Rev. Luke C. Walker, an Indian, which will give at least a partial impression of the character of these talks:

"The Jews," he said, "were the chosen people of God in the midst of a heathen world. They differed from other nations specially in three particulars, to-wit: they were the people of a Book,

the people of an Oath, and a Royal people. The people of a Book in that they alone had the Word of God; the people of an Oath in that they were bound by an Oath to keep God's law, and He was bound by an Oath to protect them in it; a Royal people in that, through their relations to the King of kings, all things in His kingdom served them, and, in proportion as they themselves were faithful, administered to their comfort. So of all Christian peoples, and so too now of those Dakotas who had embraced Christianity. They were coming to be known among the other Dakotas as their people of a Book. They were different from the rest in that they had books, and especially the Book of all books, God's written Word. They also were a people of an Oath. When urged to join in heathen dances and customs as of old, their reply was: 'No, we cannot, we have taken an oath to give up all these things and follow Christ.' Their baptismal and confirmation oaths made them now a peculiar people. They too were growing to be a Royal people. As for the untaught heathen, the sun burned them in summer, and they perished from cold and nakedness in winter; beasts and birds, even their own and only means of support, the buffalo, fled from them, and the earth produced nothing for their sustenance. Christian Indians, on the other hand, were learning to provide comfortable

homes and warm clothing against the rigors of the climate; beasts grew tame at their hand and served them, the earth began to bring forth her increase in abundance for their support; they were a Royal people."

Stronger than all the other appeals which the Indians made to Bishop Hare was the appeal of their essential humanity. In June of 1873 he wrote: "The sum of the whole matter is this: the Indians are Men. We differ from them in *degree*, not in kind. Exactly where, or nearly where, they now are, we once were; what we are now, they will (if not absolutely, yet according to their measure) by God's blessing yet become. This is my wish. This is my prayer. This is my belief." Concerning the unexpectedness of their offenses against good order he wrote in later years: "All this is thoroughly Indian, but very thoroughly Indian because completely human." Because so human they deserved, in his eyes, the same opportunities for development that make other human beings what they are. So many of the opportunities are those of educational training that the problem of schools immediately presented itself with the force already indicated in the passage quoted from the "Reminiscences."¹ The Indians were all as children, and all needed

¹ See pp. 51-52.

what good schools could give them. But there was no possibility of giving it to any but the young. Hence the early concentration upon the conduct of Boarding Schools. One good reason to hope for their success was naïvely expressed by a Christian Indian, formerly "one of the most exultant warriors of the dare-devil sort," who came to Bishop Hare in the early days and asked to have his grandchildren baptized. "Are their parents Christians?" asked the Bishop. "No," said the Indian, "they are not, but I am." He continued, "I have noticed that old antelopes are very wild and scary, and our hunters find it very hard to catch them. So they catch the young ones. The old ones come to seek their young, and then our hunters catch them too. And I thought, if you would take and baptize these little grandchildren of mine, you might catch their parents too."

The passage from the "Reminiscences" in the previous chapter will have shown the general ideas controlling Bishop Hare's course in the important matter of education. It is possible here somewhat to elaborate this showing by contemporary glimpses at the Boarding School work. The school at the Santee Agency under the Rev. S. D. Hinman was developed in less than a year from Bishop Hare's coming to his jurisdiction into Saint Mary's Boarding School

for Girls. At the Crow Creek Agency another school for girls was soon opened, and at Cheyenne Agency a school for boys. At Yankton Agency, which immediately became the Bishop's residence, he established Emmanuel Hall, a school for girls, and—most important of all, since he made it his home and looked to it primarily for the training of native teachers for the Indians—St. Paul's School for Boys. For all of these institutions there was abundant need. Though the Indians in general believed that their children would develop better if left wholly to themselves, there were those, besides the maker of the antelope similitude, who saw the value of the new opportunities offered to them. One of them was reported by Bishop Hare as saying: "My friends, all animals take care of their young. No—I am mistaken. One animal does not. It is the mud-turtle. It comes up out of the water, and lays its eggs in the sand, and then goes back to the water, and leaves them to take care of themselves. When the young turtles are hatched, they run right down to the water. I think the Great Spirit teaches them. Their parents do not.

"We Dakotas, my friends, are those mud-turtles. We are unlike other men. We have not taught our children. The Great Spirit has taught them direct, I think. Otherwise they

could not have lived at all. And now I think that as the Great Spirit has been so kind to us when we were foolish, we ought to be very thankful to him and try, henceforth, to teach our children wisdom as well as we can."

The wisdom offered to them in Bishop Hare's boarding-schools—long before the principles of industrial training had won their present repute—was that which they needed most for everyday living. "The ideas which governed me," he wrote, "in laying out the whole boarding-school work of the jurisdiction, were, that the schools should be plain and practical and not calculated to engender fastidious tastes and habits, which would make the pupils unhappy in, and unfitted for, the lowly and hard life to which their people are called; that, as the Indians have not been accustomed to labor, the school training should be such as would not only cultivate their intellect, but also develop their physical functions and teach them to do well the common acts of daily humble life." The carrying of Christian influences back into their uncivilized homes was of course a fundamental part of the plan.

A letter written within nine months of the beginning of his work tells with what energy the useful service of St. Paul's School was instituted:

[To Miss Mary Abbot Emery.]

"YANKTON AGENCY, DAK., Jan. 5, 1874.

"My Dear Miss Emery:

"Very happily I am able to begin a letter about St. Paul's Boarding School on this Feast of the Epiphany, for it has all along been my hope in planning the school and in putting it into operation, that it would prove to the wilder tribes about us through the reports of travelers what the heaven-given star was to men of old, who sat in darkness, a bright interesting attractive sight awakening from their slumber and starting them off to find the Light.

"Now for some report of the School and its workings:

"The School building is completed, furnished throughout, and occupied, and has been for three or four weeks. I say completed, not absolutely, for the attic is not yet fitted up for a second dormitory as I intend that it eventually shall be, nor is the woodwork of the building painted, but all is done that it was purposed to do at first, my object being to keep the first expense down to the lowest figure possible.

"The building is of chalk stone and built rather with view to comfort, economy and practical use than with an eye to beauty. Beauty, especially with a stone building and in this far-off place, is a costly luxury. All I claim for it is

that it is substantial, well adapted to its end, and a structure such as a practical business man if he had given largely towards its erection would not be ashamed to see.

"Its situation is commanding, being upon the slope of the bluff towards the Missouri River and high above all the other buildings about.

"It is a little over forty feet front, fifty-six feet deep, with a wing on the west twenty-eight feet by sixteen. There is a fine cellar, eight feet high, cemented, and dry as a second floor room in New York, under the whole house, so good indeed that it will be possible to partition portions of it off, when that course becomes necessary, for a dining-room and kitchen for the scholars.

"The attic has a sloping roof, but could be readily fitted up so as to accommodate ten double beds. The building is divided into two parts in both the first and second stories by a hall which runs the extreme length from the front to the rear. The rooms on the right of the hall as one enters are for the Mission family and for guests. On the first floor, first the parlor, then my bedroom, then my study, then Rev. Mr. Cook's bedroom, and last the office, where Mr. Cook is on hand to receive the Indians who come by the dozen during each day to complain, to consult, to seek help and to chat, and others

reserved for the use of visitors and for other purposes.

"On the left of the hall on the first floor are the schoolroom, the dining-rooms, one for the Dakotas, and one for the family, and the kitchen. Upstairs, corresponding to these rooms, is a large dormitory, part of which is partitioned off for the Niobrara Storeroom until a better place can be had. We began operations by admitting five picked boys a little over two weeks ago and since then have admitted four more. There was no lack of applicants for admission, but I limited the number because only a portion of the sheets and pillow cases, shirts and drawers prepared for us by friends at the East had arrived, and also and chiefly because I thought that the school had better be a growth than a sudden creation, in order that those who are in authority in it might become accustomed to their duties, and in order that I might imbue a few with the spirit and drill them in the habits which I wish to prevail in the School and thus secure a power ready at hand to influence for good those who will be admitted a little later. The plan has worked admirably thus far, and I would not have believed that the first two weeks of our experiment could bring so few frictions and annoyances. The boys admitted are all thus far Yanktons. I expect to have soon some Poncas

(among them there, one of the three children who were adopted by the Mission during the time Mr. Dorsey and his mother, Mrs. Stanforth, were at Ponca) and some Santees, whom I have not been able to unite hitherto, on account of smallpox.

“Of the boys admitted, one is twelve years old, one thirteen, three fourteen, two fifteen, one seventeen, and one is twenty-one.

“My plan is to make the School so far as possible *self-serving*, i. e., to make the boys take care of themselves and of the house. For this purpose they are divided into three squads and to each squad is assigned for one week one particular department of work. One squad is the Dormitory Squad, whose duty is to make the beds and keep the dormitory and some other rooms in order. Another squad is the Table Squad, whose duty it is to set the table and wash the dishes, etc. A third is the Outdoor Squad, whose province it is to bring wood, run errands, go for milk, etc. Each day when the several squads have discharged their respective duties, they all unite and work at leveling and cleaning up the grounds, and it is a pleasant sight to see them busy with pick, shovel, and wheelbarrows and merry all the while as larks. They take to work better than I dared expect. Perhaps novelty gives the task a charm. By ten o'clock all manual work for

the morning is over and the boys go into school for two hours. Then dinner and recess till two o'clock, then work again till three, then school till five. God bless the work thus happily begun and prepare us who are here and those who help us at the East for what must come—some trials and discouragements!"

Bishop Hare's son recalls a visit to his father at the School, where he arrived even before the pupils were received. "The plaster in it had not dried; there was no means of heating it except by sheet-iron stoves placed in each room. The only fuel was cottonwood, which burned like tinder, and made the stove red-hot for half an hour and then rapidly died down unless refed. On going to bed at night the room was comfortably warm. On arising in the morning its temperature was often below zero and the dampness in the plaster had turned into frost on the walls. When the cottonwood fire got fairly started, this moisture would trickle down the walls. This went on for many days and nights. As all food had to be hauled by wagon for sixty miles, it was most limited in variety and none too good. The only water obtainable was that of the muddy Missouri River flowing at the rate of four miles an hour under eighteen inches of ice, and it was customary to send a wagon loaded

with barrels to the river, to cut a hole in the ice, fill the barrels with water, and drag them about half a mile up the bluff to the School. There was, therefore, no water for ordinary bathing and very little for any other purpose. The cold was so great, I remember, that even the chickens, which were allowed to roost in the stable where the horses were, all lost their combs through frost-bite. At this time the Indians were still disposing of their dead on scaffolds, and erected one not far from the schoolhouse, upon which they laid a corpse, and then killed a horse underneath in order that the warrior might have something to ride on in the Happy Hunting Grounds. Meat was obtained by killing a steer, quartering, and then laying it at the foot of the haystack where it remained frozen for as many days or weeks as passed before it was devoured."

Writing to the Secretary and General Agent of the Indian Commission in New York, Bishop Hare himself described the effects of a winter storm in his new residence:

[To Rev. R. C. Rogers.]

"YANKTON AGENCY, Jan. 8, 1875.

. . . "We have now a terrific storm upon us; the mercury 23° below zero; wind blowing almost a hurricane. We quail before it in our

stone building. God pity the poor Indians in their tepees! . . . The boys while asleep instinctively hugged themselves, heads and all, under the clothes, and I believe slept through it all. The Dormitory looked this morning more like a snow-bank than a bedroom.

"On the sounding of the 'Rising Bell' the boys were lifted from their snowy beds and carried to the other end of the room, from which they scampered away, without much regard to appearances, crying out, 'Osnido! it's very cold!' to the warm wash-room on the floor below.

"Our water privileges hardly deserve the name. When the water for this large household of fifty people has to be dipped in buckets from the river and hauled in barrels a quarter of a mile, while the temperature is so low, that which is water one moment is (to exaggerate a little) ice the next. The boys who constitute the Water Squad have done their duty nobly throughout this whole cold term of ten days, during which the mercury has each morning ranged from 5° to 23° below zero. The Wood-Chopping Squad deserves equal credit. Our consumption of fuel in this school and in Emmanuel Hall near by is enormous. The boys have to cut all the wood in the open air and, even with the violent exercise of wood-chopping, it is a question often whether they can generate as much heat as old Boreas

can cold. Of course we save them all we can, and they are required to do nothing which the head master and other teachers do not join in.

"I went down to Emmanuel Hall this morning soon after breakfast to see how they fared there. The storm had evidently been playing hide and seek through the old church and as if to put the best face on its sacrilege had left as the only token of its pranks in holy places the most delicate festoons and tracery work of snow as light as gossamer. Emmanuel Hall, which adjoins the church on the west, being new and well built, had stood the storm pretty well, but the force of the driving wind manages to sift the snow, which in this country is as light as a feather and as fine as dust, through cracks and crannies which are so small that the eye cannot easily discern them, and therefore though I say that Emmanuel Hall stood the storm pretty well, I do not mean to deny that the snow was gathered together out of some of the more exposed rooms by the shovelful."

In quite another vein, the vein in which he spoke to children and to Indians, is the following letter. Though addressed to younger readers, it tells so much of the life and work of the early boarding schools that it should not be lost.

"YANKTON AGENCY, DAK., Nov. 30, 1877.

"To the Children of the Church, and Other Benefactors of Boarding Schools in the Missionary Jurisdiction of Niobrara.

"MY DEAR FRIENDS: It is Thanksgiving Day. We have had a bright and pleasant Fall, but to-day is terrible. The mercury is down to a few degrees above zero. The wind has blown a gale for two days and two nights, and it blows a gale still. It rattles the windows. It howls around the corners of the house. It scours the gravel from our walks. It has parched the earth so that it has cracked like the mud at the bottom of a dried-up pond in the heat of summer. The Missouri River even, one of the longest of rivers, which was a great rushing torrent a mile wide last June, has left almost all its bed uncovered, sunk into its lowest channel and put on a coating of ice, as if it had done airing itself and was prudently wrapping itself close in a white blanket for a long winter night's sleep. Look which way one will, but one living creature is to be seen, a solitary Indian who has dismounted from his saddle, and is running ahead of his horse, pulling him by the bridle, and stamping his feet to keep himself warm.

"But I am not thinking of the biting wind which howls outside. I am sitting in my room and have just fallen into a reverie. And in my

reverie, I seemed to myself to have a vision of all the young people whom I love—the children who have written me letters and cheered my heart, the children of the Sunday-schools and Bible-classes which I have addressed, and the children who support Scholarships in my Boarding Schools—and from the East and West and North and South, they all seemed to come trooping toward me. I forgot all about the wind and cold, so distinctly did I seem to see their smiling faces, and so warm did my heart grow as their bright eyes seemed to say, ‘Some of us have never seen you; but we all love you, Bishop, for your work’s sake.’ Closer and closer they seemed to press about me, when suddenly I was roused from my reverie by hearing them say, ‘Bishop, tell us all about your Mission to the Indians.’ By all means, dear children. Not only tell you about it, but show it to you.

“The bell is ringing for our Thanksgiving dinner. Suppose you and I all go down to the dining-room together. What do we see? A long table; on the table turkey, cranberry-sauce, and whatever good things our thoughtful lady helpers have been able to get together; and around the table an eager throng. At one end the missionary, Mr. Cook; at the other the headmaster of St. Paul’s School, Mr. Young. At the middle, on one side, the Bishop, with the

house-mother, Miss Ives, on his right, and her associate, Sister Mary, on the left; opposite, Raeburn, a teacher; while everywhere else are crowding, yet orderly, thirty-one Indian boys, all of them *empty* yet *big* with expectation. I need not tell you how the dinner disappeared. You know yourselves from experience how it is with Thanksgiving dinners.

"But now the dinner is done, and I call the whole party to order, and address the boys as follows: 'Boys, when white people have a feast like this, they think of their friends who are absent. Let us think now of our absent fathers and mothers, and brothers and sisters, and our friends and benefactors, and, as we do so, let all of us take our cups into our hands, and pray God to fill their cups with peace and happiness.' Every boy seizes his stone-china mug, lifts it, and a smile on every face and a hearty 'How! How!' from every lip, tell that the white Bishop's heart and the Indian's heart have flowed together. 'Now, boys, *we* sit in a warm room, and have had a good dinner; let us remember how many to-day are cold and hungry; how many old Indian women are shivering in their wigwams as they hold their long thin fingers to the fire. Sha'n't we think of them, and pray God to think of them?' A shadow passes over their faces, for they have known what life in the wigwam in

bitter weather is, and they respond to my sentiment in a subdued 'How!' And so toast after toast is given, enthusiasm kindles, and in the conviction that our boys are happy, the missionary, the headmaster, the Bishop (and even our lady-helpers!) are boys again.

"Now how much more attractive Indians are when you love them than when you fight them! How much better it is to give them Christian education than to let them grow up wild to entrap and massacre our soldiers, as these boys' fellow-countrymen did with Custer's gallant troop! I have heard it said, 'Indians were made to be food for powder.' But has not our Thanksgiving dinner clearly shown that *turkeys* were made to be food for *them*?

"But a scene like this which I have described will gladden your eyes at a good many other schools besides St. Paul's. Let us hurry in imagination down to Emmanuel Hall (a few hundred yards off) and look in upon Mrs. Draper and Miss Hicks and their flock of twenty girls; and then off to St. Mary's Boarding School among the Santees (it is a day's journey, but in imagination we can make it in a trice) and salute Miss Kerbach and Miss Norris and their score of Santee girls; and then five days' travel up the Missouri River (stopping for a moment to say, 'How d'ye do!' to Mr. Burt, whom we shall

find unpacking boxes containing articles for the Boarding School which he expects to open in a few weeks) to the Yanktonnais Indians, where we shall greet Mrs. Duigan and her school of twenty-four, 'all so happy,' she writes me, 'that I sometimes think that some great trouble will come to us.'

"Now for another journey, and in three days we find ourselves at one of our most distant Missions with Mr. and Mrs. Swift and Miss Bell, near the Cheyenne River Agency. Want of accommodations keeps their school down to ten. Indeed, want of accommodation keeps every part of their work down. Rarely have I participated in services more moving than those I have joined in this Mission. To confirm twenty-four adults on a Sunday morning, as I have done here, among some of the wildest tribes of Sioux, and in the afternoon see a whole congregation, young and old, a chief and some head-men stand up to answer together some of the questions of the Catechism, is enough to make the coolest lift up his hands and exclaim, 'What hath God wrought!'

"I wish that there were time for me to take you on a visiting tour to all our churches as well as to our schools, for, after all, our Boarding Schools are but a small portion of our work; but I must bring this long letter to a close. . . .

And before I say Good-by, let me tell you that since I began to write this letter (in which I have been several times interrupted) the evening has been stealing on, the gale has subsided, quiet reigns, and the stars are shining.

"Your very grateful and affectionate friend,

"WILLIAM H. HARE,

"Missionary Bishop of Niobrara."

A year after this letter was written Bishop Hare told something of the efforts the Indian boys themselves made to enter St. Paul's School. He had recently met on the prairie two boys trudging from their homes at Santee, thirty-five miles away. A white boy driving with him—indeed his own son, then about fourteen years old—exclaimed that he would never walk thirty-five miles to go to boarding-school, and Bishop Hare admitted that as a boy no more would he have done it. But another Indian boy made his way on foot to St. Paul's from Flandreau, a hundred and fifty miles away, and two others from Cheyenne Agency, a distance of two hundred miles.

With "all outdoors" as home to run away to, there were some at first who fled from the restraints of a routine life. There were difficulties, too, with parents; some half or wholly hostile; others so friendly that they made them-

selves a nuisance by sitting about with loaded rifles on their knees to guard the teachers against possible attacks; all ignorant of the rights of privacy and walking unbidden into any room the teachers might occupy. But one by one the difficulties were overcome. A wise accommodation of means to ends appears in an account of an early commencement at St. Paul's where the "meritorious," the "very meritorious," the "most meritorious" pupils received as prizes respectively a pair of chickens, a pig, and a heifer apiece, to be held conditionally until the school course was finished, and to become their absolute property when they should graduate with the certificate given to those who have won their teachers' commendation. In manifold ways the basis was laid in the work of the boarding-schools for an ultimate success with the mission at large which must have seemed in those days of small beginnings hardly more tangible than a dream.

It was an immediate observation by Bishop Hare on going into the Indian country that the missionaries had it "as their lot to see attention on the *qui vive* when they speak of rations, and flagging when they tell of the Bread which endureth unto eternal life." Eager as he was to do something for their souls and minds, their

bodies were the object of their own chief concern. "The idea seized them," wrote Bishop Hare in his second Annual Report, "that the Chief Holy Man (as they call the Bishop) has the ear of the Great Father (i. e. the President), of whom they have heard as the wonderful chief who lives in a big white house in Washington and sends Indians immense supplies of flour and beef." Whether called upon to represent the government officially, as he sometimes was, or standing inevitably as the most conspicuous exponent of white civilization among the Sioux, he soon became known, both to Indians and to whites, as the Indian's friend. "We all remember," he once wrote, "when it was thought by some of our emigrant population an offense for which a man's head should be broken—that he undertook to teach a negro. It is a similar offense in the eyes of some people out on the frontier to undertake to befriend an Indian." To be their champion when he undertook their cause was almost to stand in the place of a Robert Gould Shaw—before the obloquy was lost in glory.

In the first year of his work in Niobrara he saw that if the missionary body which he represented was to nominate certain Indian Agents, their acts should fall under his immediate supervision, since he was "the man on the ground." It was like him, therefore, to ask the Indian

Commission of the Church to extend his power in this direction. "I could not have laid out for myself," he wrote to the Secretary of the Commission, December 29, 1878, "any work from which my soul recoils more than that which I have sketched. I have more than once deprecated the suggestion that it fell naturally to my position. But experience has taught me that if the Church is to do her work among the Indians *well*, I must not only be willing to receive such duty from the Executive Committee, but must ask it of them." All this was long before the days of the Indian Rights Association, and it may well be imagined how advantageous to the Indians it was to have a friend on the spot so vitally interested in their fair treatment by the agents.

It was not long before the Government recognized the value of such fair-minded service as he was ready to render. In January and February of 1874 affairs at Red Cloud Agency took on an alarming aspect. An Indian war was feared. Bishop Hare, to quote his own words, "was invited by the Government to visit, with three others, the disturbed district, pacify the Indians if possible, and make such recommendations as should seem to us desirable, assurance being given us that any policy we might agree upon would be carefully followed by the Gov-

ernment." In the statement from which these words are copied it also appears that Bishop Hare made it a rule never to receive any *per diem* or other pay for the time and labor spent at the request of the Government, and never to act for the Government except for Indians who were under his Episcopal care, or in reference to Agents unless they were nominees of the Episcopal Missionary Committee. A passage in his Second Annual Report (1874) describes, partly in the words of his report to the Government, the situation with which he and his colleagues were called upon to deal, and sets forth with vigor his views on the uses of the military in the Indian country at the time in question:

"The disturbances on the Red Cloud and Spotted Tail Agencies during the latter part of last winter were of so severe a nature that alarm spread over the western country, and the conviction was prevalent that a general Sioux war was impending. There were some who believed that the turbulence of the Indians was owing to the wrongdoing of their Agents. These Agents had been nominated by the Executive Committee of the Indian Commission of our Church. I had reasons to believe that they were honorable men. I was of the opinion that the cause of the trouble should be sought elsewhere than in the misbehavior of the Agents, and when I was requested

by the Government, which had committed these Indians to the special oversight of our Church, to act as a Commissioner to visit them and investigate the condition of affairs, I did not feel at liberty to decline. The conclusions which were arrived at during that visit were confirmed during a second visit some months later and abide to-day; and as a like condition of affairs will probably come to be whenever large numbers of other Indians find themselves, as they will, in circumstances like those which are now under consideration, and as it is important that the charity of the people of the Church towards these Indians should be built up upon a true impression of their temper and condition, I give these conclusions here, almost in the words in which, as chairman of the Commission, I reported them to the Government. I believe that they will appear to fair-minded persons to be *a priori* reasonable as they were discovered upon actual examination to be fact. If true, their acceptance ought not to be hindered by the disposition to think that because the Indians have been often wronged, they are always in the right.

“The Indians who have caused so much anxiety are the Ogallallas and the Upper Brulés, connected respectively with the Red Cloud and the Spotted Tail (Whetstone) Agencies. They are among the most distant of the Sioux from

civilizing influences, and the last who have accepted a position of dependence upon the Government. Their Agencies are the resort during the winter of multitudes of northern Indians (Minneconjous, Sans Arcs, Uncpapas, etc.), variously estimated at from 10,000 to 15,000 in number, who range over districts still further removed from civilization and the power of the Government, and who, when driven in from their roving life upon the plains farther north by the rigors of the winter, come to the Red Cloud and Spotted Tail Agencies, attracted by the rations which the Government dispenses there.

“The wilder spirits among the Ogallallas and Upper Brulés find in these sojourners congenial company. Combined they constitute a turbulent party, which for the time rules the Agencies with a high hand. The better-disposed Indians have not yet reached strength enough, either in number or character, to resist these impetuous hordes from the north and their abettors. Those who sincerely desire to learn a better way *dare not* raise their heads; and those who favor progress in quiet times, because it seems the winning side, are politic enough to float with the tide when its tumultuous waters run the other way. From the time of the arrival of these outside bands, white men living on the Reservation are careful not to expose themselves after nightfall,

and those who for months have been accustomed to travel through the country alone without fear of molestation, seek an escort of friendly Indians. The Agents are subjected to intimidation and to the most violent and unreasonable demands, while now and then small war-parties dash off into the adjacent country in the hope of happening upon a stray soldier, or finding an opportunity of running off stock.

"This turbulence usually continues and increases until it reaches its climax about the time when the severity of winter is relaxing and the visitors from the north are beginning to make their preparations for a return to their wild northern retreats.

"The past winter was no exception to the general rule. Comparative quiet prevailed at both Agencies during all last summer and early fall, but, upon the incoming of the northern Indians, trouble at once began. The most extravagant demands were made for rations, and enforced by intimidation. The efforts of the Agents to make a census of the people (which was essential to the proper regulation of the issue of rations) were thwarted and defied. When registration was notwithstanding attempted, the Agents were forcibly restrained, and their lives were threatened, and they were informed that should they dare to pass beyond certain limits,

which were marked out for them, they would do it at their peril.

"Early in February, a war-party, one or two hundred strong, was organized—perhaps there were several of them—and started on a marauding expedition for the settlements farther south.

"There is no exact information as to the amount of stock which was run off by these parties; but within ten days, a man named King, a hunter, was shot on Laramie Fork; Edgar Gray, a teamster, was killed on the Running Water; Lieutenant Robinson and Corporal Coleman, while absent from their train, were pursued and killed near Laramie Peak; and Frank D. Appleton, clerk, was shot dead (as is supposed, by one of the above-named war-party on its return) within the stockade of the Red Cloud Agency.

"There is sufficient evidence that the better spirits discountenanced these lawless proceedings; that the murder of Appleton moved one of the chiefs to tears; that the Agents were able to form a number of the Indians into a guard to protect themselves and their Agencies; that one Indian, and he a northern man, demanded the return of stolen horses from a war-party of which his nephew was a leader, and when it was refused, shot him and rescued the stolen property by force; and that another de-

fended his agent at the peril of his own life. But, notwithstanding, turbulence seems to have reigned for some time almost supreme.

"To add to the difficulty of the situation, these Agencies have been the refuge of white desperadoes (thieves, gamblers, whisky peddlers, cut-throats and jail-birds of every sort), whom the agents, being destitute of force to uphold their authority, have been unable to control or remove.

"Under these circumstances I have urged that the Government was bound to uphold its Agents and enforce order by the presence of troops. It was manifest that thus only could the Government save its Agents from the necessity of being the toys or tools of lawless savages, and becoming a hindrance rather than a help to their real progress, and put at their command sufficient power to enable them to discharge their duties and to make their reasonable demands respected; thus only to secure to the better-disposed Indians another resource than falling in with the proceedings of the wild and riotous, or else becoming their victims; thus only to insure that brute violence should no longer keep at a distance those missionary and educational instrumentalities which the better Indians desire, and their friends are ready to provide; thus only to enable the Agents to be a power 'for the punishment of

evil-doers and for the praise of those that do well,' and to drive away from among the Indians the white desperadoes and fugitives from justice who have hitherto frequently been able not only to make the Agencies their refuge, but to exert a very sensible influence there. The corrupting influence of private soldiers, which will at once occur to many minds as an objection to this plan, is not to be feared among the wilder Sioux as much as elsewhere, as the women are generally virtuous, and these bad influences might be reduced to a minimum by the placing of the post at a short distance from the Agencies and by the exclusion of the Indians from their precincts.

"The policy thus sketched has met with not a little unfavorable criticism. That it is justly liable to it I do not believe. We look in vain among the more advanced communities for civilization so general and complete that order is preserved without an appeal to force. A police more or less completely organized and equipped is a prominent feature of every community. Why then should it be expected that nothing more than moral suasion will be needed in the management of a people not only uncivilized, but savage and wild, who this day believe, *and act upon the belief*, that, as one of them told me, 'the Almighty has written it in their hearts that they should kill Pawnees and other Indians

who do not belong to their tribe'; who are wont to vent the wild sorrow and exasperation in which the death of a loved relative plunges them, by hurrying off to a white settlement and killing a white man; who put in terror of their lives those among them who are disposed to farm or in any way adopt the path of wisdom; whose natures are occasionally swept by such fearful gusts of passion that they need to be protected from themselves; and who not merely have been, but are to-day, guilty of all the atrocities which precede and the abominable and hideous superstitions which accompany the scalp dance.

"Manifestly Nature here is too savage and violent to be approached only by moral suasion. The situation is too intolerable to be left to the solution of time. The Church as the messenger of righteousness as well as of peace, while she carefully refrains from using force herself, should countenance its use by the proper authority, in order that lawless men may see that there is such a thing as Government and that it 'beareth not the sword in vain.' In the organized society the magistrate calls upon the police to wield that sword. In unorganized societies, such as exist in the wild Indian country, he must call in the aid of the military.

"That all the Indians, the majority of whom are perfectly peaceable, should be placed in the

charge of the military, or that any Indians should be transferred to their *sole* control, follows no more from the advocacy of their due employment in subordination to the civil power in suppressing violence, than their use by the civil authorities in suppressing riot in our cities is an argument for a universal military despotism. As a matter of experience, the mere *presence* of the military accomplishes generally all that is needed. A sense of responsibility is begotten all around, in white men and red men. Fugitives from justice slink away or are 'on their good behavior.' The wild Indian curbs his violence or vanishes to parts where government is yet unknown. The better-disposed Indians, delivered from the domineering threats of the mere barbarian, begin to plant the ground and become advocates of civilization, schools and churches. As a fact the Red Cloud and Spotted Tail Agencies, notorious for their scenes of violence, have, under the good influence of this coöperation of the troops with the Agent, become within six months a safe field not only for Christian Missions but for woman's part of Christian Missions.

"Of this plan of administration among turbulent Indians I have been the open advocate. The man who pursues a straight road will probably cross the path of those who follow tortuous

courses and cannot hope to advance far without being assailed. I have met with a measure of such experience. Of course a favorite mode of attack will be to impute to me some course of conduct inconsistent with my office—e. g., as a minister of the Gospel of peace. To such attacks I have not replied. But it may not be out of place for me to state here that while I should have no more hesitation in seeking the protection of the military, if proper occasion should arise, in protecting me from the lawless, while I sought to minister to those who were disposed to listen to me, than I should have as a city pastor in appealing to the police to shield me from rowdies who hindered me on the way to my church, I have as a fact made it my habit to travel through the country and to appear in the most tumultuous scenes without any firearm or weapon whatever, and without any protection save such as was afforded by the presence of friendly Indians. The only exceptions to this rule have been two occasions when I acted as one of a Government commission and my ecclesiastical character was entirely laid aside.” . . .

It was in the performance of the special work for the Government which has just been described that Bishop Hare considered his life in

more imminent danger at the hands of the hostile Indians than at any other time in his career. The circumstances are reported by his son. Accompanied by a small troop of United States Cavalry, the commissioners met several thousand of the disaffected Sioux in council. The commissioners sat in chairs with an interpreter beside them. The cavalry were mounted behind. The chiefs and leaders sat in a great semi-circle in front. Back of them were hundreds of young bucks galloping madly hither and thither shooting their rifles in the air and giving vent to wild cries. As Spotted Tail finished a spirited and clever speech in which he virtually told the commissioners to go back to the East and mind their own business, he suddenly gave a signal, as a result of which every unmounted Indian ran to his horse and flung himself in the saddle, grasping his gun. Bishop Hare and his colleagues and the handful of cavalymen expected to be massacred then and there, as they would have been if any soldier, determined to sell his life dear, had fired a shot. Seeing the self-control of the whites, Spotted Tail gave another signal, and with a wild whoop the whole tribe wheeled and disappeared at a gallop over the hills. Turning to the commissioners Spotted Tail said: "You see I could have killed you in a minute by

raising my hand. Go back to the Great Father in the White House, and tell him what I have done and what he must do."

Bishop Hare's course, both in the holding of Indian Agents strictly to account and in advocating the free use of troops where needed, inevitably provoked opposition. In a letter to his sister, July 12, 1874, he wrote: "Thanks for the newspapers, which I like to see. I have taken my stand and expect to be reviled, sometimes by rogues and sometimes by sentimental philanthropists." How truly through it all he was the Indian's friend the events which followed the discovery of gold in the Black Hills gave him abundant occasion to show. In natural beauty, as in natural resources, there was no portion of the Sioux Reservation so desirable as that which contained the Black Hills. "The Indians' attachment to it," wrote Bishop Hare, "is a passion. And well it may be, for this district is the kernel of their nut, the yelk of their egg." But for the gold found in it, the Indians would probably have been welcome to occupy it for an indefinite period. This discovery created a state of affairs in which it became clear at once that the rights of the Indians to an undisturbed possession of their lands, under the treaty of 1868, were in serious danger. In looking back upon this passage of Dakota history, Bishop Hare said

in the "Reminiscences" at his fifteenth anniversary:

"The discovery of gold, in 1875, in a part of the great Sioux Reservation, known as the Black Hills, set a large part of our western population aflame, and hundreds of adventurers during that year, in open violation of the law and the proclamation of the Executive, invaded this portion of the Indians' land, and took possession of it.

"I was outspoken in my denunciation of this flagrant violation of the sacred obligations of a great to a weak people. I foresaw, however, that no power on earth could shut out our white people from that country if it really contained valuable deposits of gold or other mineral. I went, therefore, to Washington and urged upon the President that a commission of experts should be sent out to explore the country, and that, should they report the presence of gold, steps should be taken to secure a surrender of the tract in question from the Indians on equitable terms. This was eventually done.

"The Government had at first been prompt and decided in requiring the removal of the intruders; then it weakened and prevaricated; and soon the desire for the acquisition of this country was so ardent and influential, that the Government was practically driven to negotiate

with the Indians to secure a voluntary sale of the coveted territory, as the only resort from the danger of a popular movement which should snatch it from them by force.

"The Black Hills were thus thrown open to settlement, and I made there my first efforts in the line of establishing the Church among the white people of Dakota."

Before the situation reached a critical stage, Bishop Hare placed himself admirably on record in the following letter to President Grant:

"YANKTON AGENCY, DAK., June 9, 1874.

"To His Excellency, U. S. Grant, President of the United States.

"SIR: In the month of February a Commission, of which I had the honor to be the Chairman, was appointed by the Honorable Secretary of the Interior to visit the Red Cloud and Whetstone Agencies and to make such recommendations as upon examination should seem to them judicious as to the line of policy to be pursued toward the Indians connected with those Agencies and towards the Indians from the North, large bodies of which Indians had made the above named Agencies their resort during the past winter.

"That Commission unanimously recommended

that a special effort should be made this summer for the conciliation of the Northern Sioux, and that, in order to deter them from pushing south as winter approaches to draw rations at the Red Cloud and Whetstone Agencies and thus increasing the dangerous element on the northern border of Nebraska, an Agency should be established for these Indians near the Black Hills, or elsewhere, in their own part of the Sioux Reserve.

"I had the privilege of bringing this recommendation of the Commission before your mind in the personal interview with your Excellency with which I was favored in April last. It was approved and adopted by the Honorable Secretary of the Interior and I have now in my possession a letter from the Department of the Interior continuing the Commission and instructing it to put into effect the recommendations rehearsed above.

"On returning from Washington to this part of the country, I found, to my surprise, that the newspapers were teeming with news of a military expedition fitting out for the heart of the Sioux country, the Black Hills, and with proposals that Sioux City and other towns should not fail to be represented in the large party of adventurers who were prepared to follow in the wake of the military.

"Having learned from the Secretary of the

Interior that such a military expedition is preparing, I gladly avail myself of an invitation given by him to address you on the subject, and beg to present the following points:

"1st. That the appointment of a commission to invite a delegation of Northern Sioux to make a friendly visit to Washington and accept the bounty of the Government, and the invasion of their country by a military expedition are incompatible. Either course may be pursued, but not both.

"2d. That such an expedition would, almost beyond a doubt, provoke an Indian war. The Yellowstone Expedition of last summer, though it did not invade the territory assigned the Sioux, so greatly alarmed and excited them that warriors hastened to resist it from most of the Sioux tribes, and confronted it, it has been reported, several thousand strong. What may be expected then as the result of an expedition which not only invades the Sioux country, but penetrates it through and through and cuts into that particular part of it which, by common consent, is the hive of the hostile Sioux, their place of council when war parties are sent out, their retreat in times of danger, and the pride of the nation? Acting under the peace policy, the Commissioners recently sent out by the Secretary of the Interior recommended that a feeding

agency protected by a friendly garrison should be planted near this part of the Sioux country. This plan followed out would, I believe, get the Northern Sioux under control and yet preserve the peace. An invasion of the Black Hills means, I fear, or at least will surely result in, *War* and war to the knife.

"3d. That this invasion of the Indian territory will almost beyond a question be made the occasion of the inroad of large numbers of rapacious and unprincipled civilians. Indeed, as the extracts taken from the *Sioux City Journal* which I enclose clearly indicate, a party is already organizing with that intent. Such intrusion, as the Report of the Indian Peace Commission of 1867 (comprising Generals Sherman, Augur, Harney and others) emphatically represents, have been the most frequent causes of our past Indian troubles.

"4th. That the exasperation which would ensue from such an expedition would seriously imperil the existence of the struggling but numerous missions, which, encouraged by your policy, the Episcopal Church is nourishing among the Sioux, and endanger the lives of her missionaries. . . .

"5th. That in 1872, as recorded by General Walker, late Commissioner of Indian Affairs, an expedition was projected and partially organ-

ized in Dakota for the purpose of penetrating the Black Hills for mining, and lumbering, and an invasion of the Territory was imminent, which would beyond a peradventure, General Walker remarks, have resulted in a *general Sioux war*. In this case the Executive acted with great promptness. A proclamation was issued warning evil-disposed persons of the determination of the Government to prevent the outrage and troops were put in position to deal effectively with the marauders.

"No one can read the papers hereabouts without coming to the conclusion that the military expedition now projected will be used by bad men for the accomplishment of that wrong which your own action, to the joy of good men, discountenanced and thwarted in 1872.

"6th. That the proposed military expedition would be a violation of the national honor, which in the treaty of 1868 pledged the Sioux the safety of their Territory both from invasion and intrusion. It cannot, indeed, be affirmed that all the Sioux have observed the obligations laid upon them by this treaty, but neither can it be maintained that they have as a people so violated it as to effect, *ipso facto*, its annihilation, nor has the United States declared it annulled. It may be well to declare the abrogation of the treaty of 1868. Until that is done what but some emer-

gency can justify military invasion of their land?

"I have written, Mr. President, in no spirit of opposition to the discreet employment of the military in controlling Indians. The recommendations contained in pages 7 and 8 and 13 of the Report on the condition of the Sioux lately presented by me as Chairman is clear proof that I hold a contrary opinion; nor in the spirit which would discourage thorough castigation of all marauding bands, who, in my judgment, ought to be punished more severely and persistently than they generally have been; and if war ensues from this administration of justice, let it come and be so rigorously prosecuted that it shall be plain to all the United States means that every soul within its domain shall obey its will. I have written in the fear that the expedition at present under discussion, which I believe to be dangerous, may be at the same time gratuitous, and bring the nation no honor.

"Thankful that in appealing to you, Mr. President, I appeal to the ear of moral courage and justice, and cordially acknowledging how much the Indians and those who would do them good owe to your administration, I beg to subscribe myself, with great respect,

"Your obedient servant,

"WILLIAM H. HARE,

"Missionary Bishop of Niobrara."

In spite of all efforts to restrain private adventurers, they thrust themselves during 1874 and 1875 into the Indians' country and began taking possession of it. "The Government has been prompt and decided," wrote Bishop Hare in his Report for 1875, "in requiring the removal of the intruders; but the popular desire for the acquisition of this country has been so ardent and influential that the Government has been practically driven to negotiate with the Indians to secure a voluntary sale of the coveted territory, as the only resort from the danger of a popular movement which should snatch it from them by force. . . . I was invited by the Government to take charge of the necessary negotiations, but I thought it unwise to have a hand in proceedings which were so liable to misconstruction." At his suggestion the Rev. Mr. Hinman was made a member of the Commission. Though standing thus in the background, he could exert a valuable influence. A passage from a letter to the Secretary of the Interior will show with how true a sense of justice it was brought to bear:

[To Hon. Columbus Delano.]

"1345 Pine St., PHILADELPHIA,

"March 5, 1875.

"*My Dear Mr. Delano:*

. . . "Before the Commission enters upon its duties, however, I think it of the highest im-

portance that the attitude of the Government on the Black Hills question should be publicly and definitely settled. Is it not possible for the Government to weigh all the evidence and *decide officially* whether or not it indicates the presence of gold in paying quantities? This decision, it seems to me, should be made *public*. If it is in the negative, it should be followed by a declaration of the determination of the Government to exclude all whites and hold the country for the Indians. If in the affirmative, then, as the past seems to show that it is vain to resist the mob of adventurers under such circumstances, it seems to me that the Government should do the just and only practicable thing, buy the Black Hills country from the Indians for a fair equivalent. If, however, it is not mineral wealth but lumber or agricultural capabilities that render the Hills attractive, they should be preserved for the benefit of their present owners at any cost, for these are blessings of which the Sioux have almost none."

The result of the negotiations was that the Indians sold their lands. In all the train of circumstances attending the relations between the Sioux and the Government at this time, the Custer Massacre of June, 1876, was the event which drew the attention of all the world to the distracted Indian country. In Bishop Hare's mis-

132 LIFE AND LABORS OF BISHOP HARE

sion the outbreak of the hostile spirit bore its tragic fruits in the murder, near Cheyenne Agency, of a new recruit to his staff—the Rev. R. Archer B. Ffennell—by two Indians with a real or imagined grievance, who had vowed to kill the first white man they met. The conduct of the Christian Indians, throughout the whole resurgence of the spirit of barbarism, gave good proof that the seeds of civilization were taking root. But Bishop and clergy and all the lay helpers of the mission, men and women, were forced to realize that their lives were surrounded with danger. A vivid impression of the conditions under which they were laboring at this time, is conveyed in a recent letter from the Rev. Henry Swift, attached in 1876, and for some years afterwards, to the Cheyenne Agency Mission, and now a chaplain in the United States Army. He renders concrete the spirit of Bishop Hare's work and the nature of the hazard from which the military might be needed at any moment to redeem it; and with it this portion of our record shall end:

“FORT SAM HOUSTON, TEXAS,

“April 17, 1911.

. . . “The country was rugged, largely desert (bad lands) and occupied by the wilder of the Indians. In our earlier years the element of

danger was constantly present; while to traverse the field of our mission work, embracing then seven stations, involved always much hardship. Bishop Hare went over the field with me every year, camping out often under the stars, beset by floods, with miry roads, scant food, and discomforts of every kind. It was often a great grief to me to have him exposed to exceptionally severe conditions, but he was ever cheerful, plucky, and making light of everything. Several times we were in actual danger. In 1876 my colleague, the Reverend Archer Ffennell, was killed by two hostile Dakotas. His mission, St. John's, three miles from the Agency, was temporarily abandoned, until I could reach it from a point twenty-five miles beyond. The country was then swarming with hostiles, and the Agency people, the military, and the friendly Indians, protested against even myself going up to reoccupy St. John's. A few days after Bishop Hare arrived, I asked him if he was willing to go up to St. John's with me. He answered cheerily, 'Yes.' The military insisted on our having an armed escort. I did not think it necessary, or even wise, as manifesting a distrust of the people. I put the case to the Bishop and he very promptly decided that we should go, unarmed and unattended; so I drove him up. The result was as I had anticipated. The people fairly thronged us, lament-

ing over the death of Mr. Ffennell and ready almost to kiss the hem of the Bishop's robes.

"Another time I was with him at the Lower Brulé Agency. The Indians were at a white heat (they were all wild and turbulent then) over the arrest of one of their number for an attempt to assassinate the Post Trader. The commanding officer of the Post (Major Joe Bush) warned us not to put ourselves into the hands of the Indians, that our lives would not be worth a moment's purchase. There were with us the agent, Dr. Livingstone; the sub-agent, Major Gregory, and the Revs. Messrs. Burt and Cleveland. We went to meet the Indians in council about half a mile away from the Post. They trooped in by the hundreds, armed to the teeth, all mounted and smeared with red paint, some with black, which was ominous. The Bishop made them a speech and told of the work we hoped to do. When he had finished, their head chief advanced and with frenzied gestures told him and us that they cared nothing for school or church, or to hear of any of those things, that all they desired was that the young man imprisoned be forthwith released. Of course the Bishop and the Agent both had to deny the demand. The request was repeated. They fairly danced with rage, shaking their fists in our faces, and finally moving back a little they



SCENE AT AN INDIAN CONVOCATION
BISHOP HARE KNEELING AT THE TABLE IN LINE OF CLERGY



mounted their horses, and with guns in hand, bore down on us in an ominous circle. We were never nearer death than at that moment. But like a flash a sudden panic overtook them, we knew not why, and one and all started to fly, urging their horses to the utmost. In a moment they had vanished, and then, turning and looking towards the Post, we saw why all this had happened. There were two loaded cannon pointed grimly in our direction and a whole company of soldiers standing at arms. Major Bush had seen in what peril we were and had acted promptly. Once an interviewer asked Bishop Hare if he had ever been in peril from the Indians. He answered 'Yes,' but refused to go into details. I give them now.

"The term 'Apostle to the Sioux' belongs to Bishop Hare preëminently. His was the initiating hand, his the fostering care, and under God's grace to him is due the stable establishment of the numerous missions, which to-day are his monument."

V

TRIALS OF BODY AND SPIRIT

1873-1878-1887

THERE is ample evidence in the passages already cited to indicate the physical and mental strain inseparable from these early experiences of Bishop Hare. Carrying his message through a wild country, struggling frequently against the handicaps of poor health, harassed by the problems of both the spiritual and the temporal welfare of the Indians, there could have been none to blame him had he found his task impossible. To the evidence of his own words the more specific testimony of a fellow worker, an observer at close range, may well be added. Looking back upon the long perspective of a twenty-fifth anniversary, the Rev. Joseph W. Cook spoke in 1893 as follows:

“Who in any small measure can enter into the burden of it? The anxious thought and care, the weary explorations in the almost pathless wilds to prepare the way of the Lord, the hardships of the pilgrimages, the conferences with

wild men often opposed to the white man's way and utterly misunderstanding motives and needing to be dealt with with so much tact and self-restraint to make them see their own best interests, and to save them from themselves, the disappointments and desolating sins of some workers in the field; the lack of sympathy of some, apathy and failure in others to enter heartily into his plans. And again, there is the financial burden—enough in itself to crush any ordinary mortal—for the Bishop very soon discovered that it was left largely to him to raise the funds, and he must go before the churchmen and churchwomen and plead, and call them to their duty and privilege to become fellow-workers with God and him in this field. The vexations of seeing golden opportunities passing by, or the impossibility of enlargement of important work, and, sometimes, the curtailing or abandonment because the funds were insufficient. Again, the disbursement of the funds—for often 'the bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself on it; and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it.' The funds, whether from white persons, or congregations, or societies, or from the Indians, who in most cases have assisted according to their ability, for all the many churches, chapels, parsonages and schools, have passed through the Bishop's hands, and the plans

also have been devised or approved by him. And then there is the correspondence, the incessant writing in the cars, in camps, in the few minutes caught here and there while waiting, as well as in hours stolen from much needed rest and sleep. And all this, and much more, in a body often tortured by weakness and serious ailments, craving rest and recuperation. *Nolo episcopari*, we are safe in saying, is the sentiment of most, if not all of us."

While the struggle was still in its early stages the spirit of one in sore straits cried out in this passage from a letter of Bishop Hare to his sister, July 18, 1874:

"I am on my way to the Santee Mission and write from a wayside ranch where I have had to lay by for a few hours a little indisposed. What with a prolonged term of excessive heat and drouth which tried human nature sorely and blighted the Indians' hope of fair crops, a plague of grasshoppers which have alighted on the corn in such numbers that the stalks are hardly visible, the general muss in Indian affairs both at Washington and out in the Indian country, and the half truth, half lie, which the telegraph sends weekly from this part of the world to the papers, and the disgusting liberties which the press is taking with my name both East and West, I find it hard to preserve my equanimity. I should

utterly faint by the way, but that faith can discover in this country as well as in Palestine the footprints of a weary Lord."

To the strength which his own faith gave him was added the stimulus of the faith which his friends in the East reposed in him. This faith expressed itself in the letter of a devoted woman in New York:

"21 BIBLE HOUSE, December 5, 1874.

"My Dear Bishop:

"I have been a little troubled lately by a new anxiety about our Indian work. There is a rumor in the air that it will not be hard to persuade the Bishop of Niobrara to change his Missionary Episcopate for one of less hardship and privation, and give up to another shepherd the care of his few sheep in the wilderness. This would be very sorrowful, if it could be true, not because any one should dare to doubt that God can fill any place that He sees fit to leave vacant for a time; but because missionary zeal at home is very weak, and such a shock would do untold harm among those whose faith in the man is only just beginning to lead on to some measure of faith in that for which he labors.

"Please do not think it very impertinent of me to write this. I could not help it. It is impossible that you should know, as I do not pretend

to know myself, how many watch anxiously to see if in these days of self-indulgence, it can be that there really is one man willing to renounce the social comforts to which he has been used, and the dearer happiness of home, that he may be the father of a despised and neglected people."

The two ensuing letters to a trusted friend were written in a time of sorest doubt, when it appeared that Bishop Hare's own fears and those of his friends might be realized. During this period there were friends who bestirred themselves to put easier work definitely in his way, and sought his election as Bishop first of Southern Ohio and then of Iowa. But there is no indication that he sought either of these elections himself or entertained the least regret that he was not called from Niobrara.

[To Miss E. N. Biddle.]

"YANKTON AG'Y, D. T., December 13, 1874.

"My Dear Friend:

"I have been so unwilling to dwell upon or talk of a matter which has weighed upon my mind that I have not touched upon it when I have seen you, and only take my pen for a few words about it now because it might seem out of har-

mony with our affectionate friendship if I did not. I write now to you *personally* and *solely*. I am face to face with the necessity of leaving the Indian work either by resignation and idleness, or by a transfer to another field. A year ago I received a warning from my physician at the East that I had made a mistake in entering upon my present life. The physician at Fort Randall tells me that he discovered a year ago that I could not live in this climate; if I were a soldier he would discharge me at once, and that he never hears of my return here but with misgiving and regret. Dr. [Weir] Mitchell writes me that I am 'running an immense risk and that it is imperative and a duty that I should leave and seek a gentler life as soon as I can do so consistently with duty.' An affection which they both say need cause me no alarm under ordinary conditions is here aggravated and threatens fatal disaster.

"The distress which this causes me, independently of physical suffering, God only knows; your love may imagine it. The bare thought of seeming to turn aside like a broken bow in the hands of the Church has been so horrible that I could not at first so much as *look* at the course which after much reflection and prayer, I have resolved upon, viz., to accept any easier work

which may open to me. I know that this simple statement will call out your sympathy and prayer, and, happy in knowing this, I am with warm regard,

“Yours very affectionately,

“WILLIAM H. HARE.”

[To Miss E. N. Biddle.]

“YANKTON, D. T., February 4, 1875.

“*My Dear Friend:*

“Many hearty thanks for your very sympathizing letter, but I fear that I have drawn forth more sympathy than I deserve. I am better than I was when I wrote to you, indeed I think I have been gaining ever since I went East in September last, and, were it not that I have reason to fear that the citadel has been shaken, should be quite composed.

“I am thinking seriously of a two-months’ trip to the South, to which I am urged by my physician, and may start East any day. I wish to slip off unobserved, as I dread the name of an invalid, and think the Church is tired of hearing of over-worked and sick Bishops.

“Our work moves on with steady step, but the winter has been the worst ever known—terrible storms have scoured earth and sky while the mercury has been 30° below zero. We have had

it down to 44° below. This morning at seven, it was 88°.

"In warm affection,

"Yours most truly,

"WILLIAM H. HARE."

"*P.S.*—My proposed trip is a secret."

Bishop Hare's diary does not show that the proposed trip to the South took place. In March it places him in Washington, presumably on Indian business which frequently called him there for consultation with the President and the Secretary of the Interior. In May he was back again in the mission field, having devoted two months to the presentation of his cause in the East. In October of 1875, his friend, the Rev. Dr. Heman Dyer, begged him in writing to withhold a letter of resignation from the House of Bishops. His Fourth Annual Report, dated October 7, 1876, opens with a brief statement of the actual event and its consequences: "Taking advantage of a Resolution of the House of Bishops, in which they most kindly urged me to seek the restoration of my health in absence from my field of labor, I spent nine months of the year past abroad. I beg now to report, with thankfulness to God, that my health is so much improved that I am able to resume my duties in Niobrara."

The months in Europe, but for an attack of fever in Venice in the spring of 1876, which brought him nearer than ever to the door of death, contained their full measure of pleasant experiences. The record of the pleasures supplies a grateful interlude in a chronicle of many hardships. Both for the brighter days and for the perils of the nearly fatal illness his letters from abroad speak with sufficient fullness. Many descriptions of places and persons may be passed over. In the following passages the few repetitions permitted to appear are bound up with details which one would be sorry to lose.

[To Miss Mary H. Hare.]

"Steamer *Abyssinia*,

"Sunday, December 5, 1875.

"*My Dearest Mary:*

"Yesterday was your birthday and I fully intended writing you a letter in loving recognition of it, for I remember well your first birthday and have learned well since then how much of blessing for me was wrapped up in it; but it was impossible to carry my plan into action for we have had cheerless, stormy, rainy weather every day since we left New York until to-day, when it cleared; the vessel has been pitching about at a terrible rate and I, who held out so well on my

previous voyage, had to succumb after the first two days, and yesterday and the preceding day, was miserably seasick.

"The ship's doctor read the service this A. M. and I made a short address. This P. M. I went into the steerage where there are over one hundred passengers and had a service for them. Lord Houghton accompanied me and Dr. Parks. In answer to my question, 'Is there anyone here who can sing?' a good fellow turned up with one of Moody and Sankey's Hymnbooks and so we sang, 'Come, thou Fount of every blessing,' 'All Hail the power of Jesus' Name,' and 'There is rest for the weary.' We had a most successful service and when, at the close, I suggested that I would have service again on Wednesday, a cordial assent welcomed the proposal. . . . Dr. Parks I find a capital fellow. He asked me when I wrote to present his kindest remembrances to those of the family whom he met. He speaks very cordially of the friendship which he and they struck up.

"Lord Houghton, in true English style, was quite offish the first few days, but has relaxed and become quite affable. He is an old man, short and thick-set, somewhat neuralgic, somewhat peremptory, fumbles out his words from a mouth kept nearly closed, and not a spendthrift in his courtesies." . . .

Before reaching England, Lord Houghton and Bishop Hare found each other out more fully. The traveling acquaintance evidently had its very agreeable consequences.

"THE PALACE, GLOUCESTER, ENGLAND,

"January 2, 1876.

"My Dearest Mary:

"I wrote a week ago from Crewe Hall, where my visit was as delightful to its close on Wednesday last as it was at its commencement. I was pressed on all hands to stay longer, and Lord Crewe urged that I would come again to him January 24, when he expects several friends, among others, the Bishops of Manchester and Lichfield and one or two other great people, but I expect to be on the Continent at that date and had to decline.

"The day before I left Lord Crewe, Lord Houghton and I went over to see Peckforton Castle, a country seat of Mr. Tollemache of Helmingham, an inspiring structure built in the ancient style, with round tower, etc., and planted upon a high and somewhat precipitous hill. It reminded me of the Drachenfels. We lunched with the proprietor, a charming man. He has one of the finest studs of horses in England. I saw twenty-four noble horses in one row of stalls and I heard of others being elsewhere. He is

a splendid whip, sits on the box like a king, and guides his four-in-hand with whispers. He drove us over the country at an exhilarating rate, and as I was on the box beside him I enjoyed the drive the more. He is the father of twenty-five children (hide your diminished heads, Father and Mr. Miller), and, curiously enough, his elevation to the peerage was announced the day of our visit. He was very courteous to me, and pressed me to come and see him in the spring at his London residence. I left Crewe Hall on Wednesday last for Lichfield, where I spent two days with his Lordship, the Bishop, and saw the Cathedral; but I was not well and did not much enjoy my visit. Thence I went to Hereford, where I dined with the Bishop. He regretted that his house was full of Christmas company, which precluded him from asking me to pass the night with him. I enjoyed what I saw of him much. Last evening I came here where the Bishop received me with the greatest cordiality. He is a well-known Biblical scholar and I found him very cordial and ready to talk. He took me all over his two studies and showed me his methods of work. He is the pink of order and has box upon box filled with pamphlets, slips from newspapers, etc., etc., all methodically arranged and labeled. Before I left he handed me a copy of his "Commentary on the Pastoral

Epistles," with my name in it and 'with the brotherly regard of J. C., Glouc. & Bristol.' His wife is a handsome woman, a well-known musician. . . . The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol and Mrs. Ellicott both pressed me to stay with them in London in May, when they will be in residence and offered me all sorts of inducements in the way of concerts, a visit to the House of Lords, and meeting all sorts of distinguished people, literary, civil and ecclesiastical. My visit to Gloucester was really an event in my life, for the Bishop quite devoted himself to me, venerable though he is, and I learned his views on many subjects in which I feel interest.

"I was gladdened by receiving while at Crewe Hall your letter of the 15th ult., enclosing one from Father, for which please thank him. Would that he could have enjoyed the Bishop of G. & B! *Ὅπως* and *iva* would have flown through the air like shuttlecocks. By the bye, tell Father that the Bishop quite agrees with him as to *ἐκπορευομενον* as referring to the temporal mission, says that *παρα* (not *ἐκ*) indicates that this is what is referred to, and that Theodore of Mopsuestia was the first to suggest another meaning."

. . .

An item of clerical gossip jotted in Bishop Hare's fragmentary diary while he was at Crewe Hall seems worth preserving:

"Friday, December 24. Bishop Wilberforce, Lord H. says, was terribly disappointed when he was not made Archbishop of Canterbury, arguing, 'The ministry is a profession, and, as in other professions, a man has a right to its honors. Having confessedly reached next to the highest honor, I had a right to the highest.'"

The postscript of a letter from Bishop Hare while in London to the Rev. Dr. Dyer, January 7, 1876, is one of many indications that the thoughts of his work were constantly with him:

"It occurs to me to add, in view of the prospect of this being a winter of Congressional investigations and of my being out of reach and of the possibility of charges and innuendoes flying hither and thither, that my friends may be sure that should any suspicion be thrown upon anything I have had a hand in, there is nothing to fear from investigation. Let it be pushed. I may have lacked wisdom, *never* truth and honesty."

[To Miss E. N. Biddle.]

"CANNES, FRANCE, HOTEL DE PAVILLON,

"February 5, 1876.

"My Dear Friend:

"I had what our English cousins would call a 'beastly' voyage across the Atlantic, but landed safe in due season in Liverpool, where, as you

know, there is little to detain one and much to hasten one away. I went therefore straight to London after a day's rest, where I stayed ten days, but was very wretched during the whole time and saw nothing but St. Paul's, where I heard Dr. Vaughan in the A. M. deliver one of his lucid excellent sermons and Canon Liddon in the P. M. preach a much more pretentious, but less satisfactory one. He was not up to his mark, I should judge from the sermons of his which I have read; but the sight of the immense concourse of people (about 3,000) of all classes who assemble Sunday after Sunday under the dome to hear him was most impressive and a most moving sermon.

"The next ten days I spent in visiting, first, Lord Crewe at Crewe Hall, one of the most palatial of England's lordly mansions; . . . then in visits of two days each to the Bishops of Lichfield and Gloucester—also a dinner with the Bishop of Hereford; and lastly in a visit to the Earl of Buckinghamshire, a kinsman, his name Hobart, he a clergyman and also a son of his, William Hobart, curiously enough. The latter, however, died not long ago.

"I was very kindly entertained at all these houses and it was very charming, as you may suppose. The enjoyment *par excellence* was my stay with the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol,

Dr. Ellicott, the Commentator. He was very affable, quite devoted himself to me, talked for hours on subjects in which I was deeply interested, and showed me his sanctum, with a new Commentary on the anvil; etc., etc.

"I left England reluctantly, pressed by the desire to find a warmer climate, and came directly here where the climate, the roses and jessamines, the orange groves loaded with fruit, the azure sky above, the blue sea to the south and the snow-capped Maritime Alps to the north, charm the senses and seem to proclaim that everyone is without excuse if he does not get well and exclaim, 'Thou, Lord, hast made me glad through Thy works and I will—'

"I have not got to Egypt yet. I doubt if I shall. The truth is that I suffer so much in traveling that I cannot get my courage up to undertake so much of a journey. Still I am sorely tempted, if only for a visit to Alexandria and Cairo and their neighborhood.

"As to my health, the doctor in London and the one here whom I have consulted, quite confirm the diagnosis of Dr. Mitchell and Dr. Barker of New York, and give me to understand that I have to cope with serious ailment; but I have had no return of my hemorrhages, my difficulty in breathing is *much* relieved, and my general health is *decidedly better*. I have good

news too from several of the brethren in Niobrara and from my darling boy. God be thanked; so that, you see 'goodness and mercy' still follow me. . . .

"Always your sincere and affectionate friend,

"WILLIAM H. HARE."

[To Miss Mary H. Hare.]

"NAPLES, ITALY, March 5, 1876.

". . . You ask about my health. Well, I have had my ups and downs. I suppose that, if I had been on duty, I should have worked on and at last have been reined up short by a hemorrhage; but I have had nothing to do but to take care of myself, and have had the advice of a good and cheery doctor and have felt, notwithstanding some new symptoms which discouraged me at first, that I was on the road to getting well, and I have improved *decidedly* within the last two weeks. The doctor read me some very emphatic and serious lessons and told me in very plain English at last, when he found that I raised the question whether a man ought always to obey his physician in mapping out his life, that nothing but great care and obedience would save me from hopeless invalidism (dropsy and other rather unpleasant things). So I agreed with him that I should just go out to Niobrara long enough *this* June to meet the brethren in

Convocation, abstaining from traveling in the wild country, spend the summer months at the East in comparative rest, and then make another short visit in the fall. This I shall do, but I confess to feeling very unhappy often when I think of others 'in the open field,' while I am surrounded by comforts and of the disappointment my breaking down is to many people's hopes. I must try to make up for less activity by more prayer and love." . . .

[To Miss Mary H. Hare.]

"MERAN, May 5, 1876.

. . . "This will reach you about my birthday, May 17. The more I learn of what occurred during the darkest days of my illness, e. g., that Dr. Potter, during his visit to me instructed Mrs. Littlejohn¹ what disposition had better be made of my effects and my body in case their fears were realized, the more strange I feel in the midst of the exuberant verdure of the new life of spring which surrounds me, and the daily increasing strength which I feel in my own body, and, for the time being, feel that I have had a birthday which for the moment at least eclipses that which launched me into life. I fear that I write too much about myself, but I am not very strong &

¹ Bishop Littlejohn of Long Island was at this time in charge of the American Episcopal churches in Europe.

yet and I suppose have hardly energy enough to lift myself out of my own wandering thoughts.

"My illness swept everything before it and I am better, except weakness, than I have been for a year." . . .

[To Rev. Dr. Heman Dyer.]

"MERAN, TYROL, May 12, 1876.

"My Dear Doctor Dyer:

"I think Dr. Potter wrote you from Venice, about April 16, of my illness. I lay only half conscious during the first week of my fever and it is a complete blank; but I was emerging into consciousness and use of my memory when Dr. Potter was with me, and, if I am not much mistaken, he wrote to you for me to say how ill I had been, that independent of my illness at Venice, the physicians had decided that I must spend the summer at one of the German baths, and that I could not be reckoned upon for work in any capacity till fall. I cannot tell you what a bitter trial this is to me. I sent out circular letters, such as the one I enclose, to all the missionaries last February, hoping to be fully posted by their replies for taking up my work on my return at the end of May. Their answers have reached me and find me consigned to continued absence. I trust that I am not utterly useless, for I am in correspondence, as my strength per-

mits, with them all, seeking to direct and cheer them; but I feel the hand of God very heavy upon me and find it hard, in the midst of my disappointment and mortification, to be patient and submissive. I am recuperating in this high but sheltered town as fast as man can and am in general vastly better than when I left New York; but the pains of which you perhaps more than once heard me complain and which rendered my trips in Niobrara sometimes so trying seem to the physicians to proceed from spinal irritation and it is to its treatment that my summer must be devoted. . . .

"In warmest regard, dear Doctor,

"Ever most faithfully yours,

"WILLIAM H. HARE."

"*P. S.*—Now for a few words with you yourself. I don't know whether you ever recovered in springtime from an illness which had brought you to the very jaws of death. If you did, you can understand something of the wondering, bewildered, joyous, thankful frame of mind in which I found myself as I was brought away from Venice, the scene of my sickness, where I felt that I had been almost entombed, and found myself speeding away in the cars among green fields and budding trees and blossoming shrubs, all seeming to exult in the warm sunshine and to say to the invalid, 'Behold with what a vivifying

energy the Good Creator has endowed even plants! You, too, shall soon feel a like life coursing through your veins and rejoice to put into exercise your recuperated powers.' The solemn, yet peaceful, lesson of an illness that brings you near to death, how precious it is! And how strong the wish to make one's recovery a birth into a freer, better and more filial life!" . . .

About a month after the writing of this letter he was joined at Rippoldsau in Germany, to his great delight, by his son, then nearly fourteen years old. July and August were devoted to the further recuperation of health, on the continent and in England, and at the beginning of September he sailed for home. Within a month from landing in New York, where it was possible at once to resume activities on behalf of his mission, he was on his way to the Indian country. During the journey thither, he wrote as follows to his father-in-law:

[To the Right Rev. M. A. DeW. Howe.]

"FISHKILL-ON-HUDSON, September 24, 1876.

"My Dear Bishop Howe:

"I ran up here last night to pass a quiet Sunday with my aunt and found your letter of the 21st.

"How glad I was to receive it and to see in it the evidence of your affection and solicitude for my health I cannot tell you, and what you will say to me when I reveal to you the fact that this note, which I was obliged to lay aside just after beginning it, I am finishing in *Chicago* where I am resting on my way to Niobrara, I do not know.

"But, believe me, I weighed well the considerations against my immediate return to my work which you urged in your letter, and those which were pressed upon me by other friends (amongst them the Presiding Bishop, and Dr. Dyer, the Chairman of the Indian Commission). On the other side were these considerations; that the Mission was exposed by reason of the critical condition of Indian affairs to many dangers and needed my presence; that the brethren and sisters in it were expecting me and I longed to do something to cheer and comfort them; that mortification at having come so far short of what the Church expected of me when she sent me out was gnawing at my heart and confusing my face when I met my brethren at the East; that, while I might be of some use in the Board of Missions and House of Bishops, a man can generally best serve the Church in general by looking well to his own special work; and, finally, that the months which are now flying by are those in

which I can travel in Niobrara with least injury to my health.

"Pray do not think me disregardful of your advice. I may have mistaken views of duty, but I have done my best to find my way after having entered into my closet and shut to the door.

"If an opportunity offers I beg that you will let the Bishops know how much I have dwelt in hours of pain upon their kind consideration for me last fall and of how much service to me my absence has been.

"In warm affection,

"Yours most sincerely,

"WILLIAM H. HARE.

"CHICAGO, October 7, 1876."

In the month after returning to his work he wrote a letter which may fitly bring this episode of physical trials to a close:

[To Miss E. N. Biddle.]

"YANKTON AG'Y, November 23, 1876.

"*My Very Dear Friend:*

"I must begin a letter the very moment I have finished reading yours of the 12th to utter the thought which springs from my head and heart. Never let a shadow of a shadow rest upon your mind because you had a share in sending me out here. 'It was not you that sent me but God.'

I never doubted this except when in hours of distress or spiritual weakness my faith was clouded, and just so long as the conviction dwells in my mind that He who sent me here wills that I should stay I trust that I shall have grace to stay, by the help of many prayers of you and such as yours. Never did I take up anything in my life more from the action of my own soul, weak and evil as it is, than I took up this work. I chanced upon a copy of a letter the other day which I wrote when I was passing out of my struggle into the conviction that God meant me to leave the Foreign Secretaryship for the Indian work—I enclose it; you may care to see it. It will at least indicate that if I made a mistake it was my own.

“Very much distressed I have often been, I confess, for humanly speaking a stronger man is needed for this field, and I have had hard work to keep my head above water, and then, as the Church can never know just what exposure and mishaps and dangers I have undergone because I cannot parade these things, I have feared that the Church was weary of an instrument which did not meet its expectations. Yes, all sorts of spiritual conflict I have had; but I know that I deserve to be cast off by God and made use of no more; but use me He does and I bless His name.

"I was never more hopeful in regard to the work here than I am to-day and shall come East feeling stronger and bolder to speak in behalf of the work than ever. It seems wise that I should spend the winter East for the work's sake (i. e., for sympathy and money's sake), and for my own health which is better than it has been for two years, and which I wish to keep so.

"With much love to your sister,

"Your affectionate friend,

"W. H. HARE."

"This is a very gushing letter, but you will understand it."

Before the following year, 1877, was far advanced, a proposal came to Bishop Hare from the East not to abridge but to increase his activities. It was suggested that he should assume the superintendency of St. Luke's Hospital in New York, recently made vacant by the death of the Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg, and should devote such time to the work as he could spare from his duties in the Indian country. "I am extremely interested," he wrote to a friend a few days after receiving Sister Anne's letter broaching the subject, "in woman's work and in the organization of it for the good of man"; but when he was duly elected to the post and gave it his full consideration, it was decided that he should confine

himself exclusively to his chosen field. This was probably a fortunate decision, for an overwhelming trial of his spirit, calling for all his outward and inward strength, was about to be made.

As a consequence of events culminating in 1878, Bishop Hare became the defendant in a suit for libel. At first the plaintiff won it, then the verdict was reversed, and subsequently the case was dropped by consent of plaintiff and defendant. It would be utterly unprofitable at this time to repeat and revive the whole unsavory story of the controversy. But the painful episode bore so important a part in the life of Bishop Hare that it cannot be ignored. When he learned in 1895 that a brief sketch of his life was on the point of preparation, he wrote to the author of the book which was to contain it: "You will, of course, understand that I do not wish at all that any notice should be taken of the H—— case; it is dead and buried, and he, too, has passed away—*de mortuis nil nisi bonum*." The requirements of a brief sketch and of a comprehensive biography are different. The present narrative will confine itself to a bare statement of accessible facts, supplemented by hitherto unpublished passages from private letters. Since the plaintiff in the suit is here to be considered only with reference to Bishop Hare, it seems sufficient, and in keeping with the spirit

of the *de mortuis* injunction, to identify him merely as Mr. H.

Bishop Hare had been in Niobrara but a short time when disturbing rumors about one of his most conspicuous missionaries came to his ears. On October 3, 1873, he wrote to his sister: "I wrote Mother on Sunday last from Santee. Since then a cloud, which has hung over my soul for three or four months, arising from charges involving the character of Mr. H. has been dispelled by a prolonged inquiry by Bishop Whipple and Clarkson and me, which ended in his vindication, and for the first time in many weary weeks my heart is light." An Omaha paper contained a humorous account of the manner in which the three bishops were rowed across the Missouri River, to their conference in a wind "of which it might be said that a man would rather *face it* 'per alium' than *face it* 'per se.'" The hearty welcome and good cheer which met them on the farther side soon made them "forget the cheerlessness and the chill, and the peril of their crossing." It was a good omen for the result of the investigation, and for several years Bishop Hare and Mr. H. worked together in unity. Indeed, the presbyter's knowledge and experience of Indian affairs were often of the greatest service to the bishop and his work. In April of 1877, he wrote to his friend, Dr. Dyer,

in complaint of the shortcomings of one of the pieces of work in charge of his subordinate: "All things considered, I think that the course to be pursued is to *use* Mr. H. and not to fling him off. He is a peculiar man, and can't be made to lie straight in a pile of sticks, but still there is good fuel in him. I shall spare no effort to make it burn for God, though in the effort I do burn my fingers sometimes."

The effort continued for nearly a year more, and then, persuaded at last in his heart that the work of the mission was suffering grievous injury through Mr. H.'s connection with it, Bishop Hare exercised his authority to bring that connection abruptly to an end. A persistent disregard of pecuniary obligations and an evil report in the neighborhood were given to Mr. H., in a letter of March 25, 1878, as the specific reasons for the severance of relations—an action taken, in the words of Bishop Hare, "only from a sense of duty and with the most painful reluctance." A few days later (April 5, 1878), he wrote to Dr. Dyer from a ferryboat on the Missouri River: "Mr. H.'s connection with the Mission was severed last Monday, week. . . . I am thankful for deliverance from his presence thus easily obtained. Every day's experience adds to my conviction that my action was right and that, when the first shock is over, the gain

to the Mission will be tremendous. Only let the Church in the East confide in my integrity and good sense, I fear nothing here. . . . I expect a painful time, for H. does not renounce his ministry and it looks as if I shall have to bring him to trial. . . . I have felt sometimes as if I should die of a broken heart; but the Master had in Judas a sorrow like mine." About a month later (on May 8), he wrote to Miss Biddle: "Mr. H.'s case almost broke me down. I had some return of ominous symptoms during some trying days, trying to the body because of the weather, and trying to the mind and heart for another reason; but I am better now, and quite at peace in my own heart in the conviction that I have acted wisely and that I have relieved the Mission of a horrible incubus. Mr. H. has demanded a trial, and one has been appointed for June 4." On May 29, he wrote in the course of a letter to Bishop Howe: "I trust that Mrs. Howe and all your family are well. How delightful and sustaining it is to think of the quiet innocence of a Christian home in these days, when faith in goodness receives such shocks! God be thanked that I have known so well so many good women, and that so many home circles are adorned by them where I am welcomed, which, by a little effort of the imagination, seem to me right at hand! I should

be like a man asphyxiated in a cesspool, so much that is loathsome submerges me here, but that the recollection of such scenes, and of Him by whose grace they exist, enables me to keep my head in the pure air."

A court of presbyters, appointed to meet on June 4, for the trial of Mr. H., assembled in July, and adjourned after taking measures for the securing of testimony. Several attempts were subsequently made, both by Bishop Hare and Mr. H., to bring the matter to a conclusion; but, partly through the difficulty of bringing together at one time and place missionaries so widely separated as those of Niobrara, these efforts were not successful. The court indeed rendered a verdict of guilty on three important points, but since the sentence of deposition which it pronounced lacked, in Bishop Hare's opinion, "formal completeness and technical validity" no disciplinary measures were taken. Whereupon Mr. H. laid his case, in a letter of March 1, 1879, before the Board of Managers of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society, detailing his grievances and making what were afterwards defined as "false, defamatory and calumnious charges" regarding Bishop Hare's action. This letter was soon afterwards printed in a pamphlet and widely circulated.

To sit silent under the accusations of this pam-

phlet would have seemed almost a confession of wrong-doing. Accordingly Bishop Hare took the occasion to write what he called a "Rehearsal of Facts" addressed to the Bishops of the Church and the other members of the Board of Managers of the Missionary Society. This statement set forth in detail the grave offenses against morality credibly imputed to Mr. H. throughout the Indian country. It was shown to be based upon testimony which Bishop Hare, as head of the mission, could not possibly ignore. It exhibited a state of affairs completely injurious, in its effects, to the work of the mission—a state of affairs which the official in charge of the work could not have permitted to continue without an unpardonable neglect of his duty.

Bishop Hare had recently introduced a hand printing-press at St. Paul's School, Yankton Agency, and, without any more modern appliances within reach for the limited circulation of his "Rehearsal," to which he gave the heading "Private," employed this press for his immediate purpose. Here, perhaps, was a mistake. It may have been another to mail the "Rehearsal" to a few deeply interested friends, not more than eight, beside the officials for whom it was primarily intended. Whatever injury may have been done to Mr. H. by this action was vastly extended by the printing and wide circulation

of a reply from the discharged missionary to the "Rehearsal of Facts" in which the "Rehearsal" itself was reprinted entire.

The next step in the wretched business transferred it from the field of ecclesiastical to that of civil dispute. In February of 1880 Mr. H. brought suit against Bishop Hare in New York State for libel, charging a malicious intent in the publication of the "Rehearsal of Facts," and claiming damages of twenty-five thousand dollars. The case was tried in New York. Bishop Hare's defense, as the Judge summed it up, was "in substance, that the publication of which complaint is made, was privileged, that it was made in good faith, and was justified by the occasion or the circumstances under which it was prepared and published." But the difficulty of establishing by witnesses in New York what Bishop Hare had fully believed to be true in Niobrara were too great. The jury had to cope with a mass of revolting evidence, with the intricacies of the law of libel, with fine-spun definitions of malice and good faith—and the result of its deliberations was a verdict against Bishop Hare, but reducing the damages to ten thousand dollars.

The case was immediately appealed, but while the verdict stood the situation was nearly intolerable. One humiliation was that Bishop Hare could not set foot upon New York soil except

between midnight of Saturday and Sunday. Another lay in the consciousness that there were those within the Church who, realizing the necessity under which Bishop Hare had acted, yet questioned seriously the wisdom of the precise course his action took. As he had told the Indian chief of early days to wait and see how the missionaries lived, so he must justify his own course by the patience and dignity with which he should abide its results. The people of his mission rose loyally to his support. A letter signed with more than fifty names of various significance in the Indian country struck no uncertain note: "We intend by this letter to assure you of our undiminished faith in the righteousness of your cause, and of our united sympathy with you in this hour of trial. . . . To us you seem to have been actuated by the best motives, and, in the face of constant vexatious opposition, with great personal sacrifices and reluctance of the natural man, to have persevered unflinchingly in what you believed to be (and what it seems to us clearly was) your duty." A member of the Mission, recently recalling the days of direst trial, has written: "We believed he suffered physically from it, the strain upon him seemed to age him ten years in six months' time, when our constant prayer was, 'O Lord, help us to justify our Bishop in this trial'—and the effort that was made

he ever deeply appreciated." There were other sacrifices than those of the spirit. His slender means were severely taxed, in spite of the generous fund raised by friends to meet legal expenses. In the summer of 1882 he sold his horses and wrote to his sister: "The privilege of suing and being sued is very precious—and very expensive." Through it all he bore himself with true manfulness. A passage from his Tenth Annual Report (1882) adequately represents his position:

"The libel suit to which I was subjected last spring by a Presbyter, formerly a Missionary of the Board, has forced upon me a painful notoriety, and has doubtless made my reputation equivocal with some whose esteem is to be valued.

"Far more important, however, than the question what others will think of one, is the question what one thinks of oneself. 'If our heart condemn us not, then have we confidence towards God.'

"While sensible of my shortcomings, and not doubting that I might have acted more wisely in some minor points, I believe that in a case of extraordinary complications and difficulties, I acted with at least ordinary wisdom. Conscious of rectitude of intent, firmly persuaded that the course which I pursued was in all its substantial points required by the condition of things by

which I was confronted, and that it has been conducive in its issue to the purity and healthfulness of the Mission, I review the past with an uplifting satisfaction. And as for my reputation, I leave that without a doubt to time, which is a great revealer, and to that larger jury which, after all, ultimately decides in all such controversies as this."

Five years had to pass before the controversy was finally settled. In the New York Court of Appeals the Judge reversed the decision of the lower court and recommended that the case be "left to the wise and judicious arbitrament of mutual friends." Accordingly in 1887 it was agreed that both plaintiff and defendant should appear personally or by counsel before the Presiding Bishop, agreeing to sign any paper which he, after mature deliberation, might draw up. The essential result of the arbitration was that Bishop Hare signed a paper containing his declaration that while the acts imputed to Mr. H. "were not established at the first trial, I, nevertheless, fully believed the testimony on which they were reported to me to be credible, and thought them, and think now, that, with my convictions of duty, I could not do otherwise than believe and act on it." In the paper signed by Mr. H. he asserted his "innocence of all the imputations contained in the Rehearsal," yet declared, "I have

no doubt that Bishop Hare has fully believed me to be guilty and has acted on that belief."

Nine years of scandal and vexation of spirit were thus brought to an end by means so simple that one can only marvel and lament that they were not employed at the beginning. So far as Bishop Hare himself was concerned, the scars of the experience were enduring. The letter of 1895, already quoted, set forth his later view of the whole matter. It was so obviously written for private reading that a single further passage is all that should be taken from it: "I shall never recover from the tremendous strain to which that libel suit subjected me, nor from the pecuniary loss; for it cost me \$12,000 in lawyers' and witness fees, over and above what my friends contributed; and for years it sadly injured my good name. Perhaps as we grow older and feel that we shall leave our reputation at the mercy of posterity, we become more solicitous about it, and perhaps this is the explanation of my venturing this letter."

Still later, even in his final illness, he said one day to his son: "If I had been an older man, I suppose I should have done it differently; but"—raising himself up on his bed—"it was my duty, and I am glad I did it."

VI

THE HARD ROAD TO CIVILIZATION

1878-1883

THE year 1878 marked no line of division between primitive and more civilized conditions, no turning point from the hardships of early days in Niobrara and the handicaps of body and spirit to a more comfortably ordered life. It was only a milestone on the way towards better things, though a milestone marking a memorable ordeal. By 1878 the religious and social work for the Indians was merely well begun. The great influx of white settlers, which within the next decade was to introduce a new order in South Dakota and to call for many readjustments, was still in its early stages.

The reader of the preceding chapters will therefore be quick to understand that in continuing the narrative of Bishop Hare's many and widely varied activities it would be impossible, in any reasonable space, to follow his work year by year, school by school, mission by mission. The best one can do is to present specimen in-

stances of the way in which he dealt with a multiplicity of problems, and, avoiding an avalanche of details, to gain, if possible, some impression of the spirit underlying all his work and of the general results it accomplished.

Of many a problem with which he was confronted, it might truly have been said, *solvitur ambulando*. Indeed, the very solution often lay in moving from place to place. When we read, for example, in his Annual Report for 1880, that his spring and summer visitations involved him in two thousand miles of traveling in his own wagon, besides not a little stage-coaching, we can realize into what obscure and remote corners he was carrying his message. In these pilgrimages across the unbroken prairies, where for days together he could travel without seeing a single person or habitation, there were inevitably the best of opportunities for searching thought about the nature of his work, and its fullest accomplishment.

"The Bishop's traveling equipage," wrote one of his mission workers, Miss Elaine Goodale (now Mrs. Charles A. Eastman) in *The Independent* immediately after accompanying him on a journey in 1885, "is famous for the perfection of its simplicity. Absolute neatness, immutable order, entire absence of the superfluous and complete success in essentials—these are its character-

istics. Certainly the Bishop has mastered in all its details the art of traveling on the plains!" A two-horse wagon, a small tent, the simplest cooking utensils were the chief necessities. "The labor of 'making camp,'" to revert to Miss Goodale's description, "is very quickly and skillfully performed, under the Bishop's military direction." There were times when the weariness from a long day's drive was such that Bishop Hare must first of all spread a horse-blanket on the ground and rest his aching back. These were probably the times when he was not accompanied by guests, as in the journey described by Miss Goodale. More frequently his sole companions were his driver and perhaps an interpreter. In a letter to his sister, dated "In Camp, Chaine La Roche, June 18" (1881), there is a typical glimpse at the conditions under which his traveling was done:

"I am sitting under my wagon at noon, having this morning left the Upper Church of the Crow Creek Mission on my way to the Mission and Boarding School on the Cheyenne River Reserve. I left Yankton Agency last Tuesday and, but for mosquitoes, which have made sleep almost impossible, have had a pretty comfortable trip.

"My company consists of only my driver and my interpreter, the former a white man whom I picked up last Fall and the latter a half-breed.

I am struck, as often before, with the superiority of the latter in everything which makes one a tolerable companion. The language and demeanor of the common white man are low enough. The Indian half-breeds who have been brought up in connection with the Mission have learned better manners and habits and are altogether more agreeable. After all, anyone, whether white man or Indian, needs to be pretty unexceptionable not to be an annoyance when you have to eat with him, etc., and have him all day long as a constant companion. I find it hard to take the trial sweetly!"

Six days later he wrote from Cheyenne Reserve, also to his sister: "I have been on a trip now for ten days or more, a fairly comfortable one, though a heavy storm of wind and rain blew my tent down over my head last Tuesday night and gave me hours of work and much wretchedness, and my horse balked in the middle of the Cheyenne River on Friday last as I was fording it, broke the single-tree loose and left me in the middle of the rapidly running stream with the water running into my wagon-box. But such ills are the concomitants of travel out here, and I am used to them."

One of the older South Dakota clergy, the Rev. John Robinson, has recalled in a recent letter some of these "concomitants": "I saw him

in the rough and tumble of it, much the same as ourselves as we camped together; shutting himself up tight in his one pole cone-shaped tent known as a 'Sibley tent' in the hot summer nights to escape the torture of the mosquitoes; enjoying a bath in the clear stream. Yes, we all knew that if mice nibbled at our hair in the night, or that if we were liable to be roused from our slumber to see rats playing tag over our drowsy forms, our Bishop was liable to the same treatment."

Further details of discomfort are provided by a frequent fellow-traveler with Bishop Hare: "It must be remembered that almost every night during the summer the mosquitoes wherever we camped were incredibly thick, causing quite as much annoyance in one's nose, mouth and ears as by biting, and sometimes so thick in the air that you could grasp them by rolling the fingers down in the palm of the hand and having a roll of dead mosquitoes in each palm. In other words, they were almost as thick as the grass on the ground. On one or two occasions, when we inadvertently camped where Indians had preceded us, our blankets became infested with fleas, and we had to stay up all night in a wagon in our coats, nearly freezing to death. The water holes in the various dry creeks which we had to

make, sometimes by forced marches, were covered with an iridescent scum which had to be pushed aside before the water was dipped up. Of course, none of it could be drunk, but had to be boiled and taken in the form of boiled coffee, and the cup of coffee was nearly always iridescent on its surface."

But enough of these petty annoyances, of which it is only to be said that the sufficient accumulation of mole-hills in the pathway of any one person may be far worse than one or two honest mountains to be climbed. The conditions themselves, the general forlornness of life, whether in camp or within four walls, are realized more through the reports of others than from the incidental references which Bishop Hare made to them. From him we gain, instead, an impression of satisfaction and triumph in the progress of an absorbing cause on behalf of which "the day's work" necessarily involved the coping with many minor obstacles. We may well turn, therefore, to some of his own renderings of adventures by the way and of the solution of problems in the very act of moving about his jurisdiction. An old saying which appealed to him so strongly that he took it for a guide in daily conduct—"In woe, hold out; in joy, hold in"—will be found to receive frequent and forcible illustrations.

Writing, on June 10, 1878, from Yankton Agency to his sister Mary, he describes a typical experience:

"I had a very hard drive down, but, in spite of all hindrances and trials, reached my destination *well*, though exhausted. One night I had to drive till midnight. The horses were high-spirited animals, and it was all that the driver could do to hold them. We plunged along; once I was thrown out as the wagon half keeled over, but we reached the creek where we were to camp just at midnight without mishap. A heavy storm was gathering behind us and hurried us on, and it was with intense relief that I found that we had at last reached a pitch in the road which I recognized as the descent to the stream. A vacant and half-roofless log cabin was to be our refuge for the night; but, fortunately, we found a tent pitched by the road. My driver, a rough, good-hearted young soldier, called out, 'Who's there? Got any room in there? I am carrying a Bishop down the country; the old gentleman ¹ can't stand roughing it as well as I do. Can you take him in?' His care for me was very touching. I waited for a reply with mingled feelings. Behind me was the growling storm, before me the prospect of crawling into a small tent and sharing the blanket of some man of

¹ Bishop Hare was then forty years old.

whose antecedents, habits, etc., I knew nothing. A good-natured voice answered, 'Yes, come in, as many as want to,' and in I crept, thankfulness in my heart for a cover, struggling with nausea in my stomach at the thought of my bed-fellow (or blanket-fellow, rather). Well, it is all over now. I wish I could tell you all the funny and the trying adventures which came to me, but I haven't time."

In the December, 1878, number of *Anpao*, where many of Bishop Hare's communications to the Church through *The Spirit of Missions* and otherwise were reprinted, there is a letter describing a visit to the Santee Indians, who were attempting to live as white men at Flandreau. His earlier effort to visit them, and his finding refuge from a snowstorm in a cabin crowded with a surprise-party, will be recalled as an episode of the first years in Niobrara. This letter of 1878, after describing the excellent progress made by the Indians at Flandreau, proceeds with a statement of what Bishop Hare calls "The Other Side":

"I fear the people at the East are weary with the whole Indian question, so incessantly are discouraging pictures of its condition held up to their gaze. It must be remembered that it is only the sensational side of the story, i. e., the lawless or criminal, which purveyors for the public prints

find it profitable to herald. An Indian scare is always thrilling; dissensions in Spotted Tail's camp merit a flaming heading in a sensational newspaper. But how many care to note that in the midst of all this dissension and disorder a clergyman, a sister, and two day-school teachers have been devotedly working; that school has been carried on morning, afternoon and evening with an average attendance of over sixty; that solace has been carried to the sick and disconsolate; that congregations of from 100 to 150 people have regularly assembled for the worship of Almighty God; that deep religious interest has attended many of these services, and improvement in life followed them; that twenty or thirty have been confirmed, and that the little flock, though jeered by bad men of the tribe and threatened with violence by the wilder ones, kept up daily prayers on the prairie amidst all the hindrances which inevitably attended their emigration across a wild country from their old to their new home? Slip after slip cut from secular newspapers has come into my hands in which the real or imaginary shortcomings of missionaries have been served up by anonymous writers with ill-disguised relish. I have yet to receive one which narrates that a Christian lady, dedicated to the service of the Saviour, has given up the comforts and purity of her own home to min-

ister to the sick and wretched amid scenes of wickedness like that at Sodom; that she has endured a journey of eight days and seven nights, through a wilderness in which during the whole trip not a human habitation was met with; that she has followed the people whose salvation she seeks in their migration across the wilderness, and now shares their tent life!

"Let it be remembered an unusual dearth of other news the past summer, which the pestilence at the South has only recently relieved, has led the public press to give the slightest ripple of evil upon the surface of Indian affairs a strained importance. Half the difficulty of the Indian question lies in the fact that everything about it wears the aspect of the extraordinary and grandiloquent. One familiar with the real state of affairs wearies for the time when a squabble over a horse-race shall cease to be chronicled as 'an insurrection,' preparations for a feast heralded as the 'eve of an Indian outbreak,' and a set of horse-thieves termed 'a war party.' There is a deal of truth in the remark attributed to a Piute Indian: 'When three or four bad white men stop and rob one stage, maybe kill somebody, you send one sheriff catch three, four bad men; same way when some bad white men steal some cattle, or some horses, you send one sheriff; but when three, four bad Injun stop one stage, kill somebody, steal

some horse or cow, you try catch three, four bad Injun? No; all white men say, "Injun broke out, Injun on warpath," and then come soldier for to kill everybody.' "

The church building in process of erection at Flandreau when Bishop Hare made the visitation to which the unquoted portion of the foregoing letter refers, was finished early in 1879. A letter from Flandreau, April 21, 1879, "to our Brethren of the Church," relates some of the circumstances attending the service of consecration:

"Sunday, April 20, was the day appointed for the consecration of the church. A roaring gale prevailed, but the consecration services were participated in by a large congregation, who gave undivided attention until I had advanced about ten minutes in my sermon, when the frightened glances of two or three of the men who were sitting near the windows which look out toward the town (about an eighth of a mile distant) turned my attention in that direction. I saw in an instant that a fire was raging there, an alarming event always in this windy region when the country has been long without rain.

"The prairie fire is the terror of the farmer, for it sweeps the labors of months out of existence in a few moments, and he is fortunate if his wife and children escape the catastrophe which

falls upon his property. The story is in every one's mouth just now of a husband and wife, who, as they frantically endeavored to save some of their stock from one of these prairie fires were, for a few moments, separated from one another by a cloud of smoke, and when the smoke lifted, the husband found that the flames had swept over his wife and left her writhing in mortal agony; 'Every stitch of clothing burned off, her body burned from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet and her flesh dropping in shreds from her bones.'

"The sight which met my eye as I looked from the windows of the church excited my alarm, of course, and I immediately told the men that I thought we could best honor God by going at once to the assistance of the people of the imperiled town, doffed my robes, as did Rev. Mr. Young his surplice, and ran with him and the rest of the people towards the flames. A spark from a chimney had lighted upon the dry grass on the western side of the town, the flames had leaped then to the hay piled back of, and over, a rude frontier stable and was bounding on and threatening the whole west end of the village. We all worked as for dear life, some trying to whip out the fire with old coats, shawls, brooms, and indeed with whatever in the excitement we could lay our hands on, while others helped to

empty the houses which were most threatened. The driving gale carried the sparks before it, and we whipped away in one place only to find that the grass had been ignited, here and there, ten or twenty feet beyond us and that the devouring element was gliding on from those points with alarming rapidity. A drought of many months' duration had left everything as dry and almost as combustible as tinder and it was soon evident that everything ahead of the wind in the line of its movement was doomed. Notwithstanding all our efforts, first a house, then the piles of lumber in a board yard, and then another house were consumed and the fire shot on in the direction of our new church and the houses of some of our best and hardest-working Indians. The smoke and cinders were blinding and smothering; but whites and Indians, men and women, all worked as best we could and at last had the satisfaction of seeing the fire sweep by along a line which came no nearer our holy and beautiful house than fifteen feet. One of the Indians whose houses were in the track of the fire was not so fortunate. He and his people had been so busy helping to protect the property of others, that they had not noticed in time the peril of their own, and when they rushed at last to its rescue and carried their household goods from their dwelling, the fire by a curious freak con-

sumed the goods and left the house untouched. Providentially no lives were lost.

"After our labors we were all as begrimed and besooted as miners, and, as we talked over our adventures, might have been taken for Ethiopian minstrels canvassing the results of their evening's entertainment.

"The case of the sufferers is very sad. Several of them lost almost their all, that all the result of the hard fight for life which our western pioneers almost always have to wage the first few years of their settlement in their new home. One poor woman had invested her earnings as a school teacher in a millinery establishment. Her goods in the general alarm were snatched from her store to be carried to a safe place and were seized by the hurricane and whirled into the flames or blown over the blackened plains. Another sufferer is a man with a wife and four children, whose house just built and all its contents were entirely consumed. He is reduced almost to beggary. One of our Indian communicants lost two plows, a barrel of pork and a good deal of wearing apparel.

"I invited the people of the town to meet in the evening in the church, the only available place, to devise means for relieving the sufferers. The meeting was accordingly held and immediately followed by divine service, in which only a few

words were needed to impress upon all the solemnity of the lesson we had been taught by the events of the day on the uncertainty of human possessions. The subscription for the relief of the sufferers has been quite general and I have promised to solicit help from my friends in the East. . . .

"Our Indians won, by their hearty and efficient efforts to check the flames and save property, the admiration of the most cynical. I shall not soon forget one little episode. Toward the close of the excitement, when our exhausted energies were all being bent to saving the church, an old Indian woman who saw me putting a bucket of water to my lips ran to me and asked a drink, put the bucket to her parched lips and then, stopping first for a moment and putting her shriveled hand in mine with an expression of thankfulness, rushed back to continue her work of beating the flaming prairie. Notwithstanding the exhaustion which the excited efforts of the Indians had produced, a fair-sized congregation assembled in the church in the afternoon, when Rev. Mr. Young presented a class of eight for confirmation.

"There is room for much improvement in these people. They are lacking in persistent application and plant far less of their land than they ought; but they have in a commendable degree

resisted the temptation to drink, which their vicinity to a white man's town presents; they have won the reputation of being quiet and peaceable neighbors; their credit is good at the stores, and they are more attentive to their religious duties than most white men are. To one who moves as I do among the barbarous brethren of these Flandreau people and compares the quiet farming life of the one with the dancings and drummings, the indolence and wildness of the others, the condition of the former is full of encouragement."

In the following month, May, 1879, a characteristic scene, in which Bishop Hare took part, was enacted at the Crow Creek Agency. It was described in *Anpao* for July, 1879, by Mr. S. J. Brown, catechist at Crow Creek, under the heading, "A Heroic Step":

"One of the bravest acts and one of the most interesting ceremonies that I ever witnessed, took place here at the time of Bishop Hare's visitation in May last.

"The hero of what I am about to relate is a Sioux brave and named *Iewicaka*, or Truth Teller, a nephew of an hereditary chief of considerable note, who died a few years ago, and whose name he bears, and is otherwise closely connected by blood with the 'best families' of the Sioux nation. He is considered one of the

bravest of his people and, though a young man of only about thirty-five years of age, is (or was) his chief's—White Ghost's—head soldier, warrior and chief counselor, a position given only to the best and bravest of the tribe. On account of his daring exploits on the warpath and his well-known love for the Indian life and his open warfare against the God of civilization, he was, last winter, made master and keeper of the drum of the Order of the Grass Dance, and thus was he found upon the Bishop's arrival, clothed with all the honors within the gift of his people.

“Upon the occasion of the Bishop's visit and at one of his councils with the Indians who had gathered to hear the great spirit-man talk, Truth Teller, who was present, suddenly arose in the midst of the people and advanced to the front, shook hands with the Bishop, and then, stepping back a few feet and drawing himself up to his full height, in a clear, ringing voice, which at once indicated the deep earnestness and bravery of the man, he declared his purpose to abandon all Indian ways and to adopt those of the white man—to give up all heathen rites and ceremonies and worship only the God of civilization, and then, to attest his sincerity, took from his scalp-lock a war eagle feather—that ensign of bravery

and of many years of savagery—and handing it over to the Bishop, said:

“‘I give to you this war eagle feather. Take it, and keep it in remembrance of the words of Truth Teller,’ and then with an eloquent impressiveness that touched my heart as it never was touched before, he presented the Bishop with the drum of the Order of the Grass Dance, and continued, ‘I part with the feather and the drum and all Indian ways forever, and with them give to you my body and my soul.’

“The next important step in this interesting man’s career was taken Sunday, June 29, while he was present at a Missionary Conference assembled by the Bishop at the Yankton Agency, when he was, in an impressive ceremony, admitted a catechumen. The Bishop met Truth Teller and his witness at the door of the church and addressed to the former the following questions, to which he answered affirmatively:

“‘Dost thou believe that the God whom we preach is the Lord of heaven and earth and that there is no God besides him?’ *Ans.* ‘I do.’

“‘Dost thou desire to leave the ways of darkness and walk in the light?’ *Ans.* ‘I do.’

“‘Wilt thou patiently seek instruction in the ways of God?’ *Ans.* ‘I will.’

“Then followed a collect, after which the

Bishop, taking him by the right hand, addressed him in these words:

“The Lord vouchsafe to receive you into His holy household and to keep and govern you always in the same, that you may have everlasting life; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.’

“The newly-admitted catechumen was then led into the church and seated among the congregation.

“Truth Teller is no longer the soldier, the warrior, or the chief counselor that he was, no longer honored or even respected. He is most pitifully degraded in the eyes of his people, most heartily despised by the Order of the Grass Dance. He has subjected himself to the merciless persecutions of that powerful Order, but as he has dropped a seed that cannot fail to bring forth good fruit, it now remains for the Government to specially care for, protect, and encourage the man in his laudable efforts to break up that evil genius inimical to civilization—the Grass Dance Lodge.” . . .

A thrilling sequel to this act of Truth Teller has been recently related, as follows:

“Truth Teller’s act angered the young Indians of his camp. Armed and with painted faces they rushed into the Bishop’s presence, crying, ‘We want that drum!’ One of them, coming close to the Bishop, said to him in a low voice, ‘I am your

friend,' then, loudly, 'We want that drum!' Calmly facing them, the Bishop said, 'My friends, Truth Teller gave that drum to me. He said it was his and he had a right to dispose of it as he wished. I cannot give away what my friend has given to me.' But they insisted that the drum belonged to the company, not to the one man. 'The Agent shall decide this question,' the Bishop finally told them. 'If he says the drum is yours, of course you shall have it.' Under the circumstances the Agent found the wisest verdict was to award the drum to the young men."

In *Anpao* for August, 1879, is found a letter on "The Cheyenne River Agency Mission," well worth preserving for its estimate of Indian character as seen under the conditions best suited to its display:

"Accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Swift, I lately paid a visit, full of interest, to some Minneconjous, Sans Arcs, Blackfeet and other bands of Sioux who are connected with the Cheyenne River Agency. We found the chief, Four Bears, and the other Indians, who had heard that we were coming, on tip-toe with expectation. Their signal fires were visible by night long before we reached their camp, and when we arrived we found them more than ready to escort us over their country, display its merits and make it clear

how much there was to give promise of success, if we would only plant among them the Industrial Mission which they so much desired.

"It is when you bury yourself with him in his own wild country that the Indian appears at his best. He is faithful and versatile in emergencies, considerate and tractable in his intercourse with you, and, about the camp-fire, easy, communicative and confiding. We scoured the country up hill and down dale all day long, and decided, to the joy of our Indian friends, that it abounded in the three *sine qua non* to a successful settlement, viz., timber, good water and arable land. At night we returned to the camp, where I promised myself the comfort of sleeping in a new tent which the chief's wife had but lately set up. I found, however, that in our absence the good woman had swept and garnished her log cabin for us and that I should give mortal offense unless I accepted the attention. And so, after two or three hours of talk with a houseful of Indians, amidst clouds of smoke from tobacco pipes, and of fumes, not so pleasant though quite as odoriferous, from heated bodies, Mr. Swift and I lay down upon a couch which our hostess had prepared for us, which, whatever its shortcomings, gratitude and sentiment metamorphosed into a cleanly and inviting bed, while Four Bears, the chief, and his wife committed themselves to

sleep upon an even less comfortable couch, and their son, a young man of eighteen, stretched himself on the earth floor between us. This young man has taught himself to read and write his own tongue and showed with modest pride his Bible and Prayer Book and read in the former for me.

"The next day, Friday, we traveled some forty-five miles in a wagon without springs over a rough road and were almost jolted to pieces; but about five o'clock we reached St. Paul's Mission Station at Mackenzie's Point and found, in the joy of the people who crowded the chapel on our arrival and in the many signs of progress which met our eyes, ample reward for the fatigue of the day. Mr. and Mrs. Swift resided in this camp for a year and the condition of the people tells of the useful lessons for guidance in daily life which they then learned, which their faithful Indian Catechist, whose good wife keeps the Mission House as clean as any white woman could, successfully labors to keep fresh in their minds.

"I confirmed here on Saturday morning a class of ten.

"At noon we started in an open wagon for the central mission, the residence of the missionary, distant twenty-two miles. We had been on our way but an hour when a tremendous storm

of wind, rain and hail came down upon us. Shelter there was none within many miles and we pressed on toward the crossing of the Cheyenne River. Here we found a rude skiff half full of water and we all fell to work to turn it over and empty it, animated by the hurried exclamations of our Indian guides, who feared that the river, already considerably swollen, would become impassable before we could cross it. Indians shine in such emergencies, if disposed to please you. They will plunge, on horseback, into streams running like a mill-race, or doff their clothes as readily as a white man would his hat, and swim the flood, carrying your valuables upon their heads. We hurried on and were congratulating ourselves that the storm was over and there was now no barrier between us and our destination, when, on reaching the brow of a hill, we discovered to our dismay that the rivulet which ran in the valley beneath us was swollen to a river, surging along at the rate of from eight to ten miles an hour. There was nothing to do but to sit down and *wait for the stream to run by*. We watched the flood disconsolately till sunset, then till dark, and at length reluctantly made up our minds that we should have to spend the night there. We were all hungry as well as wet. A messenger managed to swim the stream and made his way to

the mission, six miles off, where, as we afterwards learned, he represented that we were starving. By nine o'clock our ears were greeted by the sound of his horse's feet and, presently, his precious burden of food was borne across the stream on his head and laid in safety at our feet. It was eagerly devoured and we were then fain to roll ourselves up in our blankets upon Mother Earth and invite the descent of 'tired nature's sweet restorer,' which in our case proved rather *dewy* than 'balmy sleep.'

"With the early dawn we rose, found, to our relief, that our stream had been more considerate than that which the poet wrote of, and had indeed run by. It was not long before we reached St. John's Mission and Boarding School, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Swift. I thought myself at first too worn out and stiff for any duty, but the sight of the fourteen neat, happy-looking Indian girls who constitute the school, the evidences which I saw of their docility and of their dexterity at the wash-tub and the kneading-trough, the sweetness of their responsive singing at family prayers and then the gathering of the Christian Indians and their cordial handshaking and hearty 'Hows' were inspiriting, and I found by ten o'clock at night that, notwithstanding my fatigue, I had participated with Mr. Swift in three services, two for Indians and one at Fort

Bennett for white people, and confirmed a class of thirteen. At another station, twenty miles off, I confirmed, a few days later, a class of eight.

"It does not do to scrutinize human nature too closely, whether out here or in New York, unless at the same time that you scrutinize that of other people, you examine your own, and there is much that could be said of these Indians (and many like nothing better than to say it) which it would not be encouraging to detail; but they are the victims of so many disadvantages, their desire to extricate themselves from their sad plight seems in many cases so honest, and so great a change for the better has taken place among them within the last few years, that their case appeals to my deepest feelings and it is not easy for me to realize that they can be the defiant and supercilious people whom I first met six years ago. Mr. Swift's seven years of labors and exhortations in season and out of season are bearing fruit and the eminently wise administration of the present Agent, Captain Schwan of the Army, is bringing order out of chaos, so that they have become reasonably obedient and the best of them are clamorous almost to break away from the lazy village life in which they have hitherto huddled and to adopt the separate farm life which the Agent desires for them. . . .

"Opposition to a shameful proposition to

despoil a tribe of Christian Indians of their farms has brought upon my head out here a storm of newspaper interpretations, and if I may believe some of the public prints, I am a pretty thoroughly demoralized fellow. There is no material offset to such calumnies which I should enjoy more than generous help in planting among these Cheyenne River Indians the church and mission dwelling which are so essential to their welfare and which they so much desire, and I conclude with the appeal of No Heart's, 'Let all our friends hear these words. We long for life. Help us more and more.'"

The transition from camp and travel to the life of the boarding-schools was one which Bishop Hare was constantly making, and the following letter, with its glimpse of him surrounded by Indian children, cannot be spared:

"HOPE SCHOOL, SPRINGFIELD, DAK.,

"May 17, 1881.

"To Our Benefactors Who Support Scholars in the Boarding Schools of Niobrara.

"MY DEAR FRIENDS: Some of you have heard, perhaps, of the five weeks which I spent first snow-bound and then flood-bound, vainly trying to get back to Niobrara, all the time just on the border of the Indian country, but never

within it. It was annoying enough, but it seems so trifling as compared with the trials of those who were shut up in the Indian country all the winter through that I have not a word to say about it.

"Such a winter was never known: six full months of unintermitted rigor, communication was cut off five or six weeks at a time, and at some points, supplies were reduced so low that people were well off who managed to keep on hand the barest necessities of life, such as coffee, pork and beans.

"The season leaped, however, at last from winter to summer in a week, and the members of the Mission are all recovering from the exhaustion from which they looked as if they had suffered, though they did not complain. The schools will soon rally from the evil effects of their special trials, which are chiefly apparent in the condition of some of the buildings and of the clothing of some of the children. In this latter the schools have been very short, as boxes expected in November and December have not yet come through.

"My time thus far since my return has been occupied chiefly with the schools. The improvement of the children has been most marked. I have heard them recite the multiplication table, answer questions in geography, and perform

arithmetical exercises with a readiness which is not excelled in ordinary white schools.

"Their essays in speaking English have been very creditable, indeed. Imagine them pretty much the same as white children and you will have the truest conception of them. I went up to a little girl of ten years the other day, and putting my hand under her chin, enquired: 'And why didn't you sing at prayers this morning?' The answer, somewhat timidly and plaintively given, was: 'I did not want to.' 'And why didn't you want to?' was my reply. What did she respond, think you? ''Cause,' the answer of children all the world over, methinks.

"Yesterday, I proposed to the children of Hope School that I should give them a drive in my traveling wagon. They were more than ready, and in the afternoon we started, eleven little people crowded with me into a two-seated wagon, so that I was quite surrounded, 'Children to right of me, children to left of me, children in front of me,'—shall I complete the line and say, 'volleyed and thundered'? No, not that; but I was charmed with the confiding way in which they soon came to be quite at home with me, first chatting with each other about the scenes through which we passed, and then at my request singing me some of their songs and hymns. Presently we stopped at a farmhouse where I had some

business. The good people looked at my load a little askance, moved, I think, somewhat by the old dread that the whites have for the Indians and somewhat by the feeling: 'How absurd to try to do anything with a lot of Indian children!' I thought I would undeceive them, and therefore, after the children had played a few minutes in the grove back of the house, proposed to the family that the children should go into the sitting-room. 'Perhaps,' said I, 'you would like to hear them sing.' 'Why, yes,' was the quick but somewhat unbelieving reply. In we all went, and to the amazement of the audience, the children stood and sang, first:

" 'Jesus, meek and gentle,' . . .

and then one of their songs:

" 'In a meadow green I saw a lamb,' . . .

"I never before acted so much in the capacity of a traveling theatrical manager, and know now what are the sensations of such a personage when he is not ashamed of his troupe."

The humor of a situation was seldom lost on Bishop Hare, even when he looked beyond and behind some strange scene into its true significance. Thus, too, he put a just value upon the

uses of a dignified symbolism in the roughest surroundings. Witness the ensuing letter:

“RED DOG’S CAMP, Oct. 27. [1882.]

“We reached Medicine Root Station, where Miss Leigh bravely represents the work of Christ, Wednesday, October 25. She was overjoyed to see us, for it is not once in a month that she sees a white person, and bustled around to make us comfortable in a way which made us feel that we were the most important persons in the world. We had a service in the evening, at which three young men and one young woman were baptized; were up bright and early the next morning and celebrated the Holy Communion before breakfast; after breakfast had another service at which I confirmed four and were off for the next station, fifteen miles distant, in time for a service there, and then for a drive of eight miles and a service at night at St. Andrew’s Station, where Rev. Amos Ross, a native Deacon, is settled. The baptism of the three young men and one young woman at Medicine Root Station presented features of peculiar interest. The Indians are foolish and superstitious beyond description, and the work of the Church gives rise to surmises and notions of all possible sorts. A common feeling is one of *dread*. They watch the career of those who identify themselves with the

Church, and, should sickness or death come upon them, lay the calamity at the door of the Church and argue that 'the new way' is good for white men, but was not meant for Indians. When any one advocates the Church and says it is 'a good thing,' they dare him to be himself baptized and see what the result will be! The three young men of whom I write came forward with a manner which indicated what an appalling step they were looked upon as taking and as if bracing themselves for the ordeal. They stood close together, shoulder to shoulder, one buttressing another, as it were, and swayed and bowed as they relieved their tense muscles by change of posture. One was in white man's dress, another in full Indian costume, the third had been able to procure only pants and vest and stood in his shirt sleeves; but one did not think of the ludicrousness of the apparel in the solemnity of the service. . . .

"At each of these stations the people gather together for worship in the Governmental Day Schools, which are transformed from schools into chapels by the movable prayer desks and altar and beautiful hangings which were provided for them by the members of the Niobrara League. I am sitting now in the schoolhouse in Red Dog's Camp facing this movable chancel furniture, and its effect is so salutary that I am moved to

say (forgive my boldness) how much I wish that the same donors or other persons like-minded would send some hangings like them for a new station, called St. Luke's, among Spotted Tail's people, and for the chapel at which the girls of St. John's Boarding School worship, and for St. Paul's, Mackenzie's Point. Besides other good influence exerted by this adornment of the places we use for worship, it shows that we think worship of enough importance to *be carefully prepared for*. I thank God that, though we live in the wilds and are driven to all sorts of makeshifts in Niobrara, our public worship is never careless or slovenly."

In November of 1884 Bishop Hare paid a visit to the Standing Rock Reservation, on the northern line of the present state of Dakota, and took the first steps towards the establishment of a mission there in the following year. His own account of the experience shows with what elemental conditions he had to deal even so late as 1884:

"Early Monday we started out upon our trip up the river. Our party consisted of five selected Indians, the Rev. Mr. Swift and myself. Our destination was the Standing Rock Agency, where there is a large body of Indians as yet unreached by educational and missionary effort,

some of whom have again and again sent us requests that we would come and do for them the work which we had done for other Indians.

"Mr. Swift's Christian Indians have taken up their plea and pressed it upon us with great earnestness, No Heart, a Christian chief, and others volunteering to accompany us and smooth our way. A good deal of smoothing is sometimes necessary, for Indian life is a tangle of intrigue and diverse parties and clashing plans and interests through which the benevolent, however clever, may find it hard to make his way.

"We reached the Agency in two days without mishap. Fort Yates is close by, and Mr. Swift and I were most hospitably entertained by the chaplain, one of our own clergy, the Rev. Mr. Dunbar.

"We busied ourselves for two days, while our Indian colleagues moved among the Indians and quietly arranged for an interview.

"The Government Boarding School work on this Reserve is in the hands of the Roman Catholics. That in charge of the Sisters is carried on with great self-denial, and we saw much that excited our warmest admiration. Of the evangelistic and pastoral work which has marked our Mission, we saw, however, little, and it is the lack of it which has led the people to invoke our aid. The agent, Major McLaughlin, is one of

the best in the service, active, business-like, large-minded, and deeply interested in the Indians and in his work.

"At the appointed time we met a large council of the Indians composed of men of all kinds, and all kinds of speeches were delivered; one chief saying that 'he blamed our grandfathers and his grandfathers. He blamed ours because they killed the Son of God, and he blamed his because they had not taught their children better ways'! Some intimated that they would be more favorably disposed to listen to us were the Indians who had listened to us better off!

"Some said they were glad to see us if we had come to bring them more beef and sugar and coffee! After this fusillade of speeches made for effect, the representatives of the Indians who had again and again invoked our help rose and sententiously remarked that their minds were not changed, that they wanted our Mission, that they had said this several times before, and now said it again.

"The mental and spiritual destitution of these poor people is appalling. Their call to us to come to their deliverance is distinct and emphatic. The work which the Church has done for their neighbors has provoked it. Somehow or other we must respond to it.

"Mr. Swift and I, under the guidance of the

agent (who in this and in every way showed us every courtesy), traversed the Reserve extensively that we might intelligently choose a location for our future enterprise, and at last fixed upon Oak Creek, where there are stretches of good arable land, with wood and water close at hand.

"A mission begun here would soon gather about it a body of well-disposed Indians, and, by God's blessing, Mr. Swift's work among the Cheyenne River Indians would be reproduced. . . .

"In starting on our return trip we got separated from some of our party, and at night took refuge in a camp of Indian herders and were forced to remain there nearly two days. A whole beef quartered and hung up just before the log house in which we slept, on a pole stretched between two trees, from which, when meal time drew near, large steaks were cut, assured us that, primitive as our quarters and our surroundings were, we should not lack food, while the free hospitality of the herders made us feel quite at home. About twenty miles from here the Congregationalists have established a Mission Station under a native teacher who is highly esteemed. We had hoped to visit it, but found he was absent and that a visit would add considerably to our journey. Surrendering this plan,

therefore, from this point we struck out into the back country, leaving roads and hoping that, as the weather was growing bitterly cold, we could make a short cut to White Wolf's Camp and cheer the little flock there.

"Our friend No Heart disapproved the venture, but was over-persuaded and traveled with us till noon; but then announced laughingly that he could not afford to over-drive and kill his horses if we could afford to kill ours, and that he was sure we should be overtaken by the night and lose our way. He would camp near where he was.

"Two others of our Indian companions were more hopeful.

"The herder who had guided us and was about to return to the camp, thought we could reach our destination in four or five hours, and Mr. Swift and I, with two Indians, determined to cut loose from our baggage-wagon—our base of supplies—and make for White Wolf's Camp.

"We followed a cattle trail hour after hour, each hour revealing no sign that we were nearer our destination than when we started.

"The trail, too, divided into many smaller trails and, as they say, 'petered out.' Night came on. We pushed on and on until far in the night. Our perplexity was complete and, calling a 'council of war,' we determined that we were

helplessly lost, and that our only recourse was to creep into the bushes near by and there pass the night. Our tent and most of our bedding and food, alas, were in the baggage-wagon.

"We had taken the precaution, however, to bring some of our blankets and some food with us. I was better provided than the others. There was dry wood near by from which we made a huge fire. The night was intensely cold, freezing even the pickles in our lunch basket. Our quarters were not palatial, but they might have been worse.

"The morning light revealed not a sign which was the least clew to any of us where we were. We traveled on, however, and after several hours, descried a figure on a hill-top some distance off. One of the Indians made for him. He turned out to be the native catechist from White Wolf's Camp, who was out seeking lost horses. He guided us to camp, where a sight met our gaze which was a full reward for all our night's discomfort—in a vast wilderness a new essay at a farming settlement, and at a central point a dozen Indians busy erecting a log chapel! I had sent them money with which to buy flooring, doors and window sash. They had themselves cut and hauled and hewn the logs, had put them in place and were doing all the work. The sight provoked the exclamation, 'In the wilderness shall

waters break out and streams in the desert.' The people's joy that I had come to see them, and my joy at seeing them, were alike unbounded."

A recent letter from Major McLaughlin, now Indian Inspector, and author of the illuminating book, *My Friend the Indian*, brings a valuable corroboration of Bishop Hare's account of his visit to Standing Rock Agency, and of the first steps towards the establishment of St. Elizabeth's Mission there. The letter mentions one point which Bishop Hare's narrative does not touch upon, namely, that he made it very clear to the Indians with whom he conferred, "that he did not wish to erect his mission buildings in a district of the reservation within which a mission of any other denomination was then being conducted," and ends with a paragraph which must be quoted entire:

"I met the Bishop very frequently during my fourteen years as Agent, at Standing Rock Agency, and esteemed him very highly. He was of sterling character, an earnest Christian gentleman, and broad-minded enough to recognize the good in every conscientious worker, regardless of what his religious affiliations might be."

Through all the wanderings and vicissitudes to which the preceding pages have referred, the

daily, the domestic concerns of those to whom he was most closely bound in the East, were constantly in his thoughts. The welfare of his son, the family birthdays, the health and affairs of all his circle, from parents to nephews and nieces, were frequently recurring topics in his intimate letters. These do not reveal him as one of those who rejoice in "roughing it" for its own sake. He is seen rather as taking his experiences as they came, and taking them without complaint, his tastes and instincts all the while pleading within him for the mode of life to which he was born, amongst the kinsfolk and friends whom he held—as they held him—in warm personal affection.

Not long after his mother's death in 1883 he wrote to his sister Mary: "Mother's photograph, stuck into the frame of one of Mary's [his wife's], is before me as I write. How much those two women have done for me, and are still doing for me!" Corresponding with the element of tenderness in his feeling towards sister, mother and wife, was an element of chivalry towards all women. Corresponding also with the personal debt to the few women with whom he was most intimately allied, was the debt of all his mission work to the women of the Church. In the first of all his addresses to Indians, at Oneida, Wisconsin, he reported himself as saying, "I told

the Indians of the meetings I had attended of ladies in Boston, Providence, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, and told them that I represented those ladies, and that they must see in my face the face of a thousand friends." These friends continued to multiply through such organizations as the Indians' Hope of Philadelphia, the Dakota League of Massachusetts, the Niobrara League of New York, a society devoted primarily to the work of Bishop Hare, and, finally, through many branches of the Woman's Auxiliary, to which the special organizations generally allied themselves. Owing much to the women of the East, he gave then of his best to the women of his Mission. Indeed, there was no portion of his service in which the inherent nature of the man expressed itself more fully.

As the women of the Mission had to do especially with the children of the schools, it was often a joint benefit which he rendered to these two classes dependent upon his care. In the earliest days he is found taking an arduous journey, on the false rumor of an Indian uprising, to a distant post where two women were working unprotected. If there was danger, it was for him to share, and to guard those whom he had exposed to it. In the schools there was all manner of detail to be ordered properly, and, in the

interest of women and children, he applied himself to it. When the Hope School at Springfield was about to begin its work, he wrote to his sister Mary, November 23, 1879: "I am still at Springfield wading through the preparatory stages of housekeeping, viz.: carpentering, painting, white-washing, house-cleaning; but nearer the *finale*, I am glad to say, than when I last wrote. I have been reading up on the subject of housekeeping in a little book, *From Attic to Cellar*, which I recommend to other young housekeepers, for instance Mother. It is surprising how much I know, and with what self-possession I give orders to a very bustling and self-confident cook I have the privilege of employing. She studies me and goes back to the kitchen wondering, I believe, whether such knowledge as to the condition in which dripping-pans, etc., should be kept is a *sine qua non* in the Episcopal office." In times of emergency his helpers were sure of his support. One of them, Miss Amelia Ives, has recalled in a private letter "the time of the burning of St. Mary's School and Mission buildings at Santee Agency [February, 1884]. He was at the East meeting his appointments there at the time of the fire, which occurred on Sunday morning. At 10 A. M., a message was sent, 'Mission buildings burned, all lives safe.' In a few hours the reply came,

'Start to-night, will be with you Wednesday night'; and he was. He canceled his engagements and took the first train that made connections through. When needed we *knew* that we could depend upon him absolutely."

In a recent letter of a Congregationalist missionary, the Rev. Mary C. Collins, to a worker under Bishop Hare, Miss Mary S. Francis, a characteristic incident is related: "Once I was driving along the road on the bluff back of Pierre. It was near the holiday time and in the distance I saw a horse and small buggy with a man walking through the snowy slush, driving. In the buggy was a great trunk with the seat on top of it. It looked strange even in that queer country. As I approached I saw it was Bishop Hare. We met and greeted each other. Laughingly I said, 'Well, Bishop, it would be strange to see a lady with so large a trunk that she had to walk in order to transport it; but a man, and that man a Bishop, is beyond my comprehension.' He laughed heartily, and said, 'It is not all my personal belongings, but I found one of the belated Christmas boxes for the school, and I knew what the disappointment would be if they did not get it.' He had a very long distance to go, and was not a very young man then. The incident impressed itself upon my mind." Indeed, his own love of fun gave him a

full understanding of the need of it—especially in the schools. "The Indian's old life," he once wrote, "was like his moccasin, soft and easy-fitting. The new life is like a tight, hard leather boot. It rubs him and makes him sore. Therefore the more innocent fun we can have in our Indian Boarding Schools the better."

There were many incidents like that of the trunk, many practical applications of the truth, that "whosoever of you will be the chiefest, shall be the servant of all." The clergy under his charge recognized his constant care for them as clearly as the women of the Mission. And well they might, though none of them could have known of his writing to his sister in 1889, about a clergyman newly come to the mission field: "My heart sometimes bleeds for him and his wife. What is old to me must seem so new (and so repulsive), to a stranger." One of the older missionaries, the Rev. Edward Ashley, of Cheyenne Agency, has recently written: "To me he was not only Bishop, but father, brother, friend, and he was all of that to others also." Another of those who served longest under him, the Rev. H. Burt, of Crow Creek Agency, took for the subject of his address at the Indian Convocation of 1910 at Greenwood, "Bishop Hare, his constant thoughtfulness of us all." He recalled the words from the Bishop's first pastoral

letter, "I shall have you constantly in my heart," and showed how truly this promise was fulfilled through nearly thirty-seven years. The qualities of thoughtfulness, tenderness, care and protection were those upon which Bishop Tuttle laid special emphasis in his memorial sermon on Bishop Hare in April of 1910. "The sweet care that settles itself for other men upon the loved ones in the home flowed forth from him upon all the different kinds of people represented in his scattered flock. A watchful shepherd's care outspreads itself over them all. So far as one man's strength could reach them, so far as one man's thoughts could plan for them, they were all thought about and cared for, for thirty-seven years."

The work he set himself to do demanded quite as much of the head as of the heart. He was fortunate in possessing a rich gift of practical wisdom, and he used it to the best purpose. His working habits were always methodical. No surmountable obstacles could prevent him from keeping his appointments. In a land of wooden structures and high winds, no fire could destroy a mission building but that the insurance was found to be adequate, and paid up. His judgment of men was uncommonly keen. His marked diplomacy in dealing with them, in determining, for example, whether the settlers of

a new town wanted a church for its own sake or for advertising purposes, and in choosing the course both of prudence and of spiritual leadership, was frequently called upon. It has been well said that one of the most remarkable points in his administration was "the fact that he was deceived so seldom and yet never started out with his guard up because of suspicion." If his kindness of heart had not at times involved him in disappointments at the hands of borrowers, he would have been hardly human—and a little disappointing besides. His shrewdness in selecting men to work under him is well illustrated by an incident related by the former rector of an important parish in New England—an incident of later years, but typical of a life-long astuteness. "I received a telephone message one morning. 'This is Bishop Hare. I am at Bishop ——'s. Could you possibly come up to see me?' I had no idea that he was in the East, and said instantly, 'Of course,' and went. He explained to me that two men had been highly recommended to him for an important work in his district, and then said with a smile, 'Bishops recommended them. You know I never put any value upon the commendations of Bishops. You know these men. I want you to tell me whether my impression of them is right. I will now

describe them.' His description of them was as keen as it was accurate."

Valuable as all these qualities were in the cause of Indian civilization, it is clear that their scope was capable of wide extension.

VII

THE MISSIONARY TO TWO RACES

1883-1891

AFTER ten years of service primarily to the Indians, Bishop Hare received in 1883 a tangible expression of the confidence of the House of Bishops through a change in the limits of his jurisdiction so that they came to correspond virtually with the limits of the present State of South Dakota. For Niobrara, in the title of his jurisdiction, the name of South Dakota was substituted. The change was a clear recognition of a new situation. The towns settled by whites in the eastern part of the state had grown too important to remain, as they had been, a mere adjunct to the diocese of Nebraska. The more recent white population in the Black Hills, along the western boundary, was already separating Bishop Hare's work into two important divisions—the Indian and the white. The new arrangement merely made a geographical unit of all the work for Indians and whites which fell naturally to Bishop Hare's charge. It was

a change which he greeted with entire satisfaction. This was expressed in his Annual Report for 1884, when he wrote, "We shall cease to be Missionaries to classes or races, and be Missionaries to men."

On March 5, 1884, Bishop Hare issued a circular letter from Springfield, South Dakota, of which the greater portion read as follows:

"The House of Bishops, in October last, added a large part of Eastern Dakota to the Missionary district formerly under my charge, and gave the whole district the name of Southern Dakota. I have just made my first visitations through the new portion of my field. No words can express the splendid opportunity which I find for the planting of the Church.

"The immigration has been without precedent. More land was taken up by settlers in Dakota during the past year than in all the other Territories together.

"Towns are growing up everywhere, with almost magical rapidity. The new comers are largely Americans and Canadians; a very intelligent class, and a more than ordinary number are friendly to our Church. Everywhere goes up the schoolhouse, and everywhere the people want churches and the institutions of the Church.

"In this behalf they make me generous offers.

For example: The people of Sioux Falls, a town situated in the midst of a rich agricultural country, and possessed of a valuable water power and inexhaustible quarries of jasper, offer me \$10,000 in cash and lands, provided I can raise an equal amount, and will establish in their town a school for girls, under the auspices of the Episcopal Church. I must be able to meet such an offer as this, or seen almost contemptible."

The remainder of the letter was an appeal for financial aid, the response to which enabled him in September, 1884, to lay the corner stone of All Saints School for Girls at Sioux Falls, and in September, 1885, to open its doors to pupils. The school, intended for the daughters of his missionaries and for other white girls to whom a Church boarding school of the first order, near their homes, could impart the influences which otherwise they must go far to seek, embodied some of his most cherished ideals. As it was his wish in the Indian boarding-schools to prepare the young to carry back to their homes some of the underlying principles of Christian civilization, so he felt that each of the more privileged girls of his own race who should fall under the influence of such a school as he meant All Saints to be might bear to her own surroundings through life something of cultivation and character which could best be molded and guided



BISHOP HARE IN THE CHAPEL OF ALL SAINTS
SCHOOL

100

through daily contact with the highest standards of living. To this end he was most careful in the selection of teachers, and in the planning of secular and religious instruction. Most important of all, he made Sioux Falls his episcopal residence, and All Saints School his personal home. Here for the remainder of his days he made a part of a delightful family life, in which Miss Helen S. Peabody, the principal of the school, and her sister, Miss Mary B. Peabody, his private secretary, exercised a congenial feminine control. Called afield for the planting and nourishing of new missions to men and women of his own race, for continuing his work among the Indians, for journeys to the East in the interest of his work, or abroad in the interest of his health, he returned invariably to All Saints School with the feeling of one who is coming home. For all which the School supplied to the life of South Dakota, it contributed an important counterpart in the life of Bishop Hare himself.

The work of every Missionary Bishop in a rapidly growing frontier community must be much like that of every other. With the increase of population which is supposed to bring civilization in its train, the agencies of civilization are to be provided. The secular agencies spring up of themselves. The spiritual agencies are plants

of more delicate growth, and call for careful cultivation. This is precisely what Bishop Hare was ready and qualified to give—and he gave it with as little sparing of himself as in ministering to his original charge. A single letter written soon after the extension of his work must serve to illustrate a wide and long-continued activity:

“I am on a visitation and preaching trip through the Southern part of the white part of my field.

“Saturday, April 18, I reached Madison, a new town of about one thousand people, where I was met by the Rev. John Morris, who has been working as a general Missionary along the Southern Division of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad. At Madison we have a little flock, but no church, though by Father Morris’ efforts, a beautiful site has been obtained, one lot by gift and two lots by purchase.

“Sunday A. M. we had service and the Holy Communion and then a talk with the people. We then drove twenty-two miles, in the rain, to Howard, a town of eight hundred people, and had service there at night. Here again we have a little flock of earnest people but no church, and here again Father Morris has secured a most eligible location for the church, one lot as a gift and two by purchase.

“Monday we went to Carthage, a little town

just begun, and had service there in the evening. Here there is no church building of any sort whatever. The people were full of hope last year that they would be able to put up a building, but a disastrous hail storm swept away their crops; a little later the town of Carthage, New York, from which many of the inhabitants came, and from which their town was named, and to which they looked for some help, was devastated by fire. We had service in the schoolhouse, and did all we could to encourage the people.

"Tuesday, April 21, we came to Woonsocket, a town which had no existence two years ago and now numbers about nine hundred souls! Here again we have a little flock of people who love the Church, and valuable lots, half by purchase and half by gift.

"Wednesday, April 22, a railroad ride of one hundred and eighty miles brought me to Elk Point. The train was several hours late, and it was not till nine o'clock at night that I reached the church. I found the venerable Father Himes and the congregation waiting for me, however, and I had the pleasure of speaking to them. The church is a model of neatness and shows everywhere touches of the taste and loving care with which the good missionary watches over it and labors for it. Father Himes will reach his eightieth birthday within a few weeks,

but his strength and health are wonderfully preserved to him, and he moves about with a quick, elastic step and preaches with a fire which puts some of our younger folk to shame.

"Thursday we went and held service together at his other station, Vermillion, where the little church is as neat and pretty as its twin sister at Elk Point.

"Saturday, I took the cars and after ten hours' travel reached Aberdeen. Here I had two hours to spare before taking the train which was to carry me to Groton, where I was to have service Sunday morning. We have no clergyman at either of these towns, nor anywhere in the vicinity; but I found six adults ready for baptism, prepared chiefly through the zeal of one good Churchwoman. They had gathered by my appointment in her home and I occupied my spare two hours first in instruction and then in the administration of Baptism, an exceedingly touching service.

"Leaving word that I should come back next day (Sunday), by the freight train, and hold service, I then went to Groton. Here Mr. W. J. Brewster, a noble young layman, has maintained the services, sustained by a few devoted Church people, for two years; and Sunday morning, April 20, it was with rare satisfaction that I ministered to them in their pretty church.

The freight came along in due season, as expected, and carried me back to Aberdeen, in time for service Sunday night. The Presbyterian Church building was kindly loaned us; all seats and every available space was crowded by interested people. The services were hearty, a class of nine were confirmed, and I believe a deep impression made on many hearts. The service was intermitted for ten or fifteen minutes after the confirmation, and time given for informal conference with the people, then the major part of the congregation dispersed and the few, some twenty, remained to celebrate the Lord's Supper.

"Would that devout laymen in the East who have means could by turns become a Missionary Bishop, and for a week or two meet the people in town after town as I am now doing, and be confronted with the opportunities I see of meeting religious want and building up the interests of the Church. Everywhere hereabout you meet with enterprising, energetic people who are ready to make the bravest ventures if they think they give any promise of return. A whole community, religious and profane alike, will unite in an effort to build a church, each expecting to reap from it the benefit which he most desires; one the appreciation of the value of his town lots, another the gratification of his wife and children, a third the encouragement of morals

and religion, and all, the general improvement of their town, and they are thus enabled to make a Missionary Bishop offers, in aid of Church and School work, so liberal that people at the East leap to the conclusion that we must be living among a wealthy people. But in fact, the means of all are scant. All live for the future, and all sorts of economies are resorted to in order to make that future sure. A family of five or six, for instance, will live in two rooms and in order to save fuel, one stove will be made, by the use of a drum in one room, to heat both—or if the house be larger, the bedroom will be made to open out of one central room, and one stove placed in this central room will be made to moderate the temperature in them all.

“Few are able to employ a servant. Husband and wife bear all and do all things in hope of the good time coming.

“‘People’s pockets are not full here,’ said a man in my hearing the other day in apology for the inferior character of his conveyance. ‘No,’ said another with a chuckle, ‘if their pockets had been full, they would not have come so far.’

“This is the state of things. Imagine my amazement, then, when, after telling in a sermon in New York some months ago of the generous enterprise with which the people of a town out here had, by a general subscription of the towns-

people, raised ten thousand dollars in cash and land, and placed it in my hands in order to enable me to erect a Church School, the most ostensible result of my rehearsal of this telling fact on that occasion was not check after check from liberal givers accompanied by the words 'we like to help those who help themselves; here is some aid toward meeting those enterprising people half way,' but an article in the *Living Church* headed, 'Missions to the well-to-do' in which the writer argued that it was not the Church's work to extend missionary help to those who were so well off!

"The difference between us seems to be that I think the Church ought to establish herself in new communities among the '*the well-to-do*,' and he thinks that her only work is to establish herself among '*the ne'er do wells*.'"

Thus he went about, encouraging those who could help themselves to do so, bringing from the East all the help he could secure from the Missionary Board, and from generous friends who had learned that any appeal from Bishop Hare was worth heeding. To Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Miss Catherine Lorillard Wolfe and Mr. Henry Dexter of New York, to Mr. Felix R. Brunot of Pittsburgh and to many others, some of whom survive, he knew that he could turn with confi-

dence as special opportunities presented themselves. A practical wisdom so trusted expressed itself in effective machinery of administration. The field was divided into the Eastern and, later, the Black Hills Deaneries for the white population, and the Niobrara Deanery for the Indian stations. A well-adjusted system was laid out, with a cathedral at Sioux Falls, with responsibilities carefully assigned throughout the jurisdiction to rural deans, to white and native clergy, to catechists and helpers. If there was ever a danger that the increasing demands of the whites should overshadow the interests of the Indians, the system, of gradual growth, was so ordered that such a possibility was never realized.

"How shall we reach the full-blooded Indians?" a Quaker missionary was once asked. She replied, according to a story in which Bishop Hare took pleasure, "To reach the full-blooded Indian, send after him a full-blooded Christian." The result of sending forth so full-blooded a Christian as Bishop Hare was clearly manifest by the time the extension of his work was ordered. In place of the three native and five white clergy, and five women helpers whom he had found in Niobrara, there were under him in 1884, five native clergy, five native candidates for the ministry, and twelve native catechists; seventeen white clergy and four white catechists;

and twelve women helpers. In the four Indian boarding-schools he could report in 1884 an average attendance of forty pupils at St. Paul's, of thirty-four at St. Mary's, of thirty-four at St. John's, and of twenty-three at Hope School. By this time, moreover, many pupils had carried the teachings and influence of each of those schools back into their native surroundings, and some of them had gone on to the Indian Schools in the East. In his Ninth Annual Report (1881), Bishop Hare wrote: "I hail with the warmest satisfaction the boarding-school work for Indian youth, which is attracting so much attention and commendation at Hampton and Carlisle. We shall gladly learn from the excellent management of those schools wherever we can, and shall do all in our power to make those schools and ours (as they ought to be), mutually helpful and not rival, much less antagonistic. It is a satisfaction that school work which we have been quietly doing for eight years in Niobrara has been, by means of the Hampton and Carlisle schools, commended so generally to the Christian people of the land." Captain (now General) Pratt, for twenty-five years head of the Carlisle school, has recently given in a private letter an interesting reminiscence of Bishop Hare's more personal relation to his work. Puzzled at first, he says, to know exactly what his real posi-

tion was, he submitted the question to Bishop Hare. "He instantly replied, 'You are the father of the place.' From that time, the children understood that I was their 'School Father,' and in my files I have thousands of personal letters from them in which they address me as 'Dear School Father.'"

A pleasant evidence of the linking together of the Eastern and Western schools was exhibited in the summer of 1881, when some Indians who had gone from the Rosebud and Pine Ridge Agencies to Carlisle made and sent to Bishop Hare a set of double harness—"their work" and "their gift." Over against such a contact with young Indians under civilizing influence it is interesting to set the item that in 1881 five children from the camp of the recently captured Sitting Bull, one of them a son of Sitting Bull himself, were received into the mission schools. In August, 1883, Bishop Hare wrote in his Annual Report: "Six boys from the captive band of Sitting Bull have been in St. Paul's School during the past year, an addition of three to the number who were there last year from that band. It sets one to thinking, the fact that there were no six boys in the school quicker to learn, more tractable and more ready to coalesce with the general life of the school than this group fresh from the wildest Indian life, which had spurned the

control of the Government, and asked only the privilege of ceaseless hunting and roaming. How hard it is sometimes to square our theories with our facts!"

Still another token of the new order dawning for the Indians came in 1891, when the daughter of the celebrated Standing Rock chief, Gall, leader of the Indians in the Custer fight, presented, at the annual Indian Convocation over which Bishop Hare presided, an offering of eight hundred dollars on behalf of the Niobrara branch of the Woman's Auxiliary, made up of Indian women. On the fourth of the next July, Chief Gall himself was baptized in the Episcopal Church.

To every Indian confirmed by Bishop Hare he made a personal gift of a small metal cross, as a memento of the event. It was a bit of symbolism which the Indians prized most highly. At least on one occasion—in the Zoölogical Gardens at Cincinnati in 1896—it led to an interesting recognition, by a former mission worker, of a considerable number from a band of a hundred Sioux giving an exhibition there, and to consequent pleasure and profit for the homesick Indians. The value of a symbolism within the reach of an Indian's poetic understanding was clearly recognized by Bishop Hare. Of "ritualism" in the accepted sense of the term,

he once wrote to his sister that it "is just about as well suited to their souls as patent leathers, kids, musk and a dangling eyeglass are to their manly sinewy bodies." Yet declaring himself in his Convocation Address of 1890, "no advocate of excessive ceremonial," he warned his clergy against "the temptation," in a new country, "rather to carelessness than to punctilio." Though dignity was inseparable in his mind from the work he was doing and directing, he could say again to his clergy, in 1893: "When I consider all kinds and conditions of men, the sameness and inflexibleness of our services as we now conduct them become to me *oppressive*." To those unfamiliar with the ways of the Church he felt that the clergyman "should go forth *free from book*, both Bible and Prayer Book, free from manuscript, and free from rubric, too, and take men as he finds them and speak to them from a full heart and head that which he thinks will prove God's word in season." For the specific obligation of the Church to the Indians he spoke with all his vigor in his Fourteenth Annual Report: "The proximity of Christianity has undermined the old religion even of those among whom we have not had the means as yet to introduce the truth. That old religion was a great fact and a great power in their lives. It had its sacred stories which fed the religious in-

stinct. The changes of the season and the events of individual and social life were marked by holy rites, made attractive by singing, processions and dances. But the whole system is going to pieces because of the proximity of civilization and the mission. The people are disconcerted and perplexed. They know not which way to turn. They are helpless. They will soon become, I fear, reckless and do desperate deeds, or they will become broken-hearted and sunk into pauperism, loathsome disease and death. . . . Every sentiment of honor and of Christian duty demands, I conceive, that we shall fulfil the expectation which our presence and past work have excited, and that we shall give of our abundance to those from whom we have directly or indirectly taken so much."

As in the earliest days he was still finding that much was to be given simply through using his influence to bring about a fair treatment of the Indians by the Government, as represented by the Indian Agents. Conditions had improved since President Lincoln told the anecdote related in Bishop Whipple's *Lights and Shadows of a Long Episcopate*: "Bishop," said Lincoln, "a man thought that monkeys could pick cotton better than negroes could because they were quicker and their fingers smaller. He turned a lot of them into his cotton field, but he found that it

took two overseers to watch one monkey. It needs more than one honest man to watch one Indian agent." But even so late as 1901, Bishop Hare quoted in his Annual Report the outspoken utterance of a representative of the diminishing order of men who found the influence of the boarding-schools and mission work in general detrimental to their selfish interests: "Damn the missionaries; if they were all in hell, there would be some fun in running an agency." In an early pamphlet, "The True Policy towards the Indian Tribes" (about 1878), Bishop Hare drew a vivid picture of the evil wrought by agents of the inferior type and of the possibilities for good under more enlightened conditions. To create and nourish these conditions he brought all his personal and official influence to bear, never failing to recognize and support the faithful agents with whom he could work in sympathy. If he had not been equally quick to recognize the difficulties and humors of the service, he would hardly have printed in his diocesan paper, *The Church News*, the following letter from an Indian to the agent in authority over him:

"Dear Friend:

"I want to say few words that I feel unhappy to myself. I did not want to come and say these to you, because I get mad and sorrow, but it is

not you. This is the words I want you to know and see about. Here is an old woman comes from Little Oak Creek Camp. She is the one that makes me feel sorrow every day, and now she catch me up to mad this day, but I did not say any words to her. She talks every day in bad words. Nothing but the bad words every day, and I am very tired of it now, so I do not want her to stay here any more. So I want you to send her off to her place at Little Oak Creek, and if you cannot send her off, I will move out from here. I get tired of this woman sure. Send your policemen, they will send her off, and if they don't, I will do any way to my pleases, because she spoils the whole family, and I hate that business. And if she stays here, we might all dead by sorrow. If she gets rested sometimes, I wouldn't say nothing, but kept hold on it. That's the reason we get tired. That is all for to-day.

“JOHNNY COMES OUT HOWLING.”

Such humors by the way were at best mere alleviations in the serious task of looking to the guardians of the guarded. After nearly twenty years of ungrudging service, direct and indirect, resulting in a substantial advance towards civilization, there came in the “Messiah Craze” of 1890, and in the culminating disaster of

Wounded Knee Creek, a discouraging recrudescence of savagery. On November 20, 1890, the Sioux Falls *Press* printed the following statement from Bishop Hare, recently returned from the Standing Rock and Rosebud Agencies, on the origin of the trouble:

"Educational and missionary work has advanced rapidly among the Indians of South Dakota, and the whole Indian country is dotted over with chapels and schoolhouses. The Indians have been so well disposed that even women teachers have been living without fear of molestation at remote and isolated points in the Indian country with no neighbors but Indians.

"This quiet has lately, however, been in a degree disturbed. A delusion has taken possession of the minds of the wilder elements among the Indians. The leaders in the movement have invigorated old heathen ideas with snatches of Christian truth and have managed to excite an amount of enthusiasm which is amazing. They teach that the Son of God will presently appear as the avenger of the cause of the wild Indian; the earth will shiver; a great wave of new earth will overspread the present face of the world and bury all the whites and all the Indians who imitate their ways; while the real Indians will find themselves on the surface of the new earth, basking in the light. The old ways will all be re-

stored in primitive vigor and glory, and the buffalo, antelope and deer will return.

"The devotees of these ideas are dressed in their exercises in special garb (a shirt made of calico and worn like a blouse, called by them 'the holy' or 'mysterious shirt'), and with the cry, 'The buffalo are coming!' the people form rings by joining hands and whirling themselves round and round in wild dances until they fall to the ground unconscious. They are then said to be dead. Their leaders promise that while in this state they will be transported to the spirit world and will see their friends who have died and the Son of God, and accordingly, when they recover consciousness, they tell of the strange visions they have enjoyed.

"I look upon the movement as the effort of heathenism grown desperate to restore its vigor and reinstate itself. Many of the missionaries have long been expecting such a struggle.

"The spread of civilization has alarmed the heathen party. Pressed on the one hand by the advance of the whites and on the other by the civilized and progressive party among the Indians, the wilder Indians find themselves cornered and are like wild animals at bay, a state which is apt to give rise to delusion and desperate measures. The present delusion, which, promising as it does, the confusion of all civilized people and the sur-

vival of the advocates of the old Indian life, comes to the Indians very opportunely and has to an alarming degree taken possession of their minds. They gather together at points removed as much as possible from observation and interference, and there, by harangues and songs and dances, work themselves into a frenzy of excitement, destroying the implements and symbols of civilization and supplanting them by relics of barbarism. The excitement is, however, confined to particular locations, and in many parts of the Indian country you hear less of it than one does in Sioux Falls. Any attack of the Indians upon our forts and settlements seems to me utterly improbable. The Almighty is about to dispose of the whites quite effectually, according to the preaching of their prophets.

“So far as I am able to judge, the movement is not gaining, but rather the reverse. I should fear the results of forcible interference with them in their present excitement. Time will reveal the deception practiced by the ring-leaders, for the promised crisis will not come, and meanwhile the Indians will have danced themselves out. Their prophets have said that the quaking of the earth and the coming of the Messiah would occur at the coming of the next new moon, and when their predictions are not fulfilled the excitement will be allayed. Of course this strange

craze revives many dear memories and appeals strongly to the race feeling even in the civilized Indians. In these old ideas the being of many of them moves with the ease of old habit, like machinery well oiled. In Christian thought and life, their natures, not yet thoroughly habituated to them, move like machinery when dry. Many of the Indians look upon the whole movement, however, with disdain, and unless some unfortunate move should precipitate organized resistance on the part of the deluded Indian, the craze, like many another, will run its course and pass away."

Unfortunately, the craze was to have its tragic consequences—more tragic for the Indians than for anyone else. So far as the white settlers were concerned—there were some who seized the opportunity to show themselves far less courageous than many missionaries and Christian Indians. The Indians afterwards realized that through all the excitement they had no stauncher friends than the "White Robes"—as they called the missionaries of the Episcopal Church. Bishop Hare himself, beyond anxiety for his people of both races, suffered little except in finding himself the subject of an Indian rumor to the effect that when he and one of his missionaries attempted to read the Bible, the Ghost Dance influence was so strong that they had to lay it

down. His anxiety called him, according to the "Bishop's Record" in *The Church News* of January, 1891, "hither and thither to meet special needs as they arose." First he went to the Standing Rock Reserve, then late in December, to the Pine Ridge Reserve, on which the Wounded Knee fight had just occurred. "My visit to Pine Ridge Reserve," he wrote, "brought me to a scene which contrasted so shockingly with all the signs of progress and peace which have greeted me on my visits for six or eight years past that time will not efface it from my memory. The friendly Indians had all been called in from the ten or twelve farming settlements around their little churches, and were huddled together in the tepees of old times just south of the Agency, and on entering the church, two sights presented themselves. On the church floor, instead of the pews on either side of the aisle, two rows of bleeding, groaning, wounded men, women and children; tending them two military surgeons and a native physician assisted by the missionary and his helpers, assiduity and tenderness marking all. Above, the Christmas green was still hanging. To one of my moods they seemed a mockery to all my faith and hope; to another they seemed an inspiration still singing, though in a minor key, 'Peace, good will to men.'" In a pamphlet of 1891, entitled, "Who

Shall be the Victim," Bishop Hare went somewhat more fully into the political and physical causes of the outbreak than in the newspaper article already drawn upon, and followed the episode to its close. Of the general principles involved, the pamphlet considered the three plans of Indian policy—"fight them," "feed them" and "lead them to self-support"—and made a plea for the final method. To the distracted natives, the pamphlet more specifically referred as follows:

"All things were against them, and to add to the calamity, many Indians, especially the wilder element, had nothing to do but to brood over their misfortunes. While in this unhappy state, the story of a Messiah coming, who would reinstate the Indian, with its Ghost Dance and strange hallucinations, spread among the heathen part of the people. The Christian Indians, on the whole, maintained their stand with praiseworthy patience and fortitude; but the dancers were in a state of exaltation approaching phrensy. Restraint only increased their madness. The dancers were found to be well armed and to have donned a sacred shirt of talismanic power. Insubordination broke out on several reserves. The authority of the Agent and of the native police was overthrown. The civilized Indians were intimidated. Alarm spread everywhere.

No one knew what was coming. The military was summoned to the Agencies. Their appearance did not dampen zeal, but fanned the flames. Why should they fear who wore the bullet-proof sacred shirt?¹ Hence, when Colonel Forsythe's cavalry overtook Big Foot's band (off their own reserve, and apparently bent on mischief), and endeavored to take from them their arms after their surrender, the commanding officer's forbearance and coolness availed nothing. The prayers of the medicine man and his assurance that the bullets would not penetrate their ghost dance shirts prevailed, and although two pieces of artillery were trained upon them and the soldiers who surrounded them outnumbered the Indian warriors three or four times, they fell suddenly upon the troops at a signal from the medicine man with savage fury and often continued fighting even when wounded and dying. The soldiers retaliated with terrible results. Indian men, women, and boys engaged in the fight, and Indian men, women and boys paid the penalty. What is to follow no one knows.

"Such is the sad story."

When these words of Bishop Hare's were

¹ "When one of the women, wounded in the fight, was approached as she lay in the Church and told by Miss Goodale she must let them remove her ghost dance shirt in order the better to get at her wound, she replied, 'Yes, take it off. They told me a bullet would not go through. Now, I don't want it any more.'"

written there was no foreseeing that the "Messiah Craze" was virtually the final flicker of the ancient spirit of the Sioux. The new "way"—as the Indians so generally called it—had become their way to an extent which made the adaptation of it to their needs, rather than its introduction, the prevailing work of church and state. This chapter will have failed of its purpose if the reader has not felt that Bishop Hare made an all-important contribution to such a result. One who observed his work in the very period which has been under consideration bore a memorable testimony to its value. In 1887, Mr. J. B. Harrison, the penetrating author of *Certain Dangerous Tendencies in American Life*, wrote in his *Latest Studies on Indian Reservations*:

"I know of no man who has accomplished more for the civilization of the Indians of Dakota, or for the advancement of all improving and civilizing influences in the country adjacent to the reservations, than Bishop Hare, of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Some religious workers on the frontier are successful by means of mere rude strength or physical vigor. They influence men all the more because of the coarseness of taste and fibre which is common to them and to many of the people among whom they live. But here is a man made up of all gentle and pure qualities; at home in the still air of delightful

244 LIFE AND LABORS OF BISHOP HARE

studies'; who would be a leader among the best anywhere; who unites to a soldier's fearlessness and invincible devotion a spirituality so lofty and tender that one shrinks from characterizing it while he is still in the flesh, who is laying the foundations of Christian civilization on broad and far-reaching lines in a region large enough to be a mighty empire. He long ago saw the need and opportunity of the time, and answered to its call. I am not a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church. It is only as a student of civilization that I have written of any of the missionary enterprises among the Indians. But this man ought to have whatever he wants of means for his work, with remembrance and honor from all good men."

VIII

IN JAPAN AND CHINA

1891-1892

BEFORE dealing in any detail with the circumstances under which Bishop Hare turned from South Dakota in 1891, and again in 1892, for brief terms of service as a Missionary Bishop first in Japan and then in Japan and China, an incident of prophetic suggestion must be related. Soon after he became Bishop of Niobrara he entered the mission rooms at the Bible House in New York one day, accompanied by an Indian deacon and student and met there, according to a writer in *The Churchman*, "the English missionary Bishop to Japan with a Japanese student. The Indian started to note a fancied or real resemblance to an Indian friend, and the young Japanese started also in surprised admiration of the Indian's tall sinewy form and his swarthy features, thinking that he, too, saw some resemblance to a friend in the Orient. Introductions took place, and these students of the same Gospel seemed at once to

come very near each other. They registered their names and left the room, but the young Indian asked permission to return a moment, and drew from his finger a ring, a plain circlet of gold that he wore, and slipped it on the finger of his new-found brother. The young Japanese did the same, the rings being thus interchanged." No occurrence could have typified more fitly the essential oneness of all missionary work—especially as Bishop Hare was destined in his own person to represent it.

At the beginning of February, 1891, the House of Bishops met in special session in New York to consider the needs of the mission to Japan. Bishop Williams, in charge of the jurisdiction of Yedo since 1874, had resigned in 1889, and the work was suffering for lack of leadership. The Church of England had its own mission, under Bishop Bickersteth, in Japan, and, besides the administrative needs, there were questions about the division of authority and labor between the two branches of the Anglican communion. It was decided, therefore, to send out a member of the House of Bishops who should act virtually as an ambassador of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America, and carry to the mission workers such assistance as a confidential, sympathetic and authoritative adviser could bring. Bishop Hare's rich experience

in dealing with a non-Christian people and a national government designated him as the best man for this delicate mission. Accordingly the House of Bishops on February 4, 1891, resolved, "That the Bishop of South Dakota be requested on behalf of this House and as its representative to proceed to Japan for the purpose, so far as may be practicable, of administering the affairs of that jurisdiction for six months or a year, at his option, unless a Bishop shall earlier be elected and consecrated for the Missionary Jurisdiction of Yedo." The Board of Missions promptly pledged its coöperation with Bishop Hare in his important undertaking, asked him to act also as its representative in Japan, and promised to meet all expenses to be incurred.

Bishop Hare immediately wrote the following letter:

"NEW YORK, 22 BIBLE HOUSE,

"February 4, 1891.

"To the Clergy and Laity of the Missionary District of South Dakota.

"DEAR BRETHREN: Affairs took a turn to-day in the House of Bishops to me most unexpected, and so likely to be misunderstood, that I feel I should communicate at once with my dear fellow-helpers in South Dakota.

"As is well known, Japan has for a number of

years offered a field for missionary enterprise of extraordinary promise, and ecclesiastical affairs are now approaching a crisis there, which will, in all probability, make this an epoch in the history of the Church. This particular field of missionary enterprise has occupied, therefore, not a little of the time and attention of the House of Bishops for a number of years, and especially at its meeting in New York in 1889, and again at Pittsburgh in 1890. Its needs were the occasion of the gathering together of the Bishops this week.

"The conclusion was reached by the Bishops that one of their own number should be sent to Japan without delay, to act there in their behalf and as their representative. I was selected to perform this duty. The obstacles in the way of my acceptance seemed to me insurmountable, in view of the ordeal through which the South Dakota Mission has been lately passing; depressed in the Eastern Deanery by the results of an extraordinary drought, and strained in the Niobrara Deanery by an outbreak of wild life. This exigency the Bishops did not overlook, but, surveying the whole field of the work of the Church, they were of opinion that I should give a number of months to Japan, and they urged their wish upon me in a unanimous vote and in terms of brotherly affection and confidence, which

made it practically impossible for me to refuse to be guided by their will.

"My heart is with you, my dear brethren, to live and die with you, but, all things considered, the resolution of the House of Bishops came to me almost as if it had begun with the words adopted by a council of the Church in the early days: 'It seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us.' I could not but obey it.

"I expect to return to Sioux Falls about the middle of February, and to start for Japan early in March.

"My absence will, I fear, entail inconvenience upon you, dear brethren of the clergy and laity, but you will bear them with patience and cheerfulness, and make up for my lack of service by special zeal and fidelity, for the sake of the Church, the body of Christ, in which all the members, whether in South Dakota, in Japan, or elsewhere, are one. You will also spare me, I am sure, in these ensuing weeks of preparation for my new duties, all demands upon my time, except those which are most urgent, and let me rest assured, in my absence, that every one of you, clerical and lay, will, in his own vocation and ministry, stand fast in his place, so that I may find you on my return in unbroken rank, and the work of the Lord prospering in your hands.

"I hope to communicate to you later the pro-

vision which will be made for the management of the ecclesiastical affairs and the missionary work of the Jurisdiction.

“Your affectionate Friend and Bishop,
 “WILLIAM H. HARE.”

With no delay he set about preparing himself for what he had to do. All available information bearing on his task was sought. Phillips Brooks had recently visited Japan, and to him he went for counsel. In a characteristic reply to Bishop Hare's letter he made his plea “for some larger Christian union and coöperation than we are able to reach in America.” “It will be dreadful,” he wrote, “if we settle down there to the same condition of things which we have here, making close association with the English missionaries there because of their Episcopacy, and keeping aloof from the great free, sensible and effective work which the non-Episcopal Americans have been doing there for years. It is with them that our real sympathies belong. . . . Now is the time and that is the place to see what can be done in the way of genuine unity, and to show what all the abundant talk about the thing is worth.” To whatever extent Bishop Hare may have sympathized with these sentiments—and the kinship of spirit between the two men ensured frank speech and mutual understanding

—it must have been clear to them both that under the commission from the House of Bishops the visiting Bishop could exercise but a brief and limited authority. Other friends offered other suggestions, and on March 3, 1891, Bishop Hare left Sioux Falls for his long journey.

From the "Bishop's Record" in the March number of *The Church News* an item of observation on the "Overland Flyer" to San Francisco may be taken: "The most eventful occasion was the half hour I spent promenading the platform at Laramie where I was a witness of a typical mode of salutation indulged in by two friends of the rougher class. One espied the other from the platform of the car where he was standing, and exclaiming, 'Hello!' moved toward him with outstretched hand and a hearty, 'You devil, how are you?' to which the other with equally courteous phrase replied, 'Damn you, how d'ye do?' And so they stood with hands grasped and beaming faces which told of genuine friendship. Profanity has a character of its own on the lips of such men—God forgive them—and evidently they do not always mean what they say. And I suppose that, so far as the use of language is concerned, if 'Puss' and 'Toad' may be terms of endearment in some circles, 'Devil' may be an expression of friendship in

another. Indeed, that very night a mother in the section of the sleeping car next to me, while preparing her little daughter of two years old for bed, clasped her to her bosom with the words, 'You wretched rogue!' and laid her to rest saying 'Good-night, sweetheart.'"

Arriving at San Francisco at three o'clock on Sunday afternoon, he found himself announced to preach at Trinity Church in the evening, and did so—to a congregation of a thousand persons. "Well," he wrote in his "Record,"—"I pleaded for Missions as earnestly as a very tired man could."

His progress eastward may be followed in a letter from the ship:

"NORTH PACIFIC OCEAN,
"*Belgic*, Oriental & Occidental SS.

"March 23, 1891.

"Here I am in mid-ocean, about twenty-seven hundred miles from San Francisco and about twenty-four hundred from Japan; as helpless and hopeless, should anything happen to this little shell that floats on the vast heaving deep as one of the sea-gulls that flies in our wake should it break one of its wings.

"But I set sail auspiciously. Bishop Nichols added to all his other kindnesses an appointment of a quiet celebration of the Holy Communion

in Grace Church the day I left, and the rain ceased falling and the clouds broke soon after. The Bishop with two of the clergy 'accompanied me to the ship.' I bade them good-by before the vessel swung loose from the dock and busied myself in my stateroom, finishing letters to send ashore by the pilot, so that I avoided the parting from my native land; and when I went on deck a fog had settled down and shut us in.

"The ship is neat and clean and snugly built, inspiring confidence and also a certain pride in her as she triumphantly mounts the great rolling waves that come marching with a menace toward her, or gracefully recovers herself from a more than ordinarily deep careen as though she were conscious of her power and was amused at our alarm. But she makes slow progress. She is loaded down almost to the water's edge, 300 tons of sugar for Japan, 2,500 tons of flour for Hong Kong, and 1,300 tons of coal for her own use, being part of the cargo. We have had head seas and the wind has been adversely almost all the time, and she makes only about 270 miles a day. Alas, I fear we shall not reach Japan in time to celebrate Easter.

"I had no conception what a lonely waste of waters the North Pacific Ocean is. We have not had a glimpse of land, nor sighted any craft of any kind whatsoever, nor seen fish singly nor

in shoals, since we lost sight of land the first day, and the captain tells us we shall fare no better till we approach Japan.

“There are but nine cabin passengers beside myself, so that there is plenty of room. These, with the steerage passengers (175 Chinese and a dozen Japanese) and the officers and men of the ship constitute its living freight. The cabin passengers are a young Methodist minister, and his wife from Georgia, who is going out as a missionary to Japan; a gentleman and his wife from St. Louis, seeking recreation; a Scotch laird, one Irish and one English gentleman, men of business in China and elsewhere; a Japanese gentleman who is returning from Paris where he has been in mercantile pursuits some years; and last, a Chinaman from San Francisco, a successful man of business who has eight or nine shops there, the best fed, the sleekest and most rotund, the most jocund, too, of the company, as full of communicativeness as his moderate command of ‘pidgin’ English will admit, and evidently well content with himself, his business, and, not least, his wife, whose photograph he produces in select companies and displays her loaded with costly tokens of his love, appareled in richly embroidered silks, her wrists clasped with several bracelets, one pair of which is worth,

he says, \$800, and precious stones pendent from her ears. Happy wife, one thinks, until the fond husband adds, 'She go out only four times a year. She spend no money except *on* herself and *for* herself.'

"The weather has been moderately good thus far, rain and clouds and clear weather having had an equal share; the temperature has ranged from 60 to 70 degrees, so that I have been on deck a good deal. I have escaped seasickness, have been well, and time has not hung heavily on my hands. The quiet and opportunity to read have been as refreshing as they are to me unusual.

"I am writing this March 23, Monday, and am just waking up to the full meaning of an odd experience. It was Saturday when I lay down to sleep last night, but when I awoke this morning, instead of its being Sunday, it was Monday. One day had dropped out of life. We were just half-way round the world from Greenwich, therefore, on reaching the 180th degree of west longitude we had to drop a day in order to keep time with the rest of the world. It requires quite an intellectual effort to fit this fact in with one's ordinary modes of thinking. . . .

"That Sunday, however, might not be utterly

ignored, the captain arranged for a service Saturday evening, at which, as on the previous Sunday, I officiated.

"That word, 'pidgin', which I just used, has a curious origin. 'Pidgin English' means 'business English', or English such as is used in trade, 'pidgin' being the nearest approach the Chinese tongue makes toward pronouncing the word business. When first heard, it is intensely amusing, as will appear from the samples of it I send herewith. Let me premise that 'man-man' and 'chow-chow' in the first stanza mean respectively, *stop* and *eat*, and that in the second stanza 'chop-chop' means *immediately*, 'maskee' *never mind*, and 'chop', a *device*.

"LITTLE JACK HORNER in Pidgin English.

"Littee Jack Horner man-man one corner,
He chow-chow one Chlisman pie,
He puttee he thumb, he catchee one plum,
'Hi yah! Good boy b'long my!'"

"EXCELSIOR, in Pidgin English.

"Nightee time begin chop-chop,
One man walkee, he no can stop,
Maskee snow, maskee ice,
He cally flag with chop so nice.
Top side, 'Go lah!'"

"Two Chinamen have died during the voyage.
According to the custom on which their friends

strenuously insist, their bodies are to be returned to their native land, not consigned to the deep as they would have been if they were the bodies of Europeans. They have been embalmed and are now lying in large coffins of a special Chinese make strapped fast to the deck near the stern of the ship, a perpetual *memento mori*.

"We call this desire to be buried in their own native land superstition, and perhaps it is, but it may deserve a better name. Joseph's command, as he lay dying in a foreign land, was 'Ye shall carry up my bones from hence,' and the patriarchal Jacob's request was, 'Bury me with my father in the cave that is in the field of Ephron the Hittite. There were buried Abraham, and Sarah, his wife. There they buried Isaac and his wife. And there they buried Leah.' Here, as in other things, perhaps all hearts are alike. Indeed, as I travel and see more and more of men, this unity impresses me more profoundly. We have a motley assortment of humanity aboard this ship, American, English, Scotch, Irish, Chinese, Japanese, a negro, a Tahitian and others, but as I watch them in their movements, when seasick and when well, when basking in the sun or when huddling together to get out of the rain, or scampering with exclamations to escape a wave that breaks over the ship, there rises in my mind this instinc-

tive comment, reappearing like a refrain, 'As in water face answers to face, so the heart of man to man,' and the prayer will force its passage through the difficulties in the way of its accomplishment which the intellect marshals, that the one heart of humanity may be united in one great adoring love of its common Lord.

"O God, who hast made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and didst send Thy blessed Son to preach peace to them that are far off and to them that are nigh: grant that all Thy people everywhere may seek after Thee and find Thee; and hasten, O Lord, the fulfillment of Thy promise to pour out Thy Spirit upon all flesh: through Jesus Christ our Lord.'

"EASTER DAY, 9 P. M.

"We are now sailing up the Gulf of Yeddo and shall drop anchor off Yokohama about 10 P. M. and not go ashore till morning."

In a preaching service to Japanese within two weeks of his arrival Bishop Hare put to the test of practical use the thought to which the sight of the motley assemblage on shipboard had prompted him. In a letter of April 12, he wrote:

"I began my address to-night somewhat thus:

"You will say, perhaps, as you see me rise,



BISHOP HARE AND HIS JAPANESE INTERPRETER

174

"Who is this stranger?" No, I am not a stranger. I have traveled the world over, among white people, yellow people, red people, black people, and I never was a stranger anywhere; for tears have trickled down these cheeks and they were salt, and I find all the world over that human beings weep and their tears are salt. This body of mine is full of blood, and the blood is red and warm. Bad news has come to me during my life, and my heart has beaten quick, and I have felt a choking at my throat. Has it ever been so with you, my friends? Tell me. Ah, I see the answer in your looks. You have your troubles. And now you are ready to say, 'We do not understand your language, but we do understand your heart. You are no stranger. We call you brother.'

"I felt that I had reached them, and it was easy to tell of the grace that comes by Jesus Christ."

By such insistences upon the essential unity of human nature Bishop Hare had brought himself close to his Indians, and now in Japan the same spirit wrought the same results. Linking his immediate experiences with those still farther in the past, a striking incident may be recounted. When he was General Secretary of the Foreign Missionary Society he made an appeal in a cer-

tain church for foreign missions. In the collection that followed was found an envelope containing a diamond ring and a note saying that the owner of it had no income, but wished the ring sold and the proceeds devoted to missions. Mr. Hare—as he was then—felt some uncertainty about the best course to pursue; but friends of the foreign work removed it by buying the ring, and having it set in one of the vessels of a communion service purchased with the price of it. This communion silver the General Secretary sent to the mission at Osaka in Japan, and when at this mission as visiting Bishop he made his first celebration of the Holy Communion in Japan, he instantly recognized the very service which he had bought and shipped eighteen years before. To the official as to the man the Japanese Christians might well have said: “You are no stranger. We call you brother.”

It was of course chiefly in his official capacity that he was to make himself known to the Japanese. Between March 30, when he landed, and July 29, when he sailed for the United States, he “preached sixty-seven times, celebrated the Lord’s Supper twenty-eight times, confirmed two hundred and fifty-eight persons (of whom seventeen were for Bishop Bickersteth), ordained five deacons, and licensed thirty-one cate-

chists." Immediately upon landing he met Bishop Bickersteth, and during his stay had frequent and profitable consultations with the retired Bishop Williams. After traveling extensively through the country and studying the whole situation he drew up a plan for the divided administration of the American and English missionaries of his own communion, to which Bishop Bickersteth agreed. As he had looked upon much of his work for the Indians as merely preliminary, and conducive to self-help, so he regarded the function of Americans and Englishmen in Japan. In the formal report of his mission he drew upon the agreement between himself and the English bishop: "We regard the work of the foreign Bishops as provisional. The whole state of thought and feeling among the Japanese forbids the introduction into Japan, as permanent institutions, of branches of either the English or the American Church, and nothing would offend the national feeling and hinder the extension of the Church more than the giving the Japanese just cause for suspecting that we desire or intend to impose upon them a permanent foreign episcopate.

"Every wise principle of propagating the Gospel in Japan demands that our work should be regarded as that of so directing the missions of the American and English Churches that a

Japanese independent and self-supporting church shall be the result. Indeed these churches have so far committed themselves to this policy that a Japanese Church with its own constitution and canons has been in existence for some years. The English and American Bishops are not regarded by the Japanese, and should not be regarded by us, as having jurisdiction over dioceses finally delimited, but rather as forerunners in the Episcopate of Japanese Bishops who will exercise jurisdiction over such permanently defined dioceses as the expansion of the Japanese Church may in future demand."

This far-seeing counsel was supplemented, in Bishop Hare's confidential report to the Presiding Bishop, by a concluding paragraph which immediately followed an emphatic plea for sending "one of more than ordinary natural endowments, of large acquirements and of special gifts of peace," to become the Episcopal head of the Japanese mission: "I do not fear that there is any danger that such a messenger of the Church's love will find this Episcopal career prematurely cut short by the rapid development of the Japanese Church and the creation of a native Episcopate. In the first place, the Japanese are now looking back upon the former hot haste in adopting foreign thoughts and customs with a feeling of wounded pride and loss of

self-respect, and will make haste slowly in the future. In the second place, the work of the foreign bishops will be that of gradually dividing up their present vast jurisdiction and setting off independent Missionary Districts under native Bishops, and this process will hardly be so far completed as to require the withdrawal of the foreign bishops from Japan within a generation."

Bishop Hare did not forget the hope of Phillips Brooks that something might be done in Japan for Church unity. According to his report to the Presiding Bishop, he introduced the subject at a gathering of the clergy of both the English and American missions, shortly after his arrival, "and pressed it as one of the matters which lay nearest to the hearts of the American Bishops." But "alas," he said, "denominational lines are almost as clearly drawn in Japan as in America. Each Mission reproduces there the mind of the *home* religious body which supports it." What would happen should all foreign control be withdrawn, he could not foretell, but, realizing the "enthusiasm, generosity, enterprise and statesmanship" exhibited by other bodies, feared that the result could not be "favorable to the claims of the Anglican Communion."

His own belief that the branch of the Church which he represented could bring to a people

schooled in tradition and order what would suit them best was unwavering. This belief, and the wise encouragement which one of his experience was qualified to give, he carried to the scattered workers in missions, schools, hospitals and Divinity School. On May 29 the clergy and laity of the Japanese Church held a convocation in Trinity Church, Tokio, and heard an address from Bishop Hare. The following passages from it will speak for the union of practical wisdom and spiritual stimulus which marked his work in Japan as well as at home:

“Let us not deceive ourselves. There are stubborn facts and fundamental principles to be encountered. It is easy to express fine sentiments. It is easy to spin theories of coöperation. Yet, as a matter of fact, actual life is a great descent from the realm of airy ideas. It is made up of incongruities, and uncongenialities and inequalities—of duties to be done as well as rights to be enjoyed, of annoyances to be borne as well as privileges to be exercised. Inconvenient facts meet us everywhere. Every plan for improvement will require able *men* for its execution, and *money* for its support. Where shall we find them? Manifestly then we must compel ourselves to turn from speculations which have cut loose from things as they really are and fit ourselves in with sober ugly

facts. We must leave theories as to how things *should* be done for the practical question how they *can* be done. We must descend from the heights of fancy to the arena of real everyday life. . . .

"The question must arise in every thoughtful Christian mind whether our branch of the Catholic Church is fitted for work among the people of Japan. I firmly believe that it is, but not the Church in the guise in which, as it seems to me, some of her converts are disposed to present her, ashamed to lift her head and boldly assert claims; robbed of her Church seasons, despoiled of her beautiful garments, reduced from her supernatural origin to a thing of man's device, her ministers regarded as mere teachers and no longer as 'ministers of Christ and stewards of the mysteries of God'; her sacraments degraded to mere signs. Such a Church will give very little offense in any quarter, I am aware; and very little blessing too. A policy which surrenders everything can end only in ignominy. Respect was never secured by servility, nor a battle ever won by cowardice.

"We are bound by a sacred tie to all who name the name of Christ, both theirs and ours, and nothing can be more contrary to our religion nor more inexpedient practically than envyings and disputes among Christian people. Let us

bear with and love each other. But the Episcopal Church has its distinct calling and we must have a right self-confidence. We should give liberty to all and should have no hesitation in claiming it for ourselves. Influences from the ultra-Protestant world, which in some quarters in Japan have perhaps overborne us in the past, should be resisted and we should boldly, though generously, hold aloft apostolic faith and apostolic order, bearing the double witness against extremes on both sides of us which has been historically our calling.

"If we be regarded as having come here with other religious bodies that each may make its contribution to a new religion and Church for Japan, why should we present our special contribution so highly diluted as some would make it? And if we have come on a nobler errand, hoping that our branch of the Church, rich in apostolic faith and order, yet capable of adjustment in its current opinions and in its administration to the needs of different times and places, may prove the source from which the people of this land shall eventually derive their permanent Church life and the type according to whose essential form they will develop it, then we should present our Church, not despoiled, nor deformed, nor halting, nor uncertain, but

in the glory of her holy confidence and her strength.

"It is one thing surely to ask a fair chance to present our Church as in her fullness she is, and quite another thing to try to impose upon all the adoption of all her minor characteristics. One may advocate the former course and utterly disapprove of the latter.

"Let us never in the midst of the *business* of the Church lose sight of the fact that there is such a mistake as that of being very busy with the *affairs* of the *Kingdom* of heaven and yet of possessing very little personal knowledge of the King; nor let us forget in trying to fit our work in with the conditions in which we find ourselves that the supreme need of men everywhere, whatever may be their superficial desires, is just that need which certain Greeks expressed, as we are told in St. John's Gospel, 'Sir, we would see Jesus.' I feel sure that the highest conviction of us all is, however much passing things may for a time divert us, that the supreme desire and effort of a Christian should be to fix his own full gaze, and to fix the gaze of others, upon Jesus Christ, the Son of God made man.

"But it is the real essential Christ that the Japanese need to know. Christ, not as though the nature which He assumed were merely an

Oriental or merely an Occidental nature, but a *human* nature. Christ as uniting in Himself the common properties of humanity; Christ, not *a* son of *a* man, but *the* Son of man. And Christ not as Englishmen or Americans find that they can appropriate Him, but Christ as the Japanese mind can appropriate Him—Christ seen by the Japanese from their own point of view: but yet one and the same Christ for all; Christ as the Catholic Church presents Him; Christ, 'The brightness of God's glory, and the express image of His person'; Christ 'manifested in the flesh,' and 'obedient unto death,' Christ 'raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father'; Christ 'set at His right hand as the Head over all things to the Church, which is His body'; and Christ in the Church and by means of the Church filling the earth with His gifts of grace."

Sailing from Yokohama on July 29, Bishop Hare reached South Dakota in time to take part in the Convocation of seventeen hundred Christian Indians on Rosebud Reserve, beginning August 29, 1891. For a few months he took up the work of his own mission with vigor. But his work in Japan was not yet fully accomplished, and at the end of the year he issued the following letter:

“SIOUX FALLS, SOUTH DAKOTA,

“December 30, 1891.

“To the Clergy and Laity of The Protestant Episcopal Church in South Dakota.

“MY DEAR BRETHREN: It has become again my duty to make a visit to Japan. That I should do so has all along been the wish of the members of our Mission there, and it has been urged upon me by the Presiding Bishop and the Board of Managers of our Missionary Society.

“A short visit to the brethren in China whom death has recently bereft of their Bishop is included in the programme.

“It is with great difficulty that I can undertake this duty, and I have approached it with much reluctance, but the reflection that those whom I esteem think I can be of service, helps me to its performance and I need now only your sympathy and prayers on my way and in my work to enable me to depart with a cheerful spirit.

“I have so arranged my movements that I shall be able, by God’s blessing, to accomplish with expedition the work which most needs to be done. I expect to be absent but a little over three months. I purpose leaving Sioux Falls the evening of January 8, and to sail from Van-

couver on the S.S. *Empress of India*, January 18.

"The steamer stops at Yokohama, Japan, from twelve to twenty-four hours, and during that time I shall have opportunity to confer with the authorities of the Japanese Mission who will come to Yokohama to meet me and arrange for my work in Japan on my return. I expect to proceed then on the same steamer to Shanghai, China, and spend two or three weeks among the Mission Stations in China. I shall then according to my plan retrace my steps to Japan and spend a month in that land, and hope to be back in time to celebrate Easter (April 17), in South Dakota.

"The Standing Committee will be the Ecclesiastical Authority during my absence and I will ask you to consider the arrangement made for the current business of the Mission during my previous absence as being now again in operation.

Your faithful friend,

"WILLIAM H. HARE,
"Missionary Bishop."

These plans, modified by necessity in some of their details, were essentially carried out. The letter does not say that the serious illnesses of his father and father-in-law, each nearly eighty-four years old, rendered his leaving America es-

pecially difficult at this time. While still uncertain of the outcome of his father's illness he wrote to his sister Mary from Japan: "I can remember nothing concerning him that is inconsistent with the highest integrity, the keenest sense of honor, the most controlling faith in God and in His dear Son. Whether he wake or sleep, therefore, he lives as a present power." During Bishop Hare's absence his father died. As the absence was briefer than that of the year before, and as the work to be done was chiefly the completion of things left unfinished, the present record may also be briefer. A letter from the outward bound ship is to be preserved:

"SS. Empress of India,

"January 25, 1892.

"It is a wild and stormy morning and cold as well. The sea runs high and approaches the vessel in formidable waves. They heave her, roll her, lash her, deluge her by turns. We go to and fro and stagger like a drunken man. As the sea breaks over the vessel it freezes and the whole fore part of the ship is covered, rigging, forecandle and forward saloon, with a coating of ice from two to four inches thick.

"I will try my hand, however, at the commencement, at least, of a letter, hoping to finish as we near Yokohama.

"The weather has been bleak and dreary ever since we left port and we have seen but little sunshine. I doubt whether one ever does up in these high northern latitudes. Day before yesterday we ran so near the Aleutian Isles that we saw several of them like vast masses of snow upon the deep; but our little world aboard ship is, on the whole, a cheery scene. The vessel is a noble one and meets the heavy seas as if she felt she was equal to any emergency. She is well lighted and airy and is, in all her appointments, one of the most satisfactory I ever sailed on. There is an abundance of room, too, for there are but twenty-odd saloon passengers and the ship has accommodations for over a hundred. I have a state-room all to myself in consequence, a comfort highly appreciated.

"We have met with no misadventure except that the second day out a saloon passenger, a lone man whom none of the other passengers knew, and who must have taken to his berth soon after coming aboard, entered on the list as Mr. E. E. Lapham, of Boston, died. This event did not make the impression which would have resulted had we been companions on shipboard; but it was an ominous commencement to our voyage. His body was consigned to the deep. I officiated at his funeral. The body which had been sewed up in canvas and decently covered by

a flag was brought to the port side of the vessel, laid upon a smooth bier made of a broad flat surface of board, one end of which was suffered to rest upon the gunwale of the ship. As I uttered the words, 'We therefore commit his body to the deep,' the Captain, who was standing near, said quietly, 'Heave': the bearers raised the bier slightly at the nearer end, the body slid from beneath the flag off into the sea; the ship, which had been slowed up somewhat, resumed her usual speed,—and our little world moved on. So the great world will one day or other pass on and leave us all, only, unlike our ship, it will, perhaps hardly 'slow up' a little.

"January 26, 9 P. M.

"We have come within sight of Japan this morning, and since we ran into the Japan current—a warm stream which runs up along the coast of Japan very much as the Gulf Stream flows along our Atlantic coast—the weather has moderated and become quite mild. We are promised that we shall anchor in Yokohama harbor early to-morrow.

"January 27th.

"This morning dawned bright and pleasant and everything was auspicious until a fog settled down upon us. The fog whistle began to blow and the speed of the vessel was slackened

somewhat, when suddenly the fog lifted a little, there was a shout, and we found ourselves close to a rocky coast and the sea breaking over the sharp crests of outlying rocks. One rock alongside was within twenty-five or thirty feet of us. I could easily have thrown an apple on to it, while to the left, and a little ahead lay even more formidable rocks. In a few minutes we should have been crashing upon them had not the fog lifted. The engines were immediately reversed, the ship's advance was stayed, and presently we felt her, to our infinite relief, slowly gliding backward."

The stay in Japan was extended until the first of March, when Bishop Hare set sail from Japan. From letters to his sister Mary and Dr. Langford, Secretary of the Board of Missions, it appears that he reached Shanghai, March 4, spent several days there visiting stations, churches and institutions, and on March 7 took steamer for Hankow, six hundred miles up the Yangtse River. The reports of what he saw and did in China have to do so much more with immediate details than with matters of permanent interest that they may be passed over. On March 18 he took steamer at Shanghai back to Japan and March 26-29 again met the clergy and laity of the Japanese mission in Convocation

at Trinity Church, Tokio. A single passage from his address to them—which in general was more a report than a sermon—is all that need be quoted:

“I would urge upon all who are called upon in any capacity to teach religion to the people, that they keep carefully to those salient points in the broad lines of Christian truths of which it may be said that they are Catholic, that they have been held ‘always, everywhere and by all.’ We are here not of our own motion but of the Church’s appointment, and we are commissioned to teach, not our own peculiar views of the things to be believed, and the things to be done, but what the Church teaches. This body of truth is presented to us in the Creed, the Lord’s Prayer and the Ten Commandments, and in the striking summaries and paraphrases of them which our short Catechism contains. They contain truths so compact and terse in statement, that, as the intelligent teacher, familiar with the Scriptures, dwells on them, texts and incidents,—impressive, pathetic, tender,—from the Historical Books, the Prophets, the Psalms, Gospels, Epistles, rise up in the memory and leap forward ready to expand, illustrate and enforce them. I fear these treasures are not adequately appreciated. Religious *emotions* are of high value, but they rise and fall. They are not perennial.

Religious *opinions* rise up and flourish in each age, in individuals and little coteries, and are like the passing highly-colored cloud. They attract attention and pass away. But the great truths taught in the formulas just referred to are not dependent upon emotion. They are not matters of opinion. They are *seed truth*. They are capable of perpetual germination. Once lodged in the mind, they 'spring and grow up and bring forth fruit, we know not how,' even though they be long inactive and apparently dead, and from their renewed life, holy emotions and pious opinions and right living result almost as a matter of course."

On March 31 he sailed for home on the steamer *China*, and, to his great disappointment reached Sioux Falls just too late for the celebration of Easter. But upon his two visits to the Orient he must have looked back with thankfulness for the opportunities they had brought to him. It was left for others to sum up the value of his service. In 1897 a Japanese correspondent of *The Church Standard* wrote from St. Paul's College, Tokio: "The influence of Bishop Hare's visit to Japan is still felt here. Every native clergyman whom I meet speaks of him and admires him highly. One denominational minister told me that Japan had had many

American commissioners, representing different Christian bodies at home, to investigate the condition of missionary work and give some good opinions for its improvement if needed, but that none of them did it so well and so decidedly as Bishop Hare, from the American Episcopal Church. His testimony is true." In an unpublished letter, Bishop Tuttle, dwelling especially upon the soldierly qualities of Bishop Hare, has written: "The Church was baffled and crippled in directing her important work in the Far East. Looking around she asked, 'Who will deliver me of the weight of this trouble?' She looked at Hare, sorrowful in his loneliness and his homelessness, harassed with border perplexities and burdened with race hatreds, and she asked him to go and set things straight. The soldier went, not once but twice, and then returned to his own work and to his own flock in quiet simplicity and godly sincerity."

In 1893, the year following Bishop Hare's second visit to the East, Bishops McKim and Graves were chosen respectively to direct the missions of Japan and China. But the history of these missions would be incomplete without a record of the service of him who had rejoiced in the preceding decade in ceasing to be a missionary to races and becoming a missionary to men.

IX

FRUITS OF EXPERIENCE

1891-1908

THE preceding pages have been devoted chiefly to the methods by which Bishop Hare did his work for Indians and others, to typical experiences, to illustrations of spirit and character. It is time to take account of results. These may be divided into two broad classes—the outward things, or those which happened, and the inward, or those which expressed themselves in ripened thought and expression.

Of the things which happened, the change in the general condition of the Indians was the most important. The increase of government schools, the existence of such institutions as Hampton and Carlisle, the work of the schools and missions of Protestant bodies and of the Roman Catholic Church, all these influences joined their weight to those directed by Bishop Hare for the betterment of the race. From the first he had raised his voice against the reservation system as a permanent arrangement. In

his seventeenth annual report (1889)—the year in which a special statute, following the Dawes Allotment Act of February, 1887, prepared the way for the opening of about 11,000,000 acres to white settlers—he announced as “an achievement of incalculable value” the completion of the plan to break up the Great Sioux Reservation into seven smaller reservations. “Time will show,” he wrote, “whether the world or the Church will be the more on the alert to take advantage of the occasion. The Indian’s state of mind, meanwhile, is one of uncertainty and almost consternation; like that of men on a vast ice-floe which is about to break up into smaller cakes under the action of the wind. God give grace to me and the noble men and women associated with me to make us equal to this great emergency.” In his report for the next year he chronicled the accomplishment of the plan, and the opening of the land between the reservations: “a consummation which most of the friends of the Indians desired.” The preparation of the Indians for the next step, when “the remainder of the country can be sold to white settlers, and the two races thus be intermingled” is still in progress.

A change in the policy of the Government towards mission boarding-schools seemed at one time destined to impair seriously the fruitful-

ness of one of the means for benefiting the Indians upon which Bishop Hare placed most reliance. In August of 1901 he received notice that a new interpretation was to be put upon a previous decision of Congress that it was "the settled policy of the Government to hereafter make no appropriations whatever for education in sectarian schools": henceforth this was taken to mean that any Indian child attending a mission boarding school should *ipso facto* forfeit its rights to the rations issued to its tribe. The schools under Bishop Hare were about to open, and all arrangements for the year had been made. There was nothing for him to do but to raise sufficient funds to make good the loss occasioned by the withdrawal of the rations. This he did for one year, and subsequently sold, at an appalling sacrifice, two of his school establishments—St. Paul's, at Yankton Agency, and St. John's, at Cheyenne Agency. But on the two which remained—St. Mary's, at Rosebud Agency, and St. Elizabeth's, at Standing Rock Agency—he was enabled to concentrate more of thought and zeal. Whatever discouragement lay in the fact that many Roman Catholic schools contrived to overcome the common handicap by drawing upon tribal funds, there was surely a countervailing pleasure in the knowledge that the cause of Indian education, in which he was

so effective a pioneer, had made since 1873 extraordinary progress due in considerable measure to his hand in it.

As he was fundamentally a missionary the progress of education for his Indians went hand in hand with progress in Christianity. Mere statistics of growth convey but an external impression of the advance, but at least they are significant. At the time of his death in 1909 it was reckoned that out of about twenty thousand Indians in South Dakota, ten thousand were baptized members of the Episcopal Church. He had confirmed in all about seven thousand Indians. In his annual report for 1907 he presented a summary of figures for the past twenty years which told a remarkable story. In that time his Indian communicants had increased from 936 to 3,782—the corresponding numbers of white communicants being 692 and 2,423. A still more striking contrast is found in the contributions made in 1887 and 1907. At the earlier date the whites gave approximately \$10,500, at the later \$30,000. In the same years the Indians' annual contributions to the work of the Church, both in South Dakota and in other regions, grew from about \$1,500 to about \$9,500. The duty and privilege of giving, as an element in civilized existence, was one which he constantly urged—and obviously to good purpose. Of the results

of his Indian work in general he said in the last of the Convocation Addresses (1908): "The Indian work will probably be less romantic and eventful in the future, but not less important nor less difficult. The first work among them was quarrying. To-day we stand and say to the people, 'Look unto the rock whence you were hewn and unto the hole of the pit whence you were digged.' For the future, the clergy need to be builders, men who can so carve, and so place these rough hewn stones that they will become a holy temple, a habitation of God through the Spirit."

The Indian Convocation, to which there have been occasional allusions in previous chapters, must be regarded separately as an institution bringing memorable testimony year by year to the changes which Bishop Hare and his fellow-laborers wrought in the condition of the Indians. This Convocation of the Niobrara Deanery is an annual meeting of the Indians under the influence of the Mission. Before the eighties were passed it had begun to hold an important place in the religious and social life of the Indians. Bringing together first a few hundred Indians of various Sioux tribes, it now assembles every year on one or another of the reservations three thousand or more Indians, who travel over the prairies from all parts of South Dakota and

camp together for several days given up to religious meetings and friendly intercourse. Similar gatherings are held by other missions than those of the Episcopal Church, but the meetings of the Niobrara Convocation are so intimately associated with Bishop Hare that some definite impression of them must be given. They have been described by many pens, clerical and lay. A Yankton newspaper described the convocation of 1905 at White Swan on the Yankton Reservation, one of the last of these meetings at which Bishop Hare was present. The following passages from the article will speak for the picturesqueness and significance of the strange gatherings:

"Many things conspired to make of this year's convocation a great success. The attendance was beyond expectation, the weather was ideal, the site was a magnificent one, and that nothing might be omitted, a beautiful Dakota moonlight lit up the scene at night, giving a weird attractiveness to the great camp that not even sunlight could impart. The Yankton party went by rail to Lake Andes, which place was reached after the supper hour. Here teams were met, with Yankton Indian drivers, and the drive of seven miles was made by moonlight over the reserve to the river and camp. As the Missouri came in sight old abandoned Fort Randall was

pointed out, the partially ruined church showing up white in the silvery light, across the river and a couple of miles or so below the camp. A beacon light from the mission sent out a welcome to the late arrivals and as the outposts were reached an aged Indian approached with the brief but cordial greeting of his people, 'How.' Here the team was dismissed and then for the first time it dawned on the visitors that they were absolutely alone at night amidst thousands of Indians, who did not expect them, or even know them.

"The thought weighed but lightly on the travelers, however, who were lost in admiration of the scene presented to them as the ascent of a small but steep hill revealed a long row of tents stretching away west until a hill obscured the end. Indians were moving about noiselessly and were found to be thickly congregated as the hill-top was gained. Nowhere was English spoken, the few white people encountered talking the same tongue as their dusky brethren.

"The church of the mission was found to be magnificently situated on a plateau that commanded a fine view up and down the river. Immediately south of the mission buildings a gentle slope stretched away to the Missouri, on the other side of which rugged and high hills cut off a further view of Nebraska. To the north

the plateau ended in hills, while in an immense circle, three miles in circumference, with the church as a center, stretched the tepees of the many tribes of the Dakotas. It was a full mile across the inclosure from east to west, the corral formed by the assembled Indians being well filled with hundreds of horses and wild ponies. From the church came the musical voices of a large gathering of the members of St. Andrew's Brotherhood, as the last hymn of the day was being sung in the Dakota tongue. A few minutes later the last visitors to arrive were taken in charge by a Yankton Indian and introduced to Rev. John Flockhart of Greenwood (Yankton Agency), who proved hospitality itself and soon had his guests located in a tent with such accommodations as were to be had under the circumstances. The night was too fine and there was too much to see to think of retiring until a much later hour, and, the rest of the camp on the hill thinking the same way, there was much to occupy one for a couple of hours, while all around the flickering lights in the great circle showed that the many tribes of Indians assembled at the mission, were also keeping late hours. Besides the Brotherhood meeting in the little mission church, a large tent revealed a "feast" that was being given by the Yankton squaws to the sister presidents of the various societies rep-

resented. In a circle were seated the squaws, while in the place of honor in the center, were seated on a bench the white lady visitors of the convocation. . . . Each lady president was called upon to speak and recounted in her native tongue the work accomplished at her home agency. The numerous speeches disposed of in a leisurely and dignified way, the refreshments were served, in rough camp style perhaps, but in no way objectionable, and with a 'you're welcome' air about everything that impressed the white visitors greatly.

"Sunday morning the great camp was astir early, the squaws being the first to appear outside their tepees. It was some time before the clouds of mist rolled away revealing what the moonlight had only partially shown the night before, but when at last the sun broke through and cleared up the atmosphere it retained its advantage and the day remained as perfect as the night had been. This was the great day of the convocation in a spiritual way, the previous sessions having been devoted largely to routine business. The venerable Bishop Hare, who for over thirty years has been ministering to the Dakota tribes, appeared early and with a kindly smile greeted all who approached him to pay their respects. Who can say what were the thoughts of the divine as he gazed on the panorama spread before

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A WOMAN'S AUXILIARY MEETING IN SOUTH DAKOTA
SCENE AT INDIAN CONVOCATION, ROSEBUD S. D., 1897



him and which fittingly represented his labors in so many years of hard work? The picture greatly impressed the white visitors and they freely expressed themselves to that effect, and as the day passed to its close, as peaceable and well-ordered a Sunday as was ever experienced anywhere, that impression developed into wonder that so much could be accomplished under the guiding hand of one faithful man, with but a small handful of consecrated men to assist him.

"As the gentle morning breeze unfolded the bunting at the masthead of the flagstaff at the great temporary pavilion, the Stars and Stripes spread out, while underneath the more peaceful banner of the convocation unfolded its strange lettering. The flag was white, its inscription being: 'Le on Ohiya Yo; Niobrara Omiciye Kin,' which in English would mean, 'In this sign conquer; The Niobrara Deanery Convocation.' The flag was the keynote of the day's proceedings, and around its fluttering folds there was much of interest enacted during the day.

"At 9 o'clock the bell in the quaint old mission church rang out the half hour reminder, while at the same time an Indian crier, on horseback, went the round of the camp announcing the morning service. At 9:30 the clerical procession was formed, and numbered, in vestments, in all ranks from Bishop down to helpers,

some seventy-five persons, which included the Catechists, Deacons and Priests. Among the latter were noted Bishop Hare, Sioux Falls; Rev. W. J. Cleveland, Pine Ridge, the Dean of the Convocation; Rev. A. B. Clark, Rosebud; Rev. John Flockhart, Greenwood; Rev. H. Burt, Crow Creek; Rev. W. J. Wicks, Springfield; Rev. Frank W. Henry of Flandreau, and Rev. Edward Ashley, Cheyenne. The last named had charge of the great procession and with much cleverness and tact handled the numerous tribes as they approached with flying banners and stately tread, each from their section of the great circle, the picture as the various sections approached the center being of extreme interest.

"As the tribes reached the large pavilion where the services took place, banners were folded, and with reverent countenances the Dakotas passed into the temporary church and quietly seated themselves. The banners showed the following agencies represented: Crow Creek, Santee, Rosebud, Pine Ridge, Sisseton, Flandreau, Lower Brulé, Standing Rock, Cheyenne, Ponca and Yankton, the last named being a large representation, it being the home tribe, which was out in great numbers. Almost the entire representation was of the great Siouan stock and represented the well-known tribes of Blackfeet, Brulé (upper and lower), Cheyenne,

Sioux Minnekonjo, Ogallalla, Sans Arcs, Sisseton, Two Kettle, Wahpeton, Wazahzah and Yankton. Many of the tribes named have merged with others and their identity has almost been lost. All these people, numbering over three thousand, were delegates to the convocation. . . .

"As a general rule there was little to note as to dress. The men for the most part had adopted the costume of the day, with sometimes the retaining of the Indian moccasin. Among the women, especially the younger portion, there is more to tell.

"The old squaw was there in her best shawl of brilliant hue. Her more modest sister was on hand in plain black or perhaps a dark green plaid, both of which were very common. Others were to be seen in prized shawl of porcupine or bead work, while many young squaws and girls had advanced far towards the Sunday attire of their white sisters, appearing robed in handsome changeable silk of fashionable style and excellent make. To the silk dress was frequently added the gingham sunbonnet and beaded moccasin. The seven-cent calico in quiet colors, black with small figure prevailing, was also seen, the wardrobe having no effect whatever in attendance at church as it frequently has among the white race. Silk dress marched alongside of calico, and no

envious glances were noticed, nor indeed an ill-bred stare, the congregation being intent on the service at hand and apparently bestowing little thought on the minor consideration of dress.

"Among the native clergy were noticed Rev. Amos Ross of Pine Ridge; Rev. Philip Deloria of Standing Rock; Rev. Luke C. Walker of Lower Brulé, and deacons, Rev. Joseph St. John Good, teacher, and George Red Owl, besides many others. The first service of the day comprised the rite of confirmation, or laying on of hands, upon a large class of old and young, among whom a blind boy was noticed. Communion followed, hundreds of Dakotas staying for the sacrament. In the afternoon a baptismal service was held at 8:30, and at 4:30 another service took place, at which a number of Indians were made Workers, the first step toward clerical life; a number were promoted to Catechists; others were made Senior Catechists and a few were advanced to Deaconship. At 8 p. m. the last service of the day was held, closing with a number of addresses by white and Indian clergy and others, among whom were Samuel M. Brosius, of Washington, D. C., a counselor-at-law of the Indian Rights Association, and by the secretary of the same society, who was also present. Many spoke through interpreters, so that white visitors could enjoy the addresses.

"Music was furnished by organ and cornet, the latter proving an excellent instrument to lead the vast congregation. The Dakotas astonished the white visitors by their excellent singing; the Dakota tongue is musical and soft, and the hymns were given with much effect and heartiness by people who only a few years ago were in a state of heathenism that many white folks think they are still in to-day, but which the convocation proved was an idea very far removed from the actual facts.

"A convocation such as described calls, of course, for a great amount of work and the Yanktons have been preparing for the great event for over a year. Custom demands that hospitality be extended to all tribes attending and the sum of \$600 raised for their entertainment was used up during the gathering. Wagon loads of provisions were shipped into Lake Andes and were hauled to the camp—a daily shipment being fifteen cases of bread alone. Fifteen beeves were killed and were cut up in Indian style by the squaws and hung up to dry on poles, with nothing but the sun to do the curing. All of this and many other sights, made a stroll around the circle of 616 tents of much interest. Many tepees were neatness itself, while next door might be seen the extreme reverse. Everywhere, however, was kindly greet-

ing for the white stranger, who was met with a sincere welcome invariably. Complete absence of anything that might offend the most sensitive ear was remarkable, the assembled tribes being on company behavior, which is largely continued in everyday life, when left alone by the trash that infests the reservations. Many temporary buildings for meetings were in the inclosure, while A. Van Scotter and others conducted restaurants and refreshment stands. There was no sign of intoxicants during the life of the convocation. . . .

"Financially, the convocation proved the greatest in the thirty odd years of its annual gathering, Bishop Hare announcing that the various tribes had brought in an offering that would reach the great sum of \$2,500, which is remarkable when the slender means of the Indian is taken into consideration. Many prominent men among the Yanktons assisted materially towards the carrying out of details, while the whole tribe has worked as one man that they might acquit themselves with honor before their visiting brethren, a point that is not regarded with indifference among Indians, who have always regarded hospitality as among their most sacred customs. To the credit of all who attended, it may be stated that there was no violation of the trust and confidence of the Yanktons,

and not a tent was molested, although valuable belongings were to be seen everywhere in open tents, both in white and red habitations; the greatest feeling of security prevailed at all times and the Indian police had absolutely nothing to do, though Sunday witnessed the arrival of many visitors which brought the attendance up to well over 4,000 people."

Between the lines of this detailed description one may read many suggestions of the change that had come in the thirty years since the Dakota tribes had waged bitter warfare against each other and the white intruders. The yearly spectacle is a theme for poetry no less than prose, and in a memorial poem, "William Hobart Hare," by Mrs. Charles A. Eastman (Elaine Goodale), published in *The Outlook* a few months after Bishop Hare's death, the scene is presented with imaginative vision:

At the church door the pious pageant forms —
The grave procession of the white-robed priests,
The solemn joy of chanting acolytes
With equal step advancing, pacing slow;
The circle closes round them thankfully.
Lo, in the midst appears a reverend form
Upright beneath its weight of years and griefs;
A face deep-carven, clear as cameo,
Enhaloed with its crown of silvern locks —
A stern, strong, fine, humane, uplifted face

294 LIFE AND LABORS OF BISHOP HARE

That draws our eyes to heaven; and now a voice
Like sad cathedral bells tolls in our ears
Rebuke and solace, pleading and command —
As angel's voice, severe, compassionate!

Now in the crystal twilight of the west
Vaster horizons open, and the heavens
Above us bloom and blush like giant flowers.
Deep peace enfolds the kneeling multitudes
Of Ishmael's sons and daughters worshipful,
While the last rays from yonder painted dome
Gleam redly on the Bishop's sleeves of lawn —
On the white hands—the brooding, dove-like hands
Outstretched in benediction.

Darkness falls.

For him the Psalmist's meted days are done;
The soul released through purifying pangs,
The mortal puts on immortality.
To him the crown of well-spent days . . . to us
The farewell blessing of those outstretched hands!

Besides such fruits of his labors as Bishop Hare could see in the Indian Convocations, there came to him from without in later years many recognitions of the value of the work he had done. The Indian Rights Association, the Mohonk Conference—of which in 1888, he was one of the originators, and where as late as 1907 he made a memorable address on Indian missions—turned to him as a friend and counselor; the Indian schools at Carlisle and Hampton found him the

most sympathetic and helpful of visitors. Hobart College, named for his grandfather, made him in 1898-4 its Honorary Chancellor. In 1898 his friends attempted to make him Bishop of Massachusetts; but, as in the two earlier occasions of the same nature, the choice of another man brought him no disappointment. "No word or intimation has escaped me," he wrote to his fellow-workers, "which could lead even my bosom friends to suppose that I have had any wish except to end my days here in South Dakota, nor has any other wish found a place in the secrets of my heart."

The chief honor of these later years came to him in 1898, when both houses of the General Convention, assembled in Washington paid him an unprecedented compliment in recognizing formally the completion of twenty-five years of episcopal service, in passing a resolution of thanks and love, and, through Bishop Potter, presenting him with a loving cup. It is worth while to recall a portion of Bishop Potter's speech in so doing. He told of Bishop Hare's effective faith in a disgraced clergyman, and proceeded:

"I put beside that, Mr. Chairman, an incident which happened during the Lambeth Conference, when my brother, the Bishop of South Dakota, in a foreign land, found himself next to a

very charming woman at an entertainment, on the other side of whom was an Anglican Bishop who has passed to appropriate obscurity. This lady, who had found in the Bishop of South Dakota what any lady would find in him, turning to the Anglican Bishop for information, said: 'Who is this gentleman on my right?' The answer, which the Bishop of South Dakota overheard, was, 'Only a Missionary Bishop.' I confess, said Bishop Potter, when I heard that story there flashed into my memory that incomparable and dramatic story by Thackeray of Jonathan Swift, where he spoke of his having found a folded sheet of paper and on it the word 'Stella,' and then, underneath, describing the contents of that sheet of paper, 'only a lock of hair.' And then, Thackeray, with great pathos, repeats the words: 'Only a lock of hair; only devotion; only consistency; only infinite patience; only the largest love; only the sweetest sacrifice.'¹ And so I say, 'Only a Missionary Bishop; only heroism; only the most patient and devoted service; only the most constant compassion; only the most splendid and gracious illustration which our Missionary service has given us of devotion to the cause of Christ and those who are forgotten of their fellowmen.' "

¹ In this report of Bishop Potter's speech it will be found that the spirit and not the letter of the passage from Thackeray's essay on Dean Swift is reproduced.

Bishop Hare's characteristic response must also be remembered:

"What means this noble act of confidence—this merciful auto-da-fe in which the fires of fatherly and brotherly love are consuming me, their happy victim? What means it but this, that a tender appreciation of long-tried servants pervades the Church just as the air is charged with moisture, and that, as an electric shock will sometimes make moisture distil in a refreshing shower, so an anniversary in my life has made the pervasive love of the Church coalesce and take outward shape in this distinct and gracious act.

"I feel that for the time being my individuality is lost and that in me just now are summarized and capitulated all those servants of the Church who, like me, have labored for her during many years; and so I would summon to my side as I stand here Bishop Williams who has labored for more than twenty-five years in Japan; Arch-deacon Thomson who has labored for more than twenty-five years in China; Bishop Holly who has labored for more than twenty-five years in Haiti; Bishop Ferguson who has labored for more than twenty-five years in Africa; Bishop Morris who has labored for more than twenty-five years in Oregon; and with them I would include all those dear men and women who have

given long service under me in South Dakota—for service in that country for ten, fifteen and twenty-five years is no rare thing—dear fellow-workers who have helped me in my hours of despondency to believe in myself—sometimes a very important thing—because I found that *they* believed in me. It is their faithful work which has lifted me up and made me conspicuous here like the dome of some great building, and I would remember that not the dome but the sub-structure which supports it is the more important and of the greater practical use.

“I may not detain you with many words. In our hours of deepest emotion—I am sure you all feel this—we turn to our Prayer-Book version of the Psalms to find words for the best expression of our feelings and there are there some verses which express the experience of my past twenty-five years, at once the pains of my body, the sorrows of my heart and as well its thanks to my brethren and its gratitude to Almighty God:—‘Oh, what great troubles and adversities hast Thou showed me! and yet didst Thou turn again and refresh me; yea, and broughtest me from the deep of the earth again. Thou hast brought me to great honor and comforted me on every side; therefore, will I praise Thee, and Thy faithfulness, O God.’”

Another recognition of the entire Church came

in 1904 when the General Convention assembled in Boston, divided the country into eight judicial districts, each with a Court of Review to which a clergyman convicted in a trial court might take an appeal. Bishop Hare was chosen presiding officer of the Sixth Department, consisting originally of Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Iowa, Nebraska, Colorado, Utah, Idaho, Wyoming, Montana, Missouri and Kansas. Of this distinction Bishop Hare wrote—perhaps recalling the days of trial when he had reason to fear that his wisdom was doubted—"I consider this election as Presiding Judge one of the greatest honors of my life."

Bishop Hare's response to the moving words of Bishop Potter was highly characteristic of him—not only in the genuine humility of its substance, but also in its form. The concluding quotation from the Psalter was typical of his constant drawing upon the Bible and the Prayer Book for ultimate expression of the thought he would bring home to his hearers. Indeed, throughout his writing the influence of the Bible upon his style is frequently manifest. Perhaps its admirable clearness and vigor need no other explanation. The greater portion of what he wrote was written to be spoken or read. In his sermons he frequently spoke without recourse to manuscript, and *ex tempore* speech was often re-

quired of him; but what he liked best to do was carefully to set on paper what he had to say, and then to disregard the written word and utter his message fresh alike from heart and lips. As with nearly every successful speaker, his presence contributed greatly to the weight of his words. Though not of commanding stature, he had a dignity and nobility of head and face which told his hearers at once that here was a man they must heed. When the utterance came in that agreeable but incisive speech and voice of the Philadelphian who has been much away from Philadelphia, there stood before the people, whether at an Indian chapel in South Dakota, or, as in 1888, at Westminster Abbey, a public speaker of rare effectiveness.

A good instance of the tact which contributed to his effectiveness as a speaker to the Indians is found in the letter of a lady who accompanied him on a missionary journey in 1898:

"At the next stop, St. Peter's Chapel, a bell inscribed in Dakota, 'Come, worship the Lord,' " she wrote, "called the people together. For some reason they seemed reluctant to come. The cause for their hesitation appeared when the Bishop began to address them. A spirit of dissension had taken possession of the congregation. At one time it divided the people on the question of the retention or dismissal of their catechist;

at another time, on the management of the women's guild, and so on. The Bishop approached the delicate matter somewhat cautiously. He first commended many things in the life and conduct of the congregation and then drew out the monthly report of the missionary, which gives the attendance for each Sunday, saying that he had now some things to say which, perhaps, they would not like to hear. The attendance at service had been very small, he noticed. With a pleasant irony, he asked had they been having very bad Sundays lately? Had the wind been very high on such a Sunday? Had it rained on such another Sunday, or was there some other cause for the small attendance on those Sundays? At this point the Bishop abruptly resorted to an illustration, 'A harness,' he said, 'is a good thing. When you put it on a horse it looks well and it helps the horse to do his work. But sometimes a horse gets tangled up in his harness.' The Bishop then graphically described a horse running and falling down, with the lines and bridle about his legs, the description being evidently fully appreciated by the Indians because of their familiarity with horses. The Bishop added: 'Now there are things about a congregation which are like a harness. The catechist, the organ, the one who plays the organ, the women's society, the men's society, are all

parts of a church's harness. A church can live without a harness; but the harness is a good thing. It helps the church to do its work. But, alas, sometimes a church, like a horse, gets tangled up in its harness. This happens in the white man's country, it happens in the Indian country. Sometimes the people get in a tangle about their catechist; sometimes about what tunes shall be sung; sometimes about who shall be president of the women's guild; sometimes about who shall have the next supper. That is, in some way the church gets tangled up in its harness. You, my dear friends, have got tangled up in your harness. And what is the remedy? The first thing a man does when his horse gets tangled up in his harness and falls down is to run to his head and try to quiet him, until he can straighten out the harness. That is what I am here for. I have come to quiet you, and get in order your affairs.' The Bishop had drawn so vivid a parallel between their condition and that of horses struggling in a tangled harness that the Rev. Mr. Burt began to chuckle as he interpreted; then the Bishop, and one by one the stony faces in the congregation began to soften in confiding wonder at their Bishop's humor, then they relaxed into kindly smiles. This episode, followed by some grave, earnest words, so

untangled the congregation that both factions were able to come together at the Lord's table, and after service to sit down harmoniously in the open air at a common lunch."

His native humor often stood him in good stead. Sometimes it told him when it was best to keep silence. Writing to his sister at the time of the General Convention in Boston in 1877, he said: "I didn't speak at the great missionary meeting after all. My predecessors effectually scrouged me off. The first spoke forty minutes, the second over fifty, the third twenty. I was relieved rather than otherwise, and the people were so gratified when I refused to speak that I was for the moment the most popular man." Again in Boston, in 1896, the hour was late when his turn came to speak at a dinner of the Episcopalian Club. He was brevity itself, and declared that he believed fervently in the witty Frenchman's discovery that man's head had been given him for just the same reason that a pin's was, to keep him from going too far. Then sitting down, neither the president's urgency nor the company's applause could bring him to his feet again. Like many another who has dealt best with audiences and individuals,

"Still with parable and with myth
Seasoning truth, like Them of old,"

he appreciated the value of apt anecdote and illustration. A Sioux Falls physician is quoted in the newspapers as saying that Bishop Hare used, very reasonably, to impute much skepticism to misunderstanding. A Philadelphia business man of skeptical tendencies, he said, once remarked to him: "My dear Mr. Hare, I do not refuse to believe in the story of the ark. I can accept its enormous size, its odd shape, and the vast number of animals it contained. But when I am asked to believe that the children of Israel carried the unwieldy thing for forty years in the wilderness—well, there, I'm bound to say, my faith breaks down."

Of the traits which presented themselves clearly to one who worked in close association with him for twenty-three years, Miss Mary B. Peabody, his secretary, has given a valuable summary: "One [trait] was his rare teachableness. He was ready to learn of any one,—a child, a plumber, a doctor,—whoever was expert in the particular subject about which he wished information, and he gave to his teacher the same deference which undoubtedly he gave to his teachers as a schoolboy or a student in college. The range of things in which he was interested was great and did not contract as the years went by, even when pain made it hard for him to talk much.

"Another was his gentleness and readiness to acknowledge what he considered a fault. . . . Another characteristic I have never met anywhere else: he never asked advice except when he meant to take it, and, so far as I know, it was his rule to act upon the advice given. That tended to make one very careful in giving, of course.

"Another was his power of concentration which made it possible for him to lay entirely aside some thing on which he was at work and give his undivided thought to another totally different thing, then to go back and take up the first task where he left off. Often when he was interrupted while in the midst of dictation, perhaps by a caller, he came back and took up the sentence just where he had left it. The same power made it possible for him to close a painful transaction and not to brood over it. If there was a very hard letter to write, sometimes he paced the floor while he was dictating,—this happened only three or four times in my memory,—and when the last word was said, he sat down calmly and went on with other things quite as if all had been easy.

"While capable of righteous indignation, he was remarkably free from resentment when an injury or slight was done himself. I never saw him in the least ruffled by anything of that sort.

At the same time he was strict with those with whom he had to deal, and never accepted work which was not according to contract. I do not mean that he was exacting, only that his way tended to keep people up to their best."

It was of course in connection with important questions of local and general interest that his ripened powers of thought and expression displayed themselves most clearly. Of these fruits of experience the best evidence lies in the written record, and the remainder of this chapter may well be given to passages from some of his later writings. In his annual Convocation Addresses, in his baccalaureate sermons at All Saints School, in public utterances outside of South Dakota, there is much that one would preserve, but a few characteristic deliverances must be taken as typical of many.

In the Convocation address of 1899 there is the following presentation of the subject of Biblical knowledge and criticism:

"And now, some words about the Holy Scriptures. They are chief among the sacred treasures which the Church holds in trust for her members and for the world. They are the Church's authoritative records of God's dealings with His people, and of the gifts which He has vouchsafed them in the teachings of his Prophets,

Psalmists and other spokesmen, in the lives of His saints, and especially in the incarnation of His eternal Son. In these Scriptures the creed of the universal Church finds its most certain warrant. So important does the Church consider the knowledge of these Scriptures to be to her people generally, that she sets forth in her Prayer Book an order in which they are to be read in public worship in what are called, in language full of practical suggestiveness, the first and second lessons.

“These Scriptures we have tested. We find that they search our hearts, reproach us for our shortcomings, and prompt us to try to be our best. We have rested our hearts upon them in dire trouble and have found them the consolation and rejoicing of our hearts. Not only the word, but the book that conveys it to us, are dear—nay, the precise words of our English translation and the very place upon the page occupied by some precious text in a well-read Bible—are dear to us. The book is like a mother to us. The reputation of the book is like a mother’s reputation. And so it comes to pass that our language regarding the Bible and every word of it is apt to be intense, unmeasured and sweeping, for love cannot bear qualifications. Strong feeling is impatient of nice calculations of less and more. The Bible could never survive if it

did not command this fervent allegiance, for its work is always a contest, a contest with aggressive foes, the world, the flesh and the devil; and, however valuable the calculating judicial spirit may be in contriving and directing the campaign, the fighting must be done by enthusiasts, especially where, as in this case, compulsory service cannot be resorted to.

“But valuable as unmeasured devotion and the language which it inspires are, there is a certain danger in them. ‘Incredible praises unto men,’ wrote the judicious Hooker long ago, ‘do often abate and impair the credit of their deserved commendation; so we must take great heed, lest, in attributing to Scripture more than it can have, the incredibility of that do cause even those things which it hath most abundantly to be less reverently esteemed.’ There is another danger in indiscriminate devotion, and this becomes very apparent when we pass from the sphere of devotion and of the actual fight to the sphere of those to whom it belongs to contrive and direct the campaign. Here careful investigation of the field, exact knowledge of the importance of its various parts and a right estimate of what is not worth fighting for are of the first importance.

“These investigations are sure, however, to cause at least temporary disturbance and not a

little pain. For one, however, I must avow that I think they should go on. Complacent ignorance as to the true character of Scripture is out of date. All men now know enough to make intelligent men wish for more. It is well known, for example, that inspired men were themselves deeply moved by the truths which they were commissioned to convey to others; that inspiration has come to us affected by their mental acts or states, that in the act of communicating to others their mental acts or states they resorted to all the methods of composition and expression which mark ordinary literary productions. They pick up gems from other writers and make all sorts of quotations. Parable, allegory and legend; hyperbole, sarcasm and irony, are not beneath their use; the dramatic style, the tragic, the poetic, as well as the prosaic, all are laid under contribution. This being so, it is certainly within the proper province of the Biblical scholar to ask, as the case may suggest, such questions as these: How far does the writer commit himself to all the statements contained in his quotation? Is this a simple matter-of-fact statement, or is this an allegory, or a legend? Does the author say what he means, or, is this a case of irony in which the author says what he does not mean?

"It is also well known that not infrequently compositions of several authors have been, for

one reason or another, grouped together in one book which has been called popularly by the name of some one author, an author who, for one reason or another, has perhaps come to be peculiarly connected with such writings. For example, the Psalms are frequently called the Psalms of David, though it is well known that the Psalms are the work of many different authors and were produced at many different dates. It is certainly within the proper province of the Biblical student to dissect these composite books, and to assign, as far as he can, the several parts to their respective authors.

"It is well known that the Scriptures were chiefly used in early days (as was intended) for devotional and practical purposes, and not with the intellectual restrictions of system makers or the mathematical precision of workers in mosaic, and that for this reason, as well as others, passages from one writer were frequently copied into the manuscripts of others if thereby the thought were elucidated, enriched, or confirmed. It is certainly within the proper province of the Biblical scholar to analyze any book and to show just what was the work of its author.

"Some would require that this work of investigation should be carried on by the Church officially and as a whole, and that it should not be left to individual effort. But this would

never do, for much of this work must be for many years to come purely provisional, and subject to correction. The Church as a whole and officially cannot commit herself to that which is provisional and subject to correction. Only when individual learning has done its work and won the consent of scholars generally can the Church express herself. Meanwhile, this work of Biblical analysis will inevitably be carried on by many men, of many minds, of many tastes, of many manners, and if any one of them deal with the sacred records in their present form in a manner which seems to us rude or heartless or unfilial and yet protests that he holds 'the faith once delivered to the saints' as expressed in the Creeds, and that he loves and lives on God's written Word and delights in the inspiration which distinguishes it from all other books, and that he does not mean to be rude, or unfilial, however much he may seem to us to be so, I think we must take him at his word (for what man knoweth the spirit of a man, save the spirit of a man that is in him?) and accept his good heart, however much we may lament his bad manners.

"Meanwhile, let us pursue our Christian course in confidence and peace. The Church's Bible is the Word of God—His Word not in the sense that its words, whether in our English translation or in the Hebrew or the Greek of the original

were literally uttered by God, but in the sense in which the translators of our commonly received version interpreted the phrase, Word of God. In their address to the reader, often printed as an introduction to our Bibles, they say: 'We affirm and avow that the very meanest translation of the Bible into English—containeth the Word of God, nay, is the Word of God: as the King's speech which he uttered in Parliament, being translated into French, Dutch, Italian and Latin, is still the King's speech, though it be not interpreted by every translator with the like grace, nor peradventure so fitly for phrase, nor so expressly for sense, everywhere.' The Bible is the King's Word, the Word of God. As such it will abide forever. Many facts tend to reassure us of this.

"The efforts of scholars have, during the last thirty or forty years, translated into the languages of Europe all those sacred books of the East which some persons once thought would prove to contain treasures of religious teaching which would vie with the Scriptures of the Christian Church. Research has now brought to light all that the mind of man all the world over seeking after God has been able to imagine or discover. A Christian heart should not decry any good thing wherever found, and, for myself, I

can from my heart take up the words of one of our own poets:

“‘I gather up the scattered rays
Of wisdom in the early days,
Faint gleams and broken, like the light
Of meteors in a northern night,
Revealing to the darkling earth
The unseen sun which gave them birth.’

“But precious as these gems are, the result of the comparison of the writings of the non-Christian world with the Scriptures of the Christian Church is distinctly this verdict, namely, that these Scriptures deserve a place by themselves. They have a moral and spiritual dignity unapproached. They are unique. We may safely reiterate to-day the assertion of the old Psalmist, ‘He gave His word unto Jacob; His statutes and ordinances unto Israel. He hath not dealt so with any nation, neither have the heathen knowledge of His laws.’

“True, these are days of scorn and scoffing. But this is no new thing. All the ages down some men have superciliously declared, ‘The days of religion are numbered.’ But her sacred books outlast the critics. Resting her hand upon the Bible, the Church can say, ‘Here is an anvil that has worn out many a hammer.’

"In these Scriptures are some things hard to be understood, as St. Peter testified, and some wrest them to the vexation of their brethren and their own hurt; but the well-meaning have always found in them, will always find in them, a discernor of the thoughts and intents of their hearts, a light for their feet along this world's dark road, and the saving knowledge of the only true God and Jesus Christ Whom He hath sent. By a heaven-taught instinct they almost unconsciously pass by what they cannot understand or assimilate, and feed on that which is proper to their need. To use an illustration, they eat the oyster, and do not break their teeth upon its shell.

"There are honest doubters. The Bible contains difficulties which, for the time, may turn some of the best of men against it. But most of the opponents of the Bible are conscious in their heart of hearts that not the Bible but their own hearts and lives are in the wrong. Here is the deep secret of hostility. 'The only objection to this book,' said a dying unbeliever, 'is a bad life.'

"The present day is marked by much gay unconcern about the Bible. When all goes merry as a marriage bell men find amusement and satisfaction in visiting all sorts of shrines, but momentous junctures come to all men, crises in which all that they relied upon—their health,

their wealth, their learning, their pride, their choicest books vanish, and they are ready to say, with Sir Walter Scott in the day of his departing, 'There is only one book now.' "

In the year 1890, the question of prohibition and temperance led to intemperate divisions in South Dakota. A prohibition bill of the most sweeping nature, threatening even the legality of using wine in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, was before the Legislature. Bishop Hare protested against its passage, in a letter to the Legislature, urging, "that the proposed bill should be so amended by the addition, as occasion may require, of the word 'sacramental,' and be otherwise so amended that it will not create a conflict of duties." This course called down upon him the bitterest denunciation of the violent prohibitionists. In a letter prepared for the public press, withheld, and then given to a limited circle in his diocesan paper, *The Church News*, he answered his assailants in part as follows:

"Two remarks in conclusion; one as to the gist of my petition to the Legislature, and the other as to the essential character of the Prohibition bill.

"It will be noticed that the point of my petition was that the proposed Prohibition bill, un-

less modified, would violate the solemn convictions and sacred rights of a large body of intelligent, sober and useful members of the community. Now, how is this respectful and serious remonstrance met? Is the truth of my statement denied? Not at all. On the contrary, the existence of such a class of persons is admitted, though somewhat scornfully, and then the altogether irrelevant fact is brought triumphantly forward that a certain other class of people, namely, Elder B—— and his class, hold another opinion. And what then? That each class shall be left free to follow their own convictions? Not at all; but, forsooth, that a law shall be passed by which those who do not agree with Elder B—— and his friends shall be persecuted and driven to the wall. I thank him for exposing so plainly the bigotry and intolerance of the proposed legislation. Translated into plain English the proposal is: 'You and others think so and so in religion; I and my class do not think so and so; and because you differ from us we intend to make you smart for your temerity by calling in the secular power and passing a law which will make you pay for the exercise of your religious convictions by fine and imprisonment.' Our excellent brethren have surely for a moment forgotten themselves. In their zeal they have made a slip. All of us

sometimes make them. Then let the consciousness of our common infirmity increase our sense of brotherhood and our desire for mutual toleration.

“Now a remark as to the bill itself. I earnestly believe that the evils resulting from the abuse of wines and liquors have reached appalling proportions and call for the most strenuous efforts to check them in the family, in the school, on the platform, in the pulpit, and in the halls of legislation; and though I do not myself believe in Prohibition, but prefer high license, I took no steps to oppose the proposed law, as the majority seemed to be strongly in favor of it and I did not wish to create division. Had any reasonable prohibitory bill been proposed I should have acquiesced in it. But in my opinion the bill in question is unworthy of free, manly, straightforward people. It is essentially levitical and non-Christian. It is ‘apron string’ legislation. It undertakes to treat all persons as though they were children. It is besides inquisitorial and pharisaically minute and particular. It legislates regarding an article which in one shape or another for one reason and another, men will have, and its stringent provisions will drive them to get it by equivocation and by tricks and evasions. Under its operation subterfuges will abound. There will be no other way of pro-

tecting one's self against a powerful and intolerant majority than equivocation and circumvention; intended to make men sober, this law will tend to make them liars. Drunkards are loathsome, but more hateful still are a people who, deprived of their liberty, have become cowardly, secretive and false."

An illuminating sequel to this passage is found in the next number of *The Church News* (March, 1890), which copied from a Sioux Falls newspaper a brief notice of a meeting called to consider the organization of an enforcement league in Sioux Falls. "Bishop Hare said he had come to the meeting to add what he could by his presence. He did not agree with everybody present on the prohibition question, but he was as much opposed as any to the open saloon and drink habit. They were a hideous wen on the body politic. He should prefer to go at the wen with a surgeon's knife instead of with a dirk, as the prohibitory law did. But the people of the state had decided in favor of the latter, and so he said with all good citizens, go at the wen with a dirk."

In the Annual Convocation Address of 1908, there is an extended treatment of the proposal to change the name of the Protestant Episcopal Church so as to include the word "Catholic."

The passage is too long to quote in its entirety, but the following extracts from it will speak with sufficient fulness for Bishop Hare's clarity of thought and word. After speaking of a request from a committee of the General Convention for an individual expression of opinion from the Bishops, he proceeds:

"I have answered that I do not desire a change in the name of our Church at this time. And yet I am willing to confess that there is something in this proposal to change the name of the Church which is not wholly foreign to my modes of thought and feeling. There is in many hearts, I think, a groping after something better than the endless divisions which have so seriously taken away from the moral dignity and authority of the Church, weakened its power to be a unifying and sanctifying influence upon its own members and upon mankind in general, and impaired its power to protect and use the sacred truths committed to its care. They feel that present conditions in the Christian and in the heathen world demand that we should get clearer conceptions of that institution which is called 'The Catholic Church'; that we should give more importance in our thought and action to the fact that a great river of truth and grace, a river of life, issued forth from our Lord Jesus Christ, the incarnate Son of God, when He

created and endowed His Church; that this river is flowing full and rich to-day; and that the truth which it carries with it exists distinct from the Biblical record of it. At first sight it seems that this movement to change the name of the Church gives promise of meeting this want and giving the relief which some are groping for.

"I cannot think, however, that this hope will prove well grounded. Let me lay before you as calmly as I can a statement of the case just as it stands, premising that it is not a little affected by the fact that the proposal was brought before the General Convention, and has been most conspicuously pressed, by those who favor the introduction of the word 'Catholic' into the name of the Church.

"On the general subject of The Holy Catholic Church our position is well known and unequivocal. We have always stood up before God and man and made in the Apostles' Creed our great confession, 'I believe in the Holy Catholic Church.' No one can be admitted within our fold by baptism without an avowal, in person or by sponsors, of that article of the Faith; no one can be received to confirmation or the Holy Communion without a reiteration of that avowal, and in daily public prayers and especially in our greatest act of public worship, the Holy Communion, our people do, and must, again and

again repeat that avowal. And notice that our avowal is not merely that there is a Holy Catholic Church; but that we believe in it. It is to us a supernatural creation. It is the body of Christ. We believe that it holds the faith once delivered to the saints; that it is the sphere of the special action of the Holy Spirit; that it has a right to our allegiance; and that in it we shall find, through the power of its Head, if we are faithful, 'the communion of saints, the forgiveness of sins and life everlasting.'

"Thus avowing constantly and before all the world our faith in the Holy Catholic Church, it is a necessary conclusion that, belonging as we do to that particular religious body which is called 'Protestant Episcopal,' we virtually declare our faith that that 'Protestant Episcopal' Church is a true, living, particular branch of The Holy Catholic Church.

"This is our creed. We have acted accordingly. In practice we have preserved unbroken the continuity of our Church life and protected its transmission from any possibility of taint or vitiation. We have always unequivocally declared, too, that we have never broken with, and could not be guilty of breaking with, The Holy Catholic Church. We have never baptized into any sect nor into any other name than that of Father, Son and Holy Ghost; nor have we imposed sec-

tarian conditions of Church membership. This position we inherited from our mother Church of England and maintained when we became independent and when we took to ourselves the name 'Protestant Episcopal.' Our being in name 'Protestant Episcopal' has in no way interfered with this grand avowal of the Creed. The name may have intimated that we did not claim to be the whole of The Holy Catholic Church. It may have drawn attention, too, to the contests and trials through which The Holy Catholic Church has passed in its history, to the fact that these contests have sorely divided the Catholic Church, that the Church called 'Protestant Episcopal' is only one of the fragments, and also to the fact that in the great division which took place in the sixteenth century our Church put itself on the Protestant and not on the Roman side of the great line of cleavage; but the name has no way belied our grand avowal: 'I believe in The Holy Catholic Church.'

"For one I am not prepared even to seem to admit, whether by a change of name or by any other act, that we have but just waked up and found that we are Catholic.

"This great avowal is made, you observe, in our creed and not in our name. And this is well; for our creed we ourselves can determine; but names grow up and attach themselves to persons

and to institutions one can hardly say how. Some are misled by supposing that a name is a misnomer unless it be a definition. A creed defines; names rarely do. Definitions are exact and exhaustive. Names are generally rather descriptive of some striking or interesting particulars in a thing. Call ourselves on paper what we will, people will call us by the name which seems to fit.

"We shall find it an endless task if changing names on some theory comes to be the fashion. Surely the people whose names are 'Black' and 'Brown' and 'Wolf' and 'Hare,' and so on forever, will be protesting that such names are inadequate and misleading.

"But while the change of the name of our Church does not seem to me wise, what would have been opportune and very useful would have been a movement judiciously and quietly to enlarge and intensify our people's conception of just what they mean when they stand up and say, 'I believe in The Holy Catholic Church,' and an effort to correct the prevalent and very misleading habit of applying the word 'Catholic' without a qualifying adjective, like the adjective Roman, to the Church of Rome or any other one branch of the Church of God; a movement to make Christians generally know and feel that the Church is a sa-

cred organism, that as such it may not be tampered with by individual willfulness, but should be honored and deferred to; an organism in which no part (whether calling itself Protestant or Catholic, or Broad, or High, or Low, or Roman, or Greek) may safely say to another part, 'I have no need of you,' an organism which, because it is the body of Christ, is divinely endowed and can communicate to proper persons in sacraments and other means of grace divine gifts. To dwell upon truths like these is work vital and fruitful and peaceable. Merely to attach the word 'Catholic' to our name is like applying a piece of court plaster.

"To propose to introduce the word Protestant *de novo* would be one thing, to propose to expunge it is another. For one I am by no means prepared, considering what the popular understanding of the words 'Protestant' and 'Catholic' is, to give up that word 'Protestant' and supplant it by the word 'Catholic.' Protest has ever been a note of Christian truth. The Lord Jesus Christ witnessing His good confession before the High Priest saying, 'If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil; but if well, why smitest thou me?' was protesting. St. Paul withstanding St. Peter to his face and saying, 'If thou, being a Jew, livest after the manner of Gen-

tiles, and not as do the Jews, why compellest thou the Gentiles to live as do the Jews?" Gregory the Great of Old Rome protested when John, the Bishop of New Rome, had assumed the title of Universal Bishop. 'I confidently affirm,' Gregory wrote, 'that whosoever calls himself Universal Priest is in his pride going before anti-Christ.' "

After an historical consideration of the term "Protestantism" Bishop Hare goes on:

"To turn now to a very practical view of the question. We desire, of course, so to commend the claims of our Church to that part of the Christian world in which our lot is cast that there will be a 'gathering of the people' to it. How many shall we draw to us by the proposal to drop the word 'Protestant'? Our best way of judging the future is by the past. Is it not safe to say that for one person who has been drawn to our Church because it was, as he thought, what is popularly understood by Catholic, there have been ten drawn because it was not that, but something distinctly different, viz., what is generally understood by 'Protestant,' and while the one was probably a worn-out person, worn-out by over-refinement, or misfortune, the ten probably belonged to the vigorous, fresh class who practically control the destiny of this land?

"Now let me ask, which are the peoples to whom Protestantism in its general principles and drift has commended itself?

"A well-known historian (Swinton) has written:

" 'Allowing for considerable exception, the nations of Teutonic stock embraced the new doctrines, while most of the Latin race adhered to the faith of Rome.'

"Is the work of our Church likely to be with peoples of the Teutonic or of the Latin stock—with English, Germans, Scandinavians, etc., or with Italians, French and Spaniards? What is the masterful influence in the world just now? Is it that of English, Germans, Scandinavians, etc., or of Italians, French and Spaniards? If we would as a Church exert a masterful influence, with whose mental movements shall we throw in our lot—with the English, Germans, Scandinavians or with Italians, French and Spaniards?

"If we were just establishing our Church in this country then the discussion of a suitable name might be opportune. But our Church took up an independent life in this country long years ago. It then deliberately and explicitly took to itself the name 'Protestant Episcopal.' It has been conclusively shown in the course of the discussion which has been going on that this

action was not taken by accident or inadvertence. The name 'Protestant Episcopal' we put on the title page of our Prayer Book. It is part and parcel of the Ratification of the Book of Common Prayer by the bishops, clergy and laity. It is inwrought into our Constitution and Canons.

"True, the name is inadequate—all names are, because, as I have said, names are not definitions. But, while inadequate, it has a certain graphic fitness. It tells fairly well just what we are. The meaning of this name has been well understood by the general public. Our Church is well known to bear a 'double witness'—that has been a favorite phrase—the 'witness' being double, because we witness against the excesses of Protestantism on the one hand, and, on the other hand, we bear our witness against the excesses of Rome. The word 'Protestant' in our name is qualified by the word 'Episcopal'—that is, our name suggests that our protestation is of that kind which is kept from aberration by the historic Episcopate; the word 'Episcopal' in our name is qualified by the word 'Protestant'; which fact suggests that our Episcopacy is not that kind which is autocratic, or Roman, but that which is constitutional and fraternal, that which is in sympathy with the people, and that which is, to use the language of the Lambeth Quadrilateral, 'lo-

cally adapted in the methods of its administration to the varying needs of the nations and peoples called of God into the unity of His Church.' We shall seek far before we shall find what is, on the whole and all things considered, a better name.

"Now, as to the word 'Catholic.' We must stand by that word in the Creed; for there it was put in primitive days by the Universal Church. There it stands in a carefully prepared statement—such as becomes a formulary. There its meaning can be accurately defined. But transfer it to the people, and what do the people understand by it? How do they find it used in most histories, whether secular or ecclesiastical, in encyclopædias, in newspapers and in common conversation? Vainly we protest that it should not be used so, but in general literature and in common parlance it is used as meaning Roman Catholic. And within our own fold and within the English Church is it not the fact that 'Catholic' is the banner word under which many gather who would huddle together in the dark, shut off from modern thought, cherishing dear but exploded theories and legends, reviving antiquated customs, and seeking to impose them as laws upon others, thus binding living men of to-day in the ceremonies of the dead past? Each word, 'Protestant' and 'Catholic,' has been a cover for doctrines

and practices which we do not like one whit. I should be afraid of the name 'Protestant' unless 'Catholic' were in our creed. I should be afraid of the word 'Catholic,' as things are at present in the Christian world, were 'Protestant' stricken from our name.

"The whole movement to change the name of the Church seems to me to be open to the charge of being pretentious, and to be away from the people, who like acts and not words; real success and not assertion that one has a right to it. It is a case where, as often, confidence in a cause has run on into what is a very different thing, namely, self-conceit. Always it is true that by self-forgetfulness and real effective work, not by self-consciousness and pretentious assertions, general confidence is won and lasting good results are achieved. I fear that we are 'puffed up' because of our ecclesiastical lineage and 'have not rather mourned' because of our practical shortcomings. Our supreme danger is self-satisfaction; the danger of looking upon our own things and not upon the things of others. Seen by themselves, our own things seem to have a worth which, if seen in relation to the things of another, they would not have. In missionary spirit, in the size of our foreign force, in our achievements in heathen lands, in our power to reach men here in America, in our Sunday-

school work, there are several bodies which far excel us.

"One of the thoughtful and broad-minded English divines has written:

"How many religious orders and societies have lived upon the reputation of the past, and appeared to fancy that the achievements of their founders—the "merits of the fathers"—would justify the apathy and carelessness of those who had inherited an honorable name? Indeed, to whatever we are elect, whether national or ecclesiastical, or personal privileges, the temptation dogs us to rest on our inherited merits and to have no open ear to the guiding voice of God, as it calls us to fresh ventures and renewed sacrifices, like those which laid the basis of the position of which we now make our empty and insolent boast. But thus to evade the uncomfortable requirements of the present by an appeal to the achievements of the past, whether it is the past of the Catholic tradition or the Reformation settlement, is to expose ourselves inevitably to divine condemnation."

"In a word, has not the proposal to change the name of the Church got us quite off the track? What we need to give heed to is not our name, but warm conviction of simple and fundamental truth, personal character and official competency. Those ministers who have these

qualifications will always have a hearing and a following. These are the qualifications which the American people supremely value and in this they have the mind of God. The best way to gain a better name is to possess and show more of the spirit and more of the work which will entitle us to be called by a better name. Then it will come to us without our seeking for or seizing it. Call ourselves what we will, a large part of what constitutes catholicity will be lacking until our richly-endowed fellow-Christians, clerical and lay, who are now separated from us and living their lives and doing their work in other Christian bodies, unite their personalities and their lives and their work with ours. For myself I deeply regret that the question of change in the name of our branch of the Church was ever brought up. Just as there were some signs of a growing tolerance of difference of opinion and of union in practical work and of a growing appreciation of our ecclesiastical position on the part of other Christian bodies, this proposition appears and will result, I fear, in no good. Provoking Christians on both sides of us, we may find ourselves ground between the upper and nether millstone. According to a Greek myth, at the marriage of Thetis and Peleus, when all the gods and goddesses were gathered together, Discord threw on the ta-

ble a golden apple 'For the Fairest.' Of course there were several claimants. No decision could please all. The golden apple became a cause of envy and contention and out of the strife sprang eventually the Trojan War and the destruction of Troy. I cannot but fear that the word 'Catholic' and the proposal to change the name of the Church will prove our 'Apple of Discord.' The successful claimant for the prize will find out that it has only led to envy and contention—envy from those without, contention among those within the Church.

"The following table [with the Protestant Episcopal Church holding the ninth place in figures which need not be reprinted here] shows the twelve largest religious bodies and their gains, according to the last census. Who of us can peruse it and think of the millions who are outside of our branch of the Church and yet revere that holy name whereby we are called, and not resolve, 'I shall go softly all my years'?"

The question of true Catholicism came up again near the very end of Bishop Hare's life. In the last of all his Convocation Addresses (1908), he dealt as follows with the much-discussed "Canon 19":

"An old canon provides as is printed below in Roman letters. The General Convention of

1907 added to this old canon the part printed in *italics*:

“No minister in charge of any congregation of this Church, or in case of vacancy or absence, no church-wardens, vestrymen, or trustees of the congregation, shall permit any person to officiate therein, without sufficient evidence of his being duly licensed or ordained to minister in this Church; provided that nothing herein shall be so construed as to forbid communicants of the Church to act as Lay Readers; *or to prevent the Bishop of any Diocese or Missionary District from giving permission to Christian Men, who are not Ministers of this Church, to make addresses in the Church, on special occasions.*”

“Apparently nothing could be more harmless than this amendment; but some of our clergy, so far as I have learned about sixteen out of our 5,000, have made the addition to Canon 19 the occasion of a secession to the Roman Branch of the Church.

“The question arises, had they not, long before Canon 19 was amended, turned face about from the direction taken at the Reformation by our branch of the Catholic Church, as much so as if in our national life they had resolved to bring about re-submission to the British Crown? Had they not lost to such a degree sympathy with the general spirit and movement of the Prayer Book

that withdrawal from our ministry had come to be their only honorable course? Were they not prepared for an exodus? The passage of Canon 19 simply said, 'Ready, one, two, three,' and off they went. Such secessions are the penalty our Church pays for a broad and generous spirit.

"It professes to be, and tries to be, a part of the Holy Catholic Church and not a sect. It has not broken away from the universal Church in order to follow some particular leader. The road followed by any one man is not sufficiently wide for it; consequently its ranges of thought and feeling cover a large expanse. It results inevitably that some of its parts must be very distant from the centre and that it must have a long line of edges. It is at these edges that other systems nibble. It is from these edges that pieces break off.

"The practical lesson is, 'Keep away from the edges. Let us all draw together toward the centre.' Let us fear above all things a split in the middle. It will be remembered that the decision of the Court of Appeal in a case which arose in the Diocese of Western New York some years ago, gave rise then to some defection on the part of brethren who occupied one extreme of theological opinion. Now, the amendment to Canon 19 has given rise to defection on the part of some brethren who were at the other extreme.

Alas, one cannot sacrifice our generosity. Considering the provocation which has sometimes in the past been given to division; considering the ungenerous and intolerant spirit of the age when most of our divisions took their rise, is it not our sacred duty now to try to be reasonable, considerate and generous towards all Christian people? Green in his history of the English people, says of the spirit which at one time ruled the Church, "The two parties in the Church, the Church party on the one hand and the Nonconformist party on the other, each threw the blame on their opponents; the one reprobated the schismatic temper of the Nonconformists, the other declaimed against the perjury and tyranny of the hierarchy, but neither confessed their own offenses.' Shall we go on forever repeating this folly? Shall we be puffed up and not rather mourn?"

In October, 1903, there was held in Washington a missionary conference of the Bishops of the Church of England in Canada and of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States. Here Bishop Hare made two notable addresses, one on Methods of Dealing with the Indian Races, the other on The Cares and Responsibilities of the Bishop as a Missionary Leader. In each he spoke from the sad and joyful depths of personal experience. Two

passages from the first address will suffice:

"Let me say that Indian Missions call for the hardest kind of work and the hardest kind of sense. It will not be done by people who think that every Indian girl is a Pocahontas. The work must be thoroughly human and sympathetic; it must make allowances; it must be appreciative of any good in the Indians: but the Indian must not be seen as in a mirage—though mirages be common in the desert which he frequents—nor uplifted from the ordinary run of things and 'floating vague in the ether.' I am, perhaps, not as confident in my opinions regarding the Indians as I was as a novice thirty years ago, but this I am sure of, the work calls for hard work and hard sense. I have seen nothing to lead me to think [here he reverts almost to the very words of an early opinion] that there is anything in the Indian problem to drive us to mere sentimentality, to quackery, or to despair. It will find its solution, under the favor of God, in the faithful execution of the powers committed by God to the civil government, and in a common-sense ministration of the offices and the gracious gifts deposited with His Church. . . . Now, speaking more broadly, let all methods be inspired and pervaded by a generous human spirit. In other words, let there be identification with the subjects of our effort. This is an

essential of Christian work always, everywhere, and among all classes. The fundamental of our Christian faith is the identification of the Son of God with the subjects of His interest. 'He took manhood into God,' and if He did this in His person He did it also in His life. He put Himself on a level with the woman of Samaria, identified Himself with her by asking a favor, 'Give me to drink,' before He undertook to touch the sore place in her heart. It was this Christ living in him that made St. Paul identify himself with the people of Lycaonia and say, 'He gave *us* rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness.' Our religion is a ladder whose top, to be sure, reaches unto heaven; but only as we enable men to see it set up on earth right alongside them, as God placed the ladder alongside Jacob in his vision, will men realize that our religion is for each one the gate of heaven. A well-meaning tract distributor once told me of his discomfiture by reason of failure to practice identification. As he passed along through the market he handed a butcher a tract. The butcher called after him, 'Say, mister, have you read it yourself?' And as he had not read it he beat a quick retreat.

"So far as my observation goes, nothing has more marred and vitiated missionary enterprise both at home and abroad than lack of just this

fellow-feeling with the subjects of missionary efforts—lack of ability to appreciate and ready power to do whatever is required by circumstances. This is the special infirmity of our Anglo-Saxon stock. There is a certain obtuseness which makes us fail to feel the situation. There is a proud unwillingness to put ourselves in the other man's place and to see with his eyes, yea, a haughty denial that any sentiment can be sacred unless it be our sentiment; that anything can be a real conviction and have any power with another unless it be our conviction and have power with us. The undertaking to open a man's eyes to the fact that he and all whom he loves and reverences most have been in error, to turn a man from modes of thought and habits of action which are dear to him, must always be a delicate task. It is hard to save it from being an exasperating process. The personality of the missionary is often unattractive to a man of different race. The foreigner, though an expert linguist, rarely appreciates the delicate turns of expression and other rhetorical processes by which speech is saved from rudeness, and given the form of delicate suggestiveness and not of absolute assertion. And yet we are disposed to stand off as their critics from the people whom we are called to serve, and to discuss their racial and natural and personal peculiarities in letters

to newspapers and magazines. Even our petitions for them in intercessory prayer sometimes take on a condescending and patronizing air, which is particularly offensive when it is applied to the rulers of the foreign land where the missionaries are in a certain sense guests, lowering the rulers before their own people by praying publicly for them that they may be turned from darkness unto light and from the power of Satan unto God. Lecky, in his book, *The Map of Life*, has shown that the event which he terms 'the awful mutiny' in India, which for a time shook the English power there to its very foundation, took its rise in just this defect. 'It was simply a glaring instance of indifference, ignorance, and incapacity too often shown by British administrators in dealing with beliefs and types of character wholly unlike their own.'

"Cow's fat and lard were used in the lubricating mixture with which the cartridges issued to the Sepoy soldiers were smeared, 'one of these ingredients being utterly impure in the eyes of the Hindoo, and the other in the eyes of the Musulman. To bite these cartridges would destroy the caste of the Hindoo, and carry with it the loss of everything that was most dear and most sacred to him both in this world and in the next. In the eyes of both Moslem and Hindoo it was

the gravest and most irreparable of crimes, destroying all hopes in a future world, and yet this crime, in their belief, was imposed upon them as a matter of military duty by their officers.' What had seemed to be the unalterable devotion of the Sepoy regiments gave way under this strain, and they retaliated in the most horrible excesses.

"In missionary annals the story is famous of Corman, the first missionary Bishop sent to the Northumbrian English. Harsh and unsympathetic, he met with no success, and returned in disappointment to his monastery and reported the English as stubborn and barbarous. 'Hard with hard makes no wall,' says Fuller quaintly, quoting the old proverb, 'and no wonder if the spiritual building went on no better, wherein the austerity and harshness of the pastor met the ignorance and sturdiness of the people.' He was succeeded by Aiden, a man of very sympathetic spirit. He had the art of condescending to babes and feeding them with milk. He threw himself in with the people. He hated display and generally traveled on foot and gave himself to house-to-house visitation. A humble church of split oak, thatched with coarse grass, satisfied his ambition at first. He gathered the boys of the English about him that he might train them to be evangelists to their own people. No wonder he is said to have possessed a 'singular charm of

manner and address, which first won his hearers and then incited them to an imitation of his own virtues.'

"For every reason the missionary should drive himself to identify himself with the people to whom he is sent, and avoid presenting his particular, perhaps crude, views to the heathen in such a way that they seem to them as 'the cow's fat and lard' seemed to the Mussulman and Sepoy.

"As part of his identification with his people the missionary should be their confidant on any subject pertaining to their personal or material welfare, to their relation to each other, or their relation to the authorities, so far as any of the people may choose to call him to their confidence—being very careful, however, that he is not so ready to receive confidences as to come to be regarded as a sort of common sewer into which any one may dump his filth, nor so ready to give credence to complaints and communicate them to others as to make himself a nuisance. At the same time, missionaries should confine themselves as much as possible to their own calling and their own sphere of work, and not consider themselves inspectors of government officials among the Indians, any more than a good citizen, occupying the office of a clergyman among the whites, should consider himself a universal *censor morum* and a judge of civil officials there. He should

bear in mind that honor and obedience are due to government officials because of their office, and that he can do no more injurious work than to breed a spirit of discontent and sedition; and remember also this fact, that any one who stands off and thinks how a work should be done will always be a mere critic and a hypercritic. We always think that we can do another man's work better than he does it. There is a deal of wisdom in the sarcasm, 'Old maids' children are always well brought up.' "

In sending a printed copy of the second address to Dr. Lloyd, General Secretary of the Board of Missions, Bishop Hare wrote, "My address on 'The Cares and Responsibilities,' etc., was my last word on that general subject. Beneath the humor and irony and sarcasm of my words was the cry of a wounded heart—a cry that our Church does not produce men to do the work which needs to be done." Near the beginning of the address he declared, "The Bishop should be no recluse, much less a seeker of his ease and a slave of home comforts; he should be well known in the weak places and in the high places of the field; but it is a mistake to suppose that the missionary battle is not going on unless the Bishop is seen always nervously hurrying from mission to mission. At the crisis of one of the

great battles of the Franco-Prussian War, the king of Prussia's anxiety reached such a height that Bismarck left him and went to the hilltop where Von Moltke stood, to inquire. He found the great general carefully selecting a cigar from a box. Bismarck returned and said, 'Your Majesty, I think all is going on well. He picks his cigars.' Even when so doing, however, Von Moltke was the *leader*." Bishop Hare goes on to consider such questions as those of investments, of "competing bodies," of Church schools and other institutions, and of raising money. Nearly all of the second half of the address is given to the vital question of workers in the missionary field, and it may well stand as the parting utterance of Bishop Hare on the subject of missions in general:

"But I have left to the last 'the care and responsibility' which is by all odds the first and greatest, viz., the care and responsibility of finding proper field officers, i. e., Missionaries. Ask any Bishop of his chiefest need and he will answer, *men*. I should suggest as a proper emblem for a Bishop's seal, an etching of Diogenes, walking in broad daylight with a lantern and explaining in sarcastic tone that he is looking for a *man*. If I speak with too much warmth on this part of my subject ascribe it to personal feeling. I am so happy in the missionaries whom I have

in South Dakota that I am vexed that I cannot get more like-minded. And if I make some severe strictures on the ministry I would not forget that never in all the years in which I have known the missionary work of the Church, have the numbers, the character, and the ability of our missionary force been so creditable as they are to-day. Let me also say in mere justice to the clergy that theirs is often a hard lot. This results from the nature of the field. Whether we look at the vast heathen world, or at the multitude of blacks in our own land, or at the millions of white people scattered in tens of thousands of towns and villages which dot the newer parts of our national domain, our field is a *missionary* field; that is, a field which is not so much inviting as needy; a field which does not offer comfortable rectories, nor parish buildings up-to-date, nor strong congregations which will carry their clergyman on their shoulders. Why in the name of common sense should it be supposed, as it so often is, that the first product of a newly opened country is a cozy parish? Or that new settlers are all athirst for God and His Gospel? Why should it be expected that the *people* in our new settlements will build a church, stir up their hearts to seek after God, and then send their messengers out to seek for some minister who will be willing to preside over the work which they have

done? Beyond all question the requirements are exacting. A new town is made up of very heterogeneous people, odds and ends, thrown together from different parts of the country without any common bond. Do what you will, people sometimes will not be pleased. They are sometimes fault-finding, unsympathetic, and exacting. They expect their clergyman to fill their church, and yet they themselves do what they can to keep it empty by habitually staying away from church, or attending only when they please. They demand of him that he shall be alert, while they themselves are apathetic. They fail to pay their church dues and so create a deficit, and yet they are vexed that the cry of a deficit should be raised so often. They wait to see whether all will like the new minister, while they know very well they do not at all like one another. To add to the difficulties it sometimes happens that the missionary must be required to hold to his post just because the moneyed people of the place will not support him, or because some influential people do not want him—the divorce traffic or the rum traffic, the dominating self-will of a certain person may wish to get rid of him that they may get religion in their own control. There, of course, the Church should bravely witness for Christ. There the reign of righteousness must be maintained, and upon the

clergyman must come the brunt of the battle. Oh, how my heart goes out to the clergy in the trials and hardships which their calling often brings upon them. Let me say to these dear brethren, whatever be the cares and responsibilities of the missionary in whichever order—diaconate, presbyterate, episcopate—whatever be the meagerness of earthly reward, however lowly, however surly, however unreasonable be the people whom we are called to serve; however forbidding the skies and the climate, let us stand in our lot and try always to learn to say: 'None of these things move me. Neither count I my life dear unto myself; if only I may finish my course with joy and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus.'

"Such is the nature of a large part of the Church's field. And it must have become manifest as I have proceeded that the missionary field calls for the service of the sons of the Church not because it is, in a worldly point of view, an attractive field, not because it promises large and appreciative congregations, nor even because the work in the missionary field is necessarily more important than any other; but, first, because it offers *work that needs to be done*, that is, work that *somebody must do*—there are human beings in it, good, careless, wicked, stricken, who must respectively be encouraged, awakened, converted,

comforted. Secondly, because in the missionary fields things are in their beginning and presumably formative. Influence for good at such a period is basal and far reaching. Thirdly, because the eyes of many in the missionary field have not yet had a chance to salute the Day-spring on high, who gives light to them that sit in darkness and guides the feet into the path of peace.

“Now what kind of field officers, i. e., missionaries, does the missionary field demand?

“Manifestly men who realize that the work of the ministry is not to wait to be sought, but to seek for Christ’s sheep that are *dispersed* abroad, and for His children who are swallowed up in this *wicked world*; ministers who are ready, if need be, to do all the work at first themselves, and to stand, to speak figuratively, at their church doors on Sunday morning proclaiming, ‘My oxen and my fatlings are killed and all things are ready. Come unto the marriage.’

“Next, the Church manifestly needs for a large part of her work men who are *free*—men who are free to be much away from home holding services in all sorts of towns and villages and in all sorts of places; men who are free to *go* where they are needed; men who are free to *live* where they are needed; men who are free, too, to *say* what is needed. These are days when unpala-

table truths need to be spoken to several different classes—to men and women who flout the moral law under cover of religion; and to capitalists on the one hand and employés on the other who fret under the restraints of right and of duty to each other.

“Next, the conditions demand *supple* men. I mean men who have manifoldness, flexibility and adjustableness. A man of only one gift and only one power is out of place in the new missionary field. Division of labor cannot be accomplished to any great extent there, and hence those who work for Christ will, of course, be called upon to perform not only one, but many functions of the body of Christ. A man who is only a preacher, or only a pastor, or only a church builder, or only a student, cannot meet the need. And who should be flexible and adjustable if not the ministers of Christ, that is, ministers of the Anointed One? We ministers have not only received the holy oil of confirmation, which should make us, as oil makes leather, supple and flexible; but we have been especially trained for Holy Orders, and have received at our ordination at least the promise and the earnest of all gifts which we can possibly need in our manifold work.

“Lastly, men are needed who have acute spiritual ears; men who can say, ‘Mine ears hast

‘Thou opened;’ men who scorn the common notion that our Lord, though He is the same yesterday, to-day and forever, said only for once and for one man, ‘Sell all that thou hast and come and follow Me’; men who hear that same command repeated now and repeated with all the discriminating, penetrating power of a sharp, two-edged sword.

“We have seen the character of our missionary field, we have seen the kind of laborer needed, and we must ask now, What about the supply? I would by no means depreciate parish work and all that settled home life which is connected with it. The Church would have little stability without them, little edification, little reserve force. Parishes are the Church’s dynamos. But, considering the character of our field and the kind of leaders needed, does not the stream of clerical life run too much one way, too much towards married life, parish life and rectories? The process makes one recall scenes in the iron regions where molten iron is seen running into the molds from a smelting furnace and all of it taking there fixed hard shape, the shape called pig iron. Once rectors of well-to-do parishes our young ministers never can be anything else. At least they think so. But, oh, the folly of young ministers expecting that all may be rectors of well-to-do parishes! The number of

well-to-do parishes (to use the word in a worldly sense), stands to the number of seekers for them as one stands to five. And oh, the disappointment and unhappiness which the expectation of getting a well-to-do parish brings! If five men try each to get a bite of one cherry, four at least are sure to be disappointed. And what is the condition of things in other callings? Does every young doctor count upon an office on 5th Avenue in New York? Or every young lawyer an office within a few blocks of Wall Street? Life for most men is hard. It is so hard that if only one side of it were looked at, who would be a father or a mother, a husband or a wife? Nay, who would ever have chosen to be born? Why should the clergy expect easy places? Is it ease that makes men useful or happy? Let me point out to young ministers on the contrary the unspeakably miserable results of expectation that it does. You will so habituate yourselves to the conveniences of life, to external appliances and contrivances such as rectories, parish houses, etc., that you will be, to use the Apostle's phrase, '*entangled* with the affairs of this life.' You will be slaves to your surroundings and possessions and therefore exceedingly limited in the sphere of work which you will feel you can accept. Result 1: you will find yourself out of employment. Result 2: you will become mere

driftwood. Result 3: worse than that, you will become driftwood which has ceased to drift and is beached and dried and rotting. Spiritual vigor, you will have none—enthusiasm, none—love for your work, none—accent of conviction when you preach, none—you will be a weariness to the laity and a mortification to your clerical brethren.

“Have I spoken too plainly? I am sure I have said many unpalatable words, but I trust none which are uncharitable or uncalled for. Self-love would lead us not to acknowledge any of our defects. Apathy would lead us to ignore them. Pride would lead us to prevent their being known. ‘Tell it not in Gath, mention it not in the streets of Askelon.’ Nevertheless, I have described as faithfully as I know how the existing state of things. Why not go to work and try to raise up men who can and will face it and meet it?

“Of course a new point of view and a new spirit are our chiefest need; but it would greatly ease the painful situation if the Church had what might be called a clearing-house. Banks have their clearing-house where any bank which has a check drawn on another bank may arrange for its reaching its proper destination and being honored, and so would it not be well if Bishops had something like a clearing-house where clergy-

men who are not fitly placed in a diocese may find their proper place elsewhere? Indeed, why should not each Bishop himself be a clearing-house? We seem to have nothing of the kind. I have more than once sent out to a number of my brother Bishops a circular stating my need of a particular kind of man and saying that it occurred to me that the exact kind of man needed by me might not be needed where he was, and I have asked that they read my statement of my want and return it to me, not troubling themselves further unless they found they could help me. I can only add that I do not remember that my efforts of this kind have met with much success. In default of a clearing-house among the Bishops, one would think that we would have in connection with our General Missionary Society a central place or agency for information regarding clergymen eligible for the missionary field; but, so far as the domestic part of the field is concerned, we have nothing of the kind.

“Alas, you sigh, as I bring my jeremiad to a close, the Church does not bring forth the kind of children needed for her work. No, she does not—but such a personifying of the Christian society as a mother may be misleading. It may tend to divert attention from the responsibilities of each one of us as those who make up the

Church and determine her character and determine the character of her offspring. The Church planted in the world at the second creation is like the seed planted in the earth at the first creation. It brings forth fruit after its kind. The Church's *kind* or character is determined by the *kind* of its individual members and that kind, I fear, is not the kind which brings forth missionary sons. It is *we* individuals who are responsible. It is I, and you, and you, and you, and you, endlessly, who each is lacking in life and in life power, and it is these single individual lacks aggregating and coalescing that lower the Church's general vitality. Captain Mahan most truly wrote: 'A thoroughly *healthy, thoroughly vitalized* body politic produces spontaneously the leaders it needs; popular impulse finds expression inevitably in individuals, competent and numerous enough to effect the objects toward which it tends.' "

X

THE DIVORCE REFORM CAMPAIGN

1898-1908

WHEN Bishop Hare first went to his work in Niobrara, the needs of the Indians and the measures for their improvement presented themselves in definite forms. Soon after the approximately even division of his work into the Indian and the white field, a need of the whites appeared with equal definiteness. This was the need for a clearer perception of the evil and danger in the prevalent views of divorce in South Dakota. The laws and their interpretation were such that the rapid and easy dissolution of the marriage bond became a byword not only at home but throughout the country. "Ask a schoolboy of Massachusetts what Sioux Falls is famous for," said a Sioux Falls newspaper, "and his answer will bring a blush to any loyal citizen of this city." These words were written late in the campaign for better conditions. The reputation on which they were based had been won chiefly in the final decade of the nineteenth century.

To a man of Bishop Hare's chivalric feeling towards women, and consequently towards the institution of marriage, the conditions were intolerable. As early as 1885, he said in his Convocation Address: "The notions which prevail in this country on the subject of Marriage and Divorce are lamentably lax. This laxity arises partly from the fact that it is taken for granted that marriages and divorces which are not condemned by the law of the land are therefore justifiable before the bar of conscience—a preposterous assumption. The laws of the land leave untouched vast provinces in the domain of morals. A drunken revel, if confined within the walls of one's house, is untouched by the law of the land; and so with jealousy, hate, envy, and nameless personal sins. It is by no means safe therefore to say, 'What the law allows must be right.' In the matter of marriage and divorce the law allows much that is not right." The law for Christians as laid down by Christ Himself and by the Church—in more than one of its branches—is then set forth in the Address.

Within a few years the divergence between the law for Christians and the laws of South Dakota became more and more apparent. On Bishop Hare's return from Japan and China in 1892, he wrote to his daughter-in-law:

. . . "The rain, the deaths and, worse than

all, the scandalous divorce mill which is running at Sioux Falls, with revelations of the silliness and wickedness of men and women, have made my return home a very gloomy one. I despise people who trifle with marriage relations so intensely that the *moral* nausea produces nausea of the *stomach*. I have a continual bad taste in my mouth. One of the — family, after cultivating our church in Sioux Falls and playing the rôle of an injured woman, has turned a disgusting somersault. She was accompanied by her adviser, so called, — by name, whom she *married at once upon her divorce*, and it turns out that he is one —, or some name of that kind! She gave \$1,000 to put memorial windows to Mrs. — in the cathedral. They are here, but I won't have them. I'd as lief paste up the flaming placards of a low circus. I shall write the donor that her windows are subject to her order."

These windows which the donor, replying to his letter, asked him to dispose of as he might see fit, were the source of much perplexity, and lay long unopened in the basement of the cathedral at Sioux Falls. They illustrated but one of many personal complications. Another arose when after a long absence from South Dakota Bishop Hare was invited to dine at a house which he had formerly visited. To his astonishment he found not only the man of the house equipped

with a new wife, but the former wife sitting at the table with her new husband. His chagrin was only increased by discovering that the great embarrassment which he felt in the situation was wholly unshared by the strangely assorted quartette. It is safe to assume that after the beginning of 1893 he was spared the awkwardness of other dinner-parties of this nature.

In 1893 he became definitely the leader of the campaign in South Dakota for a reform in the divorce laws of the state. A Pastoral Letter, dated January 11, 1893, addressed "To the Clergy and People of the Protestant Episcopal Church in South Dakota," speaks clearly for the position which he then took. The first part of it, he wrote, "is substantially the same as the statement prepared by me in connection with a petition to the Legislature." In this petition a number of ministers in Sioux Falls joined. They urged—in the words of *The Church News*—"not so much those high teachings, which, as ministers of the Gospel, they would preach from their pulpits, but those reforms which seemed to them to commend themselves at once to the ordinary morals of decent people and to practical legislators." The second part of the Pastoral was addressed, as Bishop Hare expressed it, "especially to those persons who are in any way connected with the church of which I am an officer."

It is the first portion of the letter upon which, by reason of its more public bearing, attention may be fixed in this place.

On the very day on which the Pastoral Letter was dated, January 11, 1893, Bishop Hare wrote to his sister Mary: "I leave for something of a visitation to-morrow which will end up, with some days given to the Legislature at Pierre, where also I am to consecrate our little church. Imagine me in the lobby, 'the third house,' as they call it!" The petition was presented to the Legislature on January 23. By that time, although there was no organization for carrying on the movement and no appeal had been made to the general public for signatures, nine hundred names were subscribed to it; a supplementary list of five hundred was afterwards received. At Pierre the Lieutenant Governor, presiding over the Senate, invited Bishop Hare, according to *The Church News*, "to occupy a seat beside him during one of the sessions of that body, and by an unsolicited vote of the House of Representatives he was given the use of their Hall for the purpose of an address on the question of Marriage and Divorce. The judiciary committees of both houses gave him a patient and courteous hearing in joint session."

Of the plea which he made to the Legislature

the printed statement accompanying the petition may be taken as an adequate expression. Since it is too long to quote entire, a few passages from the Pastoral Letter in which it is embodied will sufficiently represent it:

"We are drifting into polygamy! *Simultaneous* polygamy we brand with infamy and the supreme law of the land is invoked to extirpate it from the country; but *consecutive* polygamy has achieved, we now discover, under our loose divorce laws, a respectable status. There are cases not a few where one man, or one woman, has occupied the relation of husband or wife, as the case may be, to two, three, or four different living persons! And a case is known where a married daughter invited to her new husband's tea table, not her father and mother—sweet reunion! but her divorced father and his new wife and her mother from whom her father had been divorced and her new husband! They sat confronting each other,—and so low was conscience sunk that there was no shame.

"But, now, let us come nearer home. Have not we in South Dakota given an impetus to this downward progress by the laws on divorce which we allow to remain upon our statute book?

"By our law only the short period of ninety days' residence is required as a condition precedent to bringing an action for divorce. This

has been well advertised, and thus people flock here from different states. They *buy* no dwellings, *rent* no dwellings, live transiently in hotels, swear they intend to reside here, sue parties 1,500 miles away, obtain their end, and disappear from our state forever, contributing nothing but some dollars, much moral hurt to the community, especially the young, and huge public scandal! . . .

"Of course, the ignoble part which our fair state has been made thus to play has its apologists. Some, honest and honorable. More, it is feared, because the *divorce mills are profitable*.

"Divorce litigation has brought large money, it is said, into our needy state. The business of the florists and jewelers has increased ten and twenty fold. Hotel proprietors are growing rich.

"Thus, unconsciously, those who reap the harvest are led to throw an attractive guise over what, but for their self-interest, would wear a hideous form. But, for the rest of us, we enter protest.

"The beauty of our florists' greenhouses departs when their chief patrons are those engaged in violating marriage vows!

"How long can decent matrons and modest maidens pay visits to friends at hotels when they

feel that their presence there seems to put them in an equivocal position?

"How will our lawyers maintain their high calling as advocates of righteousness and virtue if their chief emolument and occupation come from so morally enervating a thing as the laxity of our laws on divorce?

"How long will our newspapers be a virtuous people's organ of expression if this dominating money interest shuts their indignant remonstrance out?

"The moral sense and higher sentiments of some are under a strange spell, but the *people* are asking how far the profits of a few are profitable to the people as a whole. They argue—If the divorce business is, as some represent, merely, or chiefly, the granting legitimate relief to injured wives and husbands who seek deliverance from faithless partners, why the purchase of so much costly jewelry and so many beautiful flowers? Does not this increase in these particular lines of business indicate that lovers are about, and that not compassion for wronged and broken-hearted husbands and wives is chiefly needed, but denunciation of those who, in the language of Scripture, 'creep into houses and lead captive silly women'?

"Does this high living (the wines and costly

cigars) which proves so profitable to certain members of the community, indicate the presence of outraged husbands and wives, who, after grave thought, are seeking with sad hearts liberation from a bond whose sacredness has been violated by infidelity of the other partner, or the presence of persons who, while still married in the eyes of the law and of the 'One Law-Giver,' are already in love with others than their lawful partners and gay with the expectation of being soon declared free to gratify with the sanction of law their guilty passion?

"How much is this plea that our divorce proceedings advertise the country worth,—except to our adversaries? Do we wish to be famous? This makes us *infamous*. Would we have credit? This brings upon us *discredit*. We are the derision of the country. We who live here know well the richness of our soil, the wealth of our mineral, the cheeriness of our climate, the sweetness of our home-life, the certainty of our prosperous future; but the outside world exclaims, 'South Dakota! A state so God-forsaken and destitute of other attractions that, in despair of drawing even a fair portion of the crowding, honest immigrants who seek to make for themselves a home, it has resolved to secure the residence, at least for ninety days, of quarreling and unfaithful husbands and wives who dare

not face the public virtue of their own homes! Sioux Falls, Yankton, Deadwood, etc.! Towns these whose people, lacking enterprise and public spirit enough to develop surrounding farms, stone quarries, mines, water powers, packing houses, woolen mills, have flung all scruples to the wind and are trying the venture of huge divorce mills! And this, though they know that this course will cast a shadow upon that which is really the basis of all stable prosperity, their educational institutions, their credit, and their home life!

"The truth is, as *we* look upon Utah and Mormonism, somewhat so the better part of the population of other states look upon us. And some of us who love our state the best confess our residence with almost averted face, and sign our names on hotel registers with a feeling that it is a record of our shame. . . .

"Now let us proceed to the consideration of our South Dakota laws on the subject of marriage and divorce, and inquire how far they conform to the dignity and importance of the subject with which they deal. One needs to beware of the danger of bearing false witness in this matter and making the case worse than it is. We bear glad testimony to the fact that the law of South Dakota is far higher in its care for the sacredness of marriage than that of some

other jurisdictions. In the first place, the causes for divorce are all *defined*, and defined, with a fair degree of *exactness*. In the second place, the causes of action are far less in number than in some other states, being only six, as follows:

“One.—Adultery.

“Two.—Extreme cruelty.

“Three.—Wilful desertion.

“Four.—Wilful neglect.

“Five.—Habitual intemperance.

“Six.—Conviction of felony.

“None of these causes, it will be seen, are trivial (though, alas, they may be interpreted in a trivial way); all are grave, though, we venture to think, several are altogether insufficient.

“Again, little is left to the discretion of the particular judge. There is no open door for the creeping in of all sorts of trivial causes such as are admitted by the phrase used in the statutes of some states, ‘The discretion of the judge.’

“In the third place, our law gives dignity to marriage by requiring that marriage must be *solemnized, authenticated and recorded*. It does not give its imprimatur to a mere avowal that the parties take each other as man and wife.

“Fourthly, our law has a care for the protection of the weaker party, the defendant wife. It provides that, while the action for divorce is pending, the court may require the husband to

pay as alimony any money necessary to enable the wife to support herself and her children and to prosecute or defend the action.

"Fifth, our law does not put a premium on adultery by allowing the guilty party to marry again and so get profit out of his own offense. The guilty party in a divorce granted for adultery may not marry again until after the death of the other.

"But thankful and proud as we are that South Dakota law has so many excellent features, we must submit that it is open to the gravest objection.

"First, because of causes which are declared to be adequate grounds for divorce. (We do not insist upon this nor discuss it here and now, for the time, perhaps, has not yet come, and there are amendments at present more feasible on which we would unite.)

"Second, because the law requires but 90 days' residence in order to give a party a right to sue here for divorce, while it requires six months' residence as *sine qua non* to acquire the right of citizenship.

"It is pleaded, we are aware, that those who come here seeking divorce come here seeking also to reside. The attractions of the state bring them and not the notoriety of the state as one in which there are conveniences for obtaining di-

force. We meet the statement with the question:

"1st. How many of the divorce-seeking persons who came to South Dakota during the last three years with the declared intention to reside are now residents of the state? How many remained a week? Is it not well known that after the decree, the *divorcées* can generally hardly stem their impatience to be off till the departure of the next train?

"We may add that the law does not require sufficient evidence of intention to reside permanently in South Dakota. It requires only that the applicant should have been 'in good faith a resident of the state for ninety days next preceding the commencement of the action.' How inadequate this provision is appears from this, that as a matter of fact the mode of life which suggests a transient stay, hotel life, is held to be quite sufficient for its fulfillment.

"The evil would not be so great if the law offered its liberal provisions for divorce only to our own people. Why should it invite persons from abroad? If such persons marry and live and quarrel outside South Dakota, why should they be allowed to come here and scandalize us with the litigation and disaster with which they end up their connection?

"Moreover, if the prosecutor in a divorce suit

is a right-living, faithful partner who has suffered such grievous injury from the other party that he has good reason for divorce, why should not the suit be brought where the parties have dwelt, where the fidelity and forbearance of the injured partner are well known, where the witnesses are at hand, and where the innocent party may repose upon the sympathy of approving neighbors? Why, we ask, should the laws be such that a husband dwelling in Virginia may leave his wife, avowedly for business purposes, but really to keep company in another town with a woman who has bewitched him, then drive the wife to seek refuge with friends, then audaciously appear here in South Dakota, 1,500 miles from the scene of his own and his wife's life, bring suit against her for desertion and drag the poor soul—timid, sensitive, ignorant of court rooms and court processes—out here among strangers if she would adequately defend her honor?

“Again, the law is seriously defective, we submit, in that adequate service of summons on the respondent is not absolutely required.

“Publication in a newspaper is necessary, but what likelihood is there that publication in a Sioux Falls paper will reach a wife living in Georgia or Virginia?

“It is replied that the law provides that the


complaint and summons shall be mailed to the person to be served at his place of residence unless it appears by affidavit that the residence is unknown and cannot, with reasonable diligence, be ascertained. But, is not this provision a simple farce? What man who has spent ninety days in Sioux Falls away from his wife and purposely keeping himself in ignorance of where she might have fled for succor, could not swear that he did not know and could not find out where she dwelt!

"The Dakota law is open to grave criticism, again, because, besides requiring only three months' residence (residence which may be, and generally is no real residence at all), it hurries the divorce proceedings on with perilous and indecent haste to the conclusion. The action for the dissolution of this most sacred bond may be begun, continued and ended all within seventy-two days, and all this though the case may be tried in South Dakota while the defendant lives in Virginia or Florida, or anywhere else in the United States, however remote.

"The Dakota law is open to grave censure, again, because the conclusion to which the action is allowed to hurry on, is a *catastrophe*—divorce, final, complete, absolute. The marriage has ceased to be. The very bond itself is broken and forever. There is no provision for mere separa-

tion for a season. The parties are permitted to take no remedy but absolute divorce.

"Other codes have provision by which the decree of the court is at first only provisional. Time is given for reflection and for the revelation of further facts. Thus opportunity is afforded for amending or changing the decree, and for the parties to review their, perhaps, hasty action, and come together again. But under our code there is no room for change or repentance. Instantly upon the judgment of the court the parties become the subject of an irrevocable decree. The evils are many; among others, this: a married person desiring to marry again finds little to curb desire, and the indecencies which result stare us in the face. Parties still lawfully married are stimulated to courtship by the knowledge that, though married, but seventy days stand between them and the gratification of their unlawful passion. Parties come here accompanied by the person who is to supplant the lawful husband or wife, and an hour or two only elapses after divorce before the lovers are married in the very presence of the awful disaster which disrupted the former tie! Surely, such a desperate measure of relief as absolute divorce should not be the one remedy for unhappy marriages spread upon the page of our statute book.



"Most earnestly we ask, Is not our law in too much of a hurry? Should it so soon resort to *amputation*? Might it not administer the discipline of 'limited divorce' and 'divorce with alimony' in the hope that health will return and the union be restored? Might we not trust more to the *vis medicatrix naturae*? . . .

"Reviewing the whole subject, both absolutely and in its bearings upon the divorce laws of South Dakota, we cannot but think our code needs amendment and that the petition accompanying this statement of the case is opportune, and demanded by the state of the law."

The immediate result of this first appeal for reform is set forth in Bishop Hare's own words in his diocesan paper: "It will be a source of intense satisfaction to many lovers of virtue and the domestic hearth to know that the efforts which were made in behalf of the removal from the divorce laws of South Dakota of some of their objectionable features met with a large measure of success. Six months' residence is now required instead of ninety days as heretofore and the requirement regarding service of summons on the defendant has been so improved as to leave much less room for wrong." Bishop Hare's personal contribution to this achievement was recognized not only in South Dakota, but, as

the newspapers of many cities bore witness, throughout the country.

The fight, however, was by no means won. Though the reform of the laws in 1893 was regarded by the opponents of easy divorces as merely a step in the right direction, another class of the community found their incomes seriously affected by the falling off of the "divorce trade" and in 1895 organized an effort to have the laws reamended in their own interest. On February 8, 1895, Bishop Hare sent to two newspapers in Sioux Falls a letter which only one of them, the *Argus-Leader*, printed. It read as follows:

"Newspapers are generally understood to be sources of information to which their less well-informed subscribers may appeal for enlightenment.

"May I therefore ask you, as I have been absent from South Dakota for some weeks, what credit in your opinion should be given to the following statements which have come to me from a credible source:

"First. That an effort is being made to induce the present legislature to change the present divorce law of South Dakota, so that the plaintiff can begin proceedings *immediately on his arrival* in South Dakota. The law at present requires six months' antecedent residence. Of course the right to begin proceedings at once

would make South Dakota a more attractive field for persons tired of their matrimonial obligations; for *passion* always seeks *immediate* gratification, and passion, as experience shows, is often, if not generally, back of a suit for divorce.

"Second. That a subscription paper has been circulated among lawyers, jewelers, innkeepers and others for the purpose of raising a large amount of money to maintain a lobby at Pierre with the end of securing legislation of the kind above described.

"Third. That a tacit understanding has been arrived at by which reporters will refrain from keeping the public informed of the progress of this movement in the hope that it may slip through before the public can be aroused.

"Yours very truly,

"W. H. HARE."

Three days later, that the public might surely be aroused, Bishop Hare joined with the Rev. W. H. Thrall, an influential minister of the Congregational Church, and other representative men in sending out an appeal "To the People" for signatures to a remonstrance and petition against the passage by the House of Representatives of a divorce bill already favorably reported by the judiciary committee of the

Senate. Again the appeal to public opinion was successful. The House rejected the measure, and Bishop Hare wrote with satisfaction: "The proposed amendment was manifestly not meant to relieve our own citizens who were not happily mated. It added nothing to their rights and privileges. It was distinctly a bid for divorce business from outside. It was evidently intended to advertise South Dakota to the country at large as a place of easy divorces, and to offer inducements to non-residents, who are tired of their conjugal relations, to come here and tell in the ears of our courts and to our people the humiliating and often disgusting details of violated marriage vows. It deserved the defeat which it received."

For a time there was nothing more to be done with the Legislature. But with his own flock, in his annual Convocation Addresses and in other ways, Bishop Hare continued to urge the sanctity of domestic life and a stricter enforcement of the laws of the Church regarding divorce and remarriage. Even as early as 1895 he made a special plea for the very course which the General Convention of 1904 established by law—that a clergyman asked to remarry an innocent divorced person should not be satisfied merely with that person's statement regarding the guilt of the former husband or wife, but should secure

unquestionable proof of it. In 1906 the Governor of South Dakota appointed him a delegate to the convention in Washington to secure uniform divorce laws throughout the country. This convention reached certain positive conclusions, and submitted them in printed form to the state legislatures. In South Dakota certain lawyers opposed the proposed changes, but the Bar Association at its annual meeting gave its approval to three of them, and these were adopted by the legislature of 1907. Such, however, was the influence of those enterprising citizens who, in the language of the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*, took advantage of their golden opportunity "just as they would prepare for grain shipments or for the mule trade or 'traffic in hogs,'" that the adoption of the new provisions was delayed until a referendum vote of the people should pass upon them in the November election of 1908. For those who opposed reform this was a dangerous expedient. Twice before, Bishop Hare and his fellow-workers for better conditions had gone direct to the people, and had won their case. Again they prepared an appeal. It was printed in almost all of the nearly three hundred weekly papers of the State, in many dailies, and in the form of galley proof nearly one hundred thousand copies were distributed through the Christian congregations of

South Dakota. The name of Bishop Hare, stricken in years and tortured by the physical sufferings which were soon to end his life, headed the list of those who commended it to the attention of the people of South Dakota. At the very beginning of the pamphlet there is a statement in popular terms of the gist of the new statutes "which practically said to the pro tem. immigrants from other States seeking divorce in South Dakota:

"First, you have abused our law which gives you, after six months' residence, liberty to sue for divorce in our courts. Hereafter you cannot import conjugal scandals from other States into South Dakota courts unless you have resided here in good faith for *one whole year*.

"Second, you cannot take up residence in one county and slip off to some unknown county and bring your suit for divorce and make publication of it there. You must bring your suit where you actually live.

"Third. You must bridle your passion. You can not hurry your case through by pushing it before the judge in his private room at the time which suits you. You must bring it at a *regular term of court*."

The arguments for the laws and their final enactment are then set forth with precision and vigor.

The traces of Bishop Hare's hand are clear upon this pamphlet. Nor did he satisfy himself with writing in the interest of the laws. In a memorial meeting at Sioux Falls about six months after his death, the Hon. Edwin A. Sherman, of Sioux Falls, touching upon Bishop Hare's part in the divorce reform campaign, said: "It was scarce eighteen months ago that the Bishop asked me to accompany him to the Business Men's Club that he might plead with them on this subject. Though many of the club were in sympathy with the law for business reasons, they received the Bishop with the greatest courtesy and respect. It was an incident pathetic in the extreme and one which will never be effaced from my memory. I see him now, the venerable, white-haired man, with feeble, trembling form, his body racked with pain, standing boldly for the right and pleading with the business men for their assistance. Thank God, he lived to see the city and the state purged of this evil."

The popular vote was decisively in favor of the new enactments. Bishop Hare's last campaign for the good of his community and his country was fought and won. That it was clearly recognized as his campaign appeared in many ways. One of the most definite recognitions was that of Bishop O'Gorman, the Roman

Catholic Bishop of Sioux Falls, who spoke at the memorial meeting to which allusion has just been made: After dealing in general terms with the old and new conditions of divorce in South Dakota he said: "These were Bishop Hare's ideas as I learned them in conversation and correspondence with him; for I joined forces with him in the fight he led against this evil thing. We were allies in doing away with it. He led the fight, step by step he fought, forcing the limit of residence from three months to six, from six to twelve. . . . Morally and financially we are all the better for the Christian courage of Bishop Hare. To him, the Defender of the Home, honor and the gratitude of South Dakota!"

Those who follow the daily news in America have already become accustomed to the substitution of Reno for Sioux Falls as the source of items of a certain order. How largely Bishop Hare was responsible for this substitution, the reader of these pages has been made aware. He may also remind himself that it was a fitting climax to a lifetime of devoted social and spiritual service that, having done what he could for the race to which he was originally sent, Bishop Hare gave his energies at the last to a cause the triumph of which marked a distinct progress in the people of his own race on the highway of civilization.

XI

TO THE LAST

1895-1909

EXCEPT for the brief period near the beginning of Bishop Hare's missionary work, when its very continuance was threatened by the state of his health, it has not seemed worth while to lay special emphasis upon the physical handicaps he was obliged to overcome. Many intimations of their presence have been recorded. In fact they introduced an element into his life with which he had constantly to reckon; but from 1875 to 1895 they were not so pronounced as to work any serious impairment of his activities. In 1895 came an illness which called forth the following directions from his friend and physician, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell: "It is imperative that you have six months of rest away from Dakota. It is probably not too late. It is none too soon—as to this matter I am absolutely decided. No middle course will answer. At present I must forbid speeches, sermons, addresses. . . . Do not put off your time of

holiday any longer than you can avoid doing." This illness kept him for the only time in his whole Episcopate from the General Convention, meeting in 1895 at Minneapolis. The representatives of the Women's Auxiliary assembled there, sent him by telegraph a pledge of \$1,700 for the work of All Saints School. It came, as he said, "when my physical energies were very much prostrated, and when the outstretched hand of sympathy and power was particularly opportune." In his Convocation Address of 1896 he said further: "When my health was in its most uncertain condition a pledge of \$7,000 came to me from a long-trying friend, who gave me to understand that I could not have his money unless I took it with his advice and sought rest." Accordingly he was absent from South Dakota from October of 1895 till April of 1896, and—needing further rest after three months of active service—sailed for Europe in July, reaching South Dakota again in September.

From the steamer on which he returned he wrote (September 7, 1896) to his sister Mary: "The passengers have fixed upon me to represent them in making a speech this evening at dinner expressive of the courtesy and care the Captain has shown us. I demurred and asked that some other person be chosen, urging that my ecclesiastical character might detract from my accept-

ableness with some," but a prominent agnostic on board declared him acceptable, a Jew spoke out for the minority which he represented, and "I was cornered," said Bishop Hare, "and have been incubating." The barrier of "ecclesiastical character" had indeed long been broken down, though there was still much work for him to do in his official capacity, with a store of the strength of determination for its performance. In November of 1896 he was writing to his sister Mary from points in a visitation to the Indian country, rendered nearly impassable by terrific snow storms. "A nine-hours' continuous drive in heavy snow Friday," he wrote November 11, "tired me considerably, but on the whole I stand the journeys well." On November 29, he wrote: "I stood the exposure well, though I had to go to bed for two days while at Pine Ridge." At Christmas his sisters sent him a head-rest—"which," he wrote in gratitude for it, "I am sure I shall enjoy. The longer one's head is on his shoulders, the more he begins to wish it were somewhere else."

Through the immediately ensuing years, whatever he may have wished for his head and his body, he spent of his powers with a generous spirit. His interest in passing events was clearly shown at the outbreak of the Spanish war. On May 1, 1898, he wrote to his sister Mary: "I

admired the wisdom, strength and forbearance of the President during all the trying weeks which preceded the declaration of war, and hoped that that resource might be avoided. . . . Here every one is at a fever heat of patriotism, fanned even hotter in Sioux Falls by the arrival of volunteers of the State who are encamped and drilling in full sight of All Saints School." Six days later he wrote: "I found a hundred soldiers who had not so much as a single blanket—this at 4 P. M. So I set a movement on foot to see what our church people could spare, sending All Saints 'bus' around at 7:30 P. M., and by 9:30 had seventy-five comfortables collected and at the quartermaster's tent at camp."

Of his physical activities a few passages from letters to his sister Mary provide typical illustrations. On November 22, 1897, he wrote from Aberdeen, South Dakota: "I have in twenty days preached twenty times, held sixteen confirmations in which I confirmed seventy candidates, have driven two hundred miles by wagon and traveled eight hundred and sixty-seven miles by rail, and slept in thirteen different beds. No danger, you see, of *ennui*." On March 27, 1899, he wrote from Groton, South Dakota: "I am off on a tour of two weeks, at a different town almost every day, all sorts of houses and all sorts of conveyances. This morning I started at 6:30

in a caboose attached to a freight." A few months later he wrote as follows:

"DEPOT, MADISON, July 10, 1899.

"Yesterday, Sunday, was a genuine Missionary day. At 8 A. M. the Holy Communion and at 10:30 Morning Prayer, baptism of a mother and child, sermon and confirmation; at 12:15 address to the Sunday School, and after that conference with the Mission officers about securing a supply for their church; then lunch; at 2 P. M. started in a buggy for a schoolhouse eight miles out from town, where country people assemble for a service. Here I baptized two infants and preached, then drove on twelve miles to Howard. Here at night I held service, preached and confirmed; at 7:30 A. M. to-day had a celebration of the Holy Communion, breakfast at eight and took the train at nine." . . .

In September of the same year he wrote of his decision to undertake episcopal duties for three weeks in New York at the request of Bishop Potter: "I take the work partly because it gives me a chance to serve a friend, partly to keep myself and my work before the people of the New York Diocese, and partly because I am to receive \$250 for my services, which will educate one of my clergy daughters for a year [at

All Saints School], and leave \$50 over for other like purposes."

Bishop Hare's devotion to the interests of All Saints School and the part which it came to play in his own life have already been touched upon. His daily life in the school is more fully set forth by Miss Helen S. Peabody, the principal:

"From the first he made the school his home, choosing for his own the two least desirable rooms in the building, taking his meals in the school dining-room, always paying for his board more than any pupil paid for board and tuition as well. Although it was evident to others that he needed more rest and care than the exacting routine of school life offered when he came back, always weary, often exhausted, sometimes ill, at the end of a long missionary journey, he insisted for years upon conforming to the habits of the school family; and when he was finally persuaded to breakfast in his room, it was with the express understanding that the breakfast served him should be the same as that served the school family. 'What is good enough for the rest, is good enough for me,' was the principle from which we were not allowed to depart. Only two or three years ago, after some sick days, he remarked, 'I notice that for several days I have had grape fruit for breakfast. I am very grateful if this

is the gift of some kind friend, but oranges are good enough for me; and then, I think it not suitable for a Missionary Bishop to allow himself what his clergy cannot have.'

"He so loved to be one with the family in all their activities that parties, entertainments, etc., were planned to come, so far as possible, when the Bishop could be at home: and he was never too busy, too weary, or too burdened to join in their fun. When winter came, the Bishop was the first one out to help make a 'slide,' and many a frosty evening did he spend on the tennis court trying to coax from a garden hose enough water to make a skating pond.

"Some years ago the Bishop's eastern friends made themselves happy, the Bishop comfortable, and the school thankful, by building for him warm, sunny rooms on the first floor. Here the Bishop was really comfortable as he could not possibly have been before; but what seemed to give him the most real pleasure in the new quarters was that they were next the girls' playground. Again and again he would leave his busy desk to watch them for a few minutes in their happy play. 'They never disturb me. I love to hear their voices,' he replied when some one suggested that the basket ball games next his windows might make too much noise.

"The Bishop was always the school chaplain.

Of course, when he was well, he was much away; but when at home, he always took the chapel services. Except on Monday mornings he gave short, simple talks on Christian living. So suited were these talks to school-girls' life that his hearers among the pupils often supposed he had been told of their questions, their difficulties, their shortcomings, and the older people wondered how the Bishop knew just what needed to be said to them as well as to the girls. On the rare Sunday evenings when he was at home, the family gathered about him in the parlors to sing hymns, and to hear his stories of 'The Early Days'—stories told with an exquisite blending of pathos and humor, seriousness and fun. Then came candy and their happy good nights.

"Always cheerful, tender, thoughtful for others, forgetful of self, only those who lived closest to him realized what a tremendous financial burden he steadily and patiently carried. Determined to keep the school accessible to those of moderate means, he knew that the expenses must often exceed the income. Reports and bills were paid monthly. Sometimes there was money on hand to meet the reported deficit. Sometimes, when there was none, he would receive the report in silence, with blanched cheek and tightened lips; then, summoning a smile, he would say to the unwilling messenger, 'Don't

worry about this. You have enough besides to think about. It can be managed some way, and the school is doing a blessed work.' And he turned to the task of 'managing,' with a patient, hopeful courage, sure that the Master had given him this work to do. Of his success in managing, it might be said that the school has never been in debt. Before he went away from this world some friends raised a partial endowment, the income from which was an unspeakable relief in these last years of brave suffering and physical weakness.

"The more he suffered, the more anxious he seemed that the girls should look on the bright side of things, and we older people sometimes wondered if the children really knew there was any pain; but to those who did know, there was no other part of his wonderful, helpful life so wonderful, so helpful, so rich in blessing, as the last years of intense suffering and great physical weakness, but unclouded faith."

An article printed in the Sioux Falls *Argus-Leader* immediately after his death fills in certain details: "The two small rooms reserved in the school for Bishop Hare are, in their simple appointments, in marked contrast to the cozy luxury in other parts of the institution. . . . In his library stands the desk where, when weak and suffering he labored on, surrounded by his

favorite books and pictures. . . . Confronting him on this desk was a copy of a portion of the frieze by Fra Angelico in San Marco, Florence. The title of the picture is 'Il Silenzio,' and it represents San Pietro Martire, in one of whose hands are scroll and quill, while the other is raised, with the forefinger pressed tightly against lips. What an eloquent sermon is there, and how absolutely the Bishop ever regarded its teaching! No matter how bitterly wronged, how cruelly misjudged, Bishop Hare was never known to cry out, either in complaint or in retaliation.

"The inner room, his bedroom, speaks of family ties. On the walls are pictures of wife and mother—women whose lives, we are told, helped to establish the Bishop's beautiful ideals of womanhood, and his life work for women seems a most pathetic tribute to their memory. . . . Over his narrow bed hangs a copy of a prayer by Robert Louis Stevenson—another hero who toiled incessantly and smiled bravely in the face of approaching death. At the head of the bed are these words: 'The Eternal is thy refuge, and underneath are the Everlasting Arms.'"

It was indeed well for him that in his final years he could turn for rest and retirement to two such homes as he found in All Saints School and with his sisters in Philadelphia or Atlantic

City, for otherwise, throughout these years, toiling incessantly and smiling bravely at approaching death were his portion. In 1903 a malignant growth on his face became a subject of frequent allusion in his family letters. In one of them he wrote of his nose—"always you know, a prominent part of me, and for some time an exacting part as well." In 1904 there was added to the painful facial trouble a condition which could not be conquered by mere courage in the endurance of physical suffering. The two afflictions placed him definitely for the remaining five years of his life in the hands of physicians and surgeons. On March 16, 1904, he issued a letter to the Clergy and Congregation of South Dakota: "Defective blood circulation, a malady from which I have suffered for many years, and have again and again recovered, took a new form March 7th. I have just returned from St. Paul, where I consulted a specialist who concurs in the advice—which I was unwilling to follow—given me by my physician in Sioux Falls and by Dr. H. A. Hare of Philadelphia, that I should immediately break away from all work, seek complete rest and change of scene, at least for some weeks, and put myself under a course of special medical treatment. I therefore cancel all my appointments. I leave in a day or two for Philadelphia and then for

some other place. . . . I wish to dismiss all anxious thought (which is depressing), and bend all my strength to getting well, and trust, therefore, that my illness may not be referred to in conversation or correspondence with me."

The next day, March 17, he wrote to the Presiding Bishop about the possibility of resigning his work. Bishop Tuttle deferred action in the matter, and said in his reply: "For more than thirty-one years, and for the longest term of any American Missionary Bishop, you have done difficult frontier missionary work faithfully and lovingly. Never a whimper has been heard from you, God bless you! The days of self-denying heroism are not over."

In a family letter from Atlantic City, April 10, 1904, Bishop Hare wrote: "I am getting along as well as I could expect—try to *manufacture* some fun when there is none to be had in any other way to keep the blues away. Self-indulgent self-pity is the danger which I most fear." Four days later, in a letter to Sioux Falls, he described an amusing colloquy with a negro who was rolling his chair along the Board-Walk: "Yes," said Bishop Hare, in answer to a question, "I have come here to get straightened out."

"This is the place for that, suh."

"Well, Bishops are pretty hard to straighten out—not very limber."

"Well, I don't wonder you need rest—all those big thoughts in your brain all these years. You are superannuated, I guess."

"I don't know."

"Oh, I don't mean you can't do *anything*. You might sit on a church jury. Many of the boys (young ministers) can't stand quite plumb, you know, and you might quietly show them how—you're good for that yet."

"So our conversation ended," Bishop Hare went on, "letting much daylight into my future. I thought, 'I'll go back to All Saints School and stay there. Perhaps some of my *girls* can't stand plumb yet, and I'll quietly show them how.'"

From Atlantic City, on May 5, 1904, he wrote a "personal and confidential" note to Dr. Lloyd, Secretary of the Board of Missions, as follows:

"It is quite manifest that I shall need relief before long in South Dakota either by a division of the field or by the appointment of a coadjutor, supposing that relief to be made canonical by the next General Convention. . . .

"Pardon me if I add in pencil, the easiest way of writing, that I have been troubled with my present malady, mitral stenosis,¹ since 1875,

¹ A narrowing of the mitral orifice of the heart.

when, after my return to Philadelphia badly used up in consequence of severe strains, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell discovered it and put me immediately in bed and later (December, 1875) sent me abroad. He prognosed then that as I was young my heart would meet the defect by increasing its size and muscular capacity, provided I was careful and gave it a chance. Some years later he examined me and told me his expectations had been fulfilled. The difficulty has recurred, however, again and again. I know now that I cannot keep up the struggle and that my only chance of any degree of usefulness, and even of life itself, depends upon my decreasing my expenditure of strength and using the greatest care. How I can carry out this plan and yet be of real use to the work is now my study, and therefore I have written the note in ink which precedes this. In the past I have been a general missionary, often supplying vacant places, as well as Bishop. It may be that I can confine myself to the most essential work of a Bishop and get along without assistance whether by division of the field or by a coadjutor."

It was evident that something must be done. Dr. Mitchell wrote him in August: "My thorough knowledge of your condition through many years induces me to urge upon you the absolute necessity for some assistance in your difficult and

laborious work. . . . Either you must have a coadjutor or you must entirely give up your work." From other trusted sources came the same professional advice. His Convocation Address in September told his people frankly of his condition. He said that he had been allowed to return to South Dakota "not as being a well man, but as a convalescent," and further: "I must admit that the work in South Dakota has reached proportions which puts its proper oversight and direction quite beyond my strength. Of course, relief must be had for me, and, what is more important, for this Missionary District. Of what nature that relief shall be, it is the prerogative of the House of Bishops to determine." From South Dakota he wrote to his sister at this time: "I am standing being in harness better than I had dared to expect, and I am behaving as well as I can in the matter of saving myself."

The General Convention met in Boston, in October. There was no canonical provision for the appointment of a coadjutor to a Missionary Bishop. But when Bishop Hare's needs were made known a new law designed to meet them—and them only—was passed, and in the following June, the Rev. Frederick Foote Johnson, general missionary of Western Massachusetts, was chosen "Bishop Assistant to the Bishop of South Dakota." The relief thus accorded came



BISHOP TUTTLE, BISHOP JOHNSON AND BISHOP HARE,
IN THE CHAPEL OF ALL SAINTS SCHOOL



in the most acceptable form it could have taken. The sympathy and harmony in which the younger and the older Bishop worked together found expression in many ways. In private and in public, Bishop Hare summed up his personal feelings concerning Bishop Johnson in the words: "I have found a man like-minded who will naturally care for your state." Writing to his sister, soon after the coming of his assistant, he expressed himself more intimately: "Perhaps I have not said it, but Bishop J. proves all that I could wish, both personally and officially." The duties assigned to the younger man of greater physical strength were performed so well that Bishop Hare could devote himself all the more effectively to those which he retained. The wonder is that he could retain and perform so many through the few remaining years of physical torture.

Even before Bishop Johnson could first join him in South Dakota, he was obliged to inform his people (November 11, 1905) that the condition of his face forbade his deferring a visit to Philadelphia for treatment long enough to welcome the new Bishop and explain on the ground the local conditions. In December he was back again in Sioux Falls, and writing to his sisters: "For a good while now I have frequently suffered so much pain that I had to think up a good

story and tell it and laugh to keep myself from crying. . . . I am very much hindered in all my writing, for my right eye has been practically closed for some little while."

If the full tale of Bishop Hare's final sufferings were to be told there would be many instances of the kind of heroism which is suggested in his telling a good story and laughing to keep himself from crying. Even in the summary, which must be sufficient here the quality of his courage will often reveal itself through words of his own which were not intended to reveal anything of the sort. They will speak for him sometimes at the East, enduring much, sometimes at the West, both enduring and accomplishing.

In February of 1906, his Philadelphia physicians overturned a plan he had made to pay his sisters a long visit in Atlantic City by urging him to accept the invitation of his friend, Mr. W. W. Frazier, to join him in a five-weeks' cruise on a steam yacht to Porto Rico and its neighborhood. "Well," he wrote to his sisters, "if I can't have my own way, I am thankful that the other way throws me with such dear friends as the Fraziers, and the yacht is one of the finest afloat." In spite of the pain which was now his constant companion, there was much to enjoy in this experience. When it was finished he returned to South Dakota, whence, on

May 17, 1906, he wrote to Dr. Abbe of New York, making an appointment for an examination at St. Luke's Hospital. "I shall not ask for a room there," he said, "unless I find on meeting you that you think it is necessary, as my taking a room might exclude others. There are many sufferers, I am sure, who need such privileges very much more than I do, and I shall just report to you at the Hospital for treatment as you may desire." In June he was back in Sioux Falls, where he preached the baccalaureate sermon at All Saints School. At the end of August an operation on his face was performed at Bar Harbor, and within a few days Bishop Hare was planning to return to South Dakota. The wound became infected, erysipelas followed, and he was detained at Mount Desert. Before the end of October, however, he was again making visitations in his missionary district. In the course of his Convocation Address of 1906, he reported: "My visitations have been not a little interfered with and curtailed by the state of my health, but I have, notwithstanding, preached and made addresses one hundred and twenty-five times, confirmed on twenty-six occasions, and celebrated the Holy Communion twenty-six times."

At the Convocation of 1907 Bishop Hare could place himself thus on record: "Despite

all hindrances, I have done a large amount of office work and have been in the field whenever it was within my power. I have preached and made addresses ninety-seven times; have held sixteen confirmations, and celebrated the Holy Communion twenty-one times." In the summer of 1907 also he did what he was incapable of doing in 1906—attended the Indian Convocation. What his hindrances were the Annual Address did not tell. It was not like him to enlarge upon them, nor need they be described in this place at greater length than he used in making them known to the few who had to be informed of them. Writing on April 14, 1907, from Atlantic City to his sisters, whom he "had not the heart to tell," otherwise, he said: "I wish you to know that the surgical operation which will cost me the loss of my right eye-ball and then probably bring relief from pain and more power to work, or ?—has my full approval." From St. Luke's Hospital, New York, on May 4, 1907, he sent this brief bulletin to his friends: "The surgeon found the condition of my face on my return to New York, April 13, such as to require a radical surgical operation, and on April 17th, in this hospital, he removed successfully the right eye-ball and contiguous flesh. He promises me speedy convalescence, a clean and healthy scar, freedom from pain, and

a better time than I have had for years; and no probable recurrence of the malady." A visitor to the Hospital, inquiring for Bishop Hare's condition, was told by his nurse, "He is the best patient I ever had." For all that is implied in this surgical experience "hindrances" is a mild term.

The private communication from Bishop Tuttle already drawn upon throws a light of its own upon these final years of silent heroism: "In all my acquaintanceship," writes the Presiding Bishop, "I know of no more marked instance of the brave soldier. And my admiration of him and my affectionate memory of him and my reverent and grateful respect for his life and services are anything but lessened when I think of the heroic fortitude with which he bore the cruel pain and dire distress physical of his later years. No complaining. No letting up of work. No failure of interest in the Church. No banishing of smiles. No pitying of self. No reproach upon others. No relaxing of duty or devotion. But simply a gentle, yet firm and firmer and firmest grip upon the faith and hope and love in the Lord Jesus which had permeated all the days of all the years of all his earthly life."

A small incident of these later years illustrates well the constant fact that through all of Bishop

Hare's enforced absences from South Dakota his heart and thoughts were with his people. One day on a train from Atlantic City to Philadelphia, one of his brothers-in-law saw him across the aisle trying with great difficulty to read a newspaper. He joined Bishop Hare, and after a little talk asked him if there was not something in the paper which he would like to have read aloud. The Bishop demurred at the trouble it would cause, and then admitted that there was one thing he would like to hear—the weather report from South Dakota. When the state of his eyes and general health would permit, he made the long journey to the West, and performed the duties which, in the division of labor with his assistant, he had reserved for himself. The two previous chapters have accounted for some of his activities, especially in the Divorce Reform Campaign, through this period of suffering. On June 15, 1908, he wrote from Rapid City to his sister: "These visitations are a test of one's strength, and I am much cheered to find how much more I can stand than I could a year or two ago." In June of 1908, after delivering his Convocation Address at Sioux Falls he was cheered by encouragement of another sort in receiving a fervid expression of gratitude and appreciation, framed in recognition of his seventieth birthday, May 17, and signed by over a

thousand of the clergy and laity of South Dakota, both white and Indian.

In the following year, the last of his life, a testimonial perhaps even more noteworthy came to him from the Mayor and Aldermen of Sioux Falls. It explains itself, and touched Bishop Hare the more closely because he had felt that his persistent fight against the foreign divorce traffic had alienated many of his fellow citizens:

"To the Rt. Rev. William Hobart Hare, Bishop of South Dakota:

"As the last official act of the Mayor and City Council (the Commission plan of municipal government taking effect to-morrow), we wish to extend to you our deepest sympathy in your great affliction and to indicate the universal love, respect and admiration with which you are regarded, not only by your personal friends and neighbors, but also by every citizen of Sioux Falls and South Dakota, and to express to you our sincerest congratulations upon your approaching 71st birthday (May 17), and the earnest hope that your health may be restored and that you may long be spared to continue the great work in this state to which you have given your life. The work which you have done will live long after you have passed away. The civilization of our western Indians is due more

largely to you than to any other man. Your life and labors have made the world better. You are one of the great missionaries of America, and it is a source of pride to every citizen of Sioux Falls and South Dakota that you decided to cast your life among us. You have built schools and churches throughout the state, and no history of this commonwealth will be complete without giving an important place to the great work in which you have been engaged and the magnificent results you have accomplished."

Even in this final year he continued to give what he could of his strength to his work. The last of all his letters to be quoted in this record was addressed to the Rev. Dr. Reginald H. Howe. It is dated Atlantic City, March 21, 1909, and ends, "My suffering is intense and constant; but the doctor (H. A. H.) has given me a sleeping powder which has admirable power by day and by night. The doctors advise entire change of scene and air, and the specialist thinks that suspension of the X-ray treatment for three weeks will be wise. So I am *venturing* to start West, Wednesday, March 24.

"Affectionately your brother,
"W. H. HARE."

It was in Atlantic City, on October 23, 1909, that he died, suffering and courageous to the

conscious end. Almost his last words were: "I have lived in South Dakota and have been one of its people for thirty-six years. I wish to rest in its soil, and in their midst." Arrangements were accordingly made for his burial beside Calvary Cathedral in Sioux Falls. When the train bearing his body arrived at the station it was met by the clergy of the state, many local churchmen, the ministers of different denominations in the city, the dean of the Roman Catholic Cathedral, the mayor, and city officials and hundreds of citizens from all walks of life. A procession headed by the mayor accompanied the body to the Cathedral, where the clergy of the district became a guard of honor until the hour of the funeral. This was four o'clock in the afternoon. At that hour all business in the city was suspended, the street cars stopped running for ten minutes; the doors of the business houses remained closed until five. Bishop Johnson, Bishop Edsall of Minnesota, Dean Biller of Calvary Cathedral and the Rev. Dr. Doherty of Yankton, President of the Council of Advice for the missionary district, conducted the service. In the procession from the church to the grave there were also eleven Indian and twenty-two white clergymen. The girls' choir of All Saints School took part in the singing. "After the committal office had been said, the most touch-

ing scenes"—to quote from a correspondent of *The Living Church*—"were enacted by those who had been brought into most intimate and loving relationship with the Bishop. Beginning with the youngest girl in All Saints School, each pupil and alumna of the school, members of the faculty, Indian clergymen, and clergymen who had labored with the Bishop from the earliest years of his episcopate, and the members of the Bishop's family who were present, passed around the grave and dropped a white chrysanthemum upon the casket, until it was literally buried in flowers. While this was being done the choir of the Cathedral and the clergy joined in singing hymn after hymn. . . . The men of Calvary Cathedral and some of the clergy took up spades and filled the grave. When the last shovelful was thrown and the grave banked with flowers, the people moved out of the churchyard, singing, 'Breast the wave, Christian.' Only loving hearts and hands performed for this great Apostle of the West the last sad offices. Even the man who drove the hearse asked that he be allowed to do it without pay, as a tribute of affection. The mayor of the city acted as funeral director."

On the 20th of the following April, 1910, a special Memorial Day was celebrated in Sioux Falls. The life and example of Bishop Hare

were the objects which the leaders of secular and religious activities united again—this time with more deliberation—in honoring. In the afternoon, business was virtually suspended, and the largest theatre in the city was crowded with those who came to hear Governor Vessey of South Dakota speak of Bishop Hare in his relation to the development of the state; the Hon. E. A. Sherman on "Bishop Hare and the City of Sioux Falls"; the Rev. W. H. Thrall, D. D., Superintendent of the South Dakota Congregational Conference, on "Bishop Hare, the Missionary;" and the Right Rev. Dr. Thomas O'Gorman, Roman Catholic Bishop of Sioux Falls, on "Bishop Hare and the Home"—a generous utterance bearing witness to the fineness of both the Roman and the Anglican Bishop. In the evening, Bishop Tuttle, in Calvary Cathedral, preached a memorial sermon on the text, "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd," showing, with deep feeling and affection, how truly Bishop Hare throughout his life had practiced the shepherd's virtues of thoughtfulness, tenderness, care and protection.

Bishop Johnson, in his Annual Address for 1910, interpreted admirably the meaning of this Memorial Day—"the like of which has not been seen on this portion of the map since civilized people first began to have their habitation here.

When men asked what the man in whose memory the day was set apart had done for South Dakota the answer was, He did not irrigate the desert; he did not get hard wheat planted instead of soft; he did not run the corn yield up from thirty to fifty bushels to the acre; he did not increase a man's capacity for production a hundred fold by the invention of machinery; he did not build a railroad. What he did was to spend a space of years, in what Socrates described as the greatest work a man could give himself to when, before his judges, he made this his Apology: 'I neglected the things which most men value, such as wealth and family interests, and military commands, and popular oratory, and political appointments, and clubs, and factions that there are in Athens. I went about persuading old and young alike not to think of his affairs, until he had thought of himself; not to think of the affairs of 'Athens until he had thought of Athens herself; persuading you all, old and young alike, not to care chiefly for your persons, or your properties, but first and chiefly to care about the greatest improvement of the soul.' "

These noble words apply as truly to the man with whose life this book has dealt as the definitions with which it began. In all his capacities, the saint, the knight, the apostle, the pioneer

persuaded men first and chiefly to care about the greatest improvement of the soul. The means by which he achieved this end were implied in the saying of Bishop Tuttle, already repeated, that the sponsors of William Hobart Hare if asked to name him in early manhood would have given the clear and unhesitating answer—a Missionary Bishop. At the very beginning of his days on earth there were spoken over him in baptism words which his youth, his manhood and his old age abundantly fulfilled—"Christ's faithful soldier and servant unto his life's end."

INDEX

A

ANNE, DR. ROBERT, 395.
Aberdeen, S. D., 224, 225, 381.
Aiden, 340.
All Saints School, Sioux Falls,
 founded, 220; **Bishop Hare's**
 home at, 221; 306, 379, 381,
 383; home life of **Bishop Hare**
 at, 383-386; 387, 395, 401, 402.
Aspao**, or **Daybreak, 82, 179,
 187, 191.
Anthon, Rev. Dr. Henry, 8.
Appleton, Frank D., 112.
Apostle to the Sioux, Bishop
Hare called, 135.
Ashley, Rev. Edward, 68, 214,
 288.
Astor, Mrs. John Jacob, 227.
Atlantic City, N. J., 388, 389,
 390, 394, 396, 398, 400.
Augur, Gen. C. C., 127.

B

BAR HARBOR, ME., 395.
Baker, Miss Annie M., 65.
Barker, Dr. Fordyce, 151.
Belgie, S. S., 252.
Bell, Miss, 106.
Bible, Bishop Hare on the
 knowledge and criticism of,
 306-314.

Bickersteth, Rt. Rev. Edward,
 246, 260, 261.
Biddle, Miss E. N., letters to,
 13, 19, 33, 34, 140, 142, 149,
 158.
Big Foot, Chief, 242.
Billar, Rev. Dean George, Jr.,
 401.
Bishops, House of, 29, 30, 32,
 37, 143, 218, 219, 246, 247,
 251.
Bismarck, Prince von, 343.
Black Hills, gold discovered in,
 122, 123; purchased from the
 Sioux, 124; **Bishop Hare's**
 views on the occupation of,
 124-131.
Black Hills Deanery, 228.
Blackfeet Indians, 67, 191, 288.
Boarding Schools established by
Bishop Hare, 82, 91, 93; life
 at, described, 94-101, 104-108.
BOY AND THE MAN, THE,
 3-11.
Brewster, W. J., 224.
Brooks, Rt. Rev. Phillips, 250,
 263.
Brosius, Samuel M., 290.
Brown, S. J., 187.
Brulé Sioux, 112.
Brunot, Felix R., 227.
Buckinghamshire, Earl of, 150.

Burt, Rev. H., 105, 134, 214,
288, 302.
Bush, Major Joseph, 134, 135.

C

CALVARY CATHEDRAL, SIOUX
Falls, funeral of Bishop Hare
at, 401, 402.
Carlisle Indian School, 229, 230,
278, 294.
Carthage, S. D., 222, 223.
"Catholic" or "Protestant,"
Bishop Hare on the use of
the words, in name of Epis-
copal church, 318-332.
Certain Dangerous Tendencies
in American Life, 243.
Chandler, Rev. Thomas Brad-
bury, ancestor of Bishop
Hare, 8.
Chestnut Hill, Pa., 12, 13, 20.
Cheyenne River Agency, 47, 49,
63, 92, 106, 107, 132, 174, 175,
191-197, 206, 214, 280, 288.
China, Bishop Hare visits, as
Missionary Bishop, 270, 274.
China, S. S., 276.
Chinamen, Bishop Hare's re-
marks on customs of, 256-
258.
Church and the Indians, *The*,
43.
Church News, *The*, 234, 240,
251, 315, 318, 357, 358.
Church Standard, *The*, 276.
Churchman, *The*, 245.
Clark, Rev. A. B., 288.
Clarkson, Rt. Rev. Robert H.,
65, 162.

Cleveland, Rev. W. J., 134, 288.
Coleman, Corporal, 115.
Collins, Miss Mary C., 213.
Columbia University, 37.
Conquest of the Missouri, 70.
Cook, Rev. Joseph W., 65, 71,
95, 103, 136.
Corman, 340.
Crewe, Lord, 146, 150.
Crow Creek Agency, 47, 64, 92,
174, 187, 214, 288.
Custer, Gen. George A., 47, 131.
Custer Massacre, 131.

D

DAKOTA LEAGUE OF MASSACHU-
SETTS, 211.
Dakota Territory, 41.
Dawes Allotment Act, 279.
Daybreak, *The* or *Anpao*, 82,
88, 179, 187.
Delano, Columbus, Secretary of
the Interior, letter to, 130.
Deloria, Rev. Philip, 290.
Dexter, Henry, 227.
DIVORCE REFORM CAM-
PAIGN, THE, 354-377.
Divorce Reform movement in
South Dakota, led by Bishop
Hare, 354-358; address to the
legislature on, by Bishop
Hare, 358-370; movement
partially successful, 370, 373;
final victory in, 376.
Doherty, Rev. Robert, 401.
Dorsey, Rev. J. Owen, 97.
Draper, Mrs. J. A., 105.
Duigan, Mrs. M. E., 106.
Dunbar, Rev. Mr., 204.

Dyer, Rev. Dr. Heman, 143, 149,
154, 157, 162, 163.

FRUITS OF EXPERIENCE,
278-353.
Fuller, Thomas, 340.

E

EASTERN DEANERY, 228, 248.
Eastman, Mrs. Charles A., 173,
242n., 293.
Edsall, Rt. Rev. Samuel C., 401.
Eliot, John, apostle to the In-
dians, 3.
Ellicott, J. C., Bishop of
Gloucester and Bristol, 148,
150.
Elk Point, S. D., 223.
Emery, Miss Mary Abbot, let-
ter to, 94.
Emlen, George, ancestor of
Bishop Hare, 6.
Emmanuel Hall, 92, 100, 101,
105.
Empress of India, S. S., 270,
271.

F

Far West, steamboat, 67, 70.
Ferguson, Rt. Rev. Samuel D.,
297.
Ffennell, Rev. R. Archer B.,
132, 133, 134.
Flandreau, S. D., 76, 107, 179,
182, 186, 288.
Flockhart, Rev. John, 285, 288.
Forsythe, Col. James W., 242.
Fort Randall, S. D., 283.
Fort Snelling, Minn., 17, 19.
Four Bears, Chief, 192.
Francis, Miss Mary S., 213.
Frazier, W. W., 394.

G

GALL, CHIEF, baptized, 231.
Gasmann, Rev. J. E., 65.
Gaylord, Gen., 82.
Ghost Dance, 241. See *Messiah
Craze*.
Gloucester and Bristol, Bishop
of, 148, 150.
Good, Rev. J. St. J., 290.
Goodale, Elaine (See Eastman,
Mrs. Chas. A.).
Grant, President Ulysses S.,
letter to, 124.
Graves, Rt. Rev. Frederick R.,
277.
Graves, Sister Mary, 104.
Gray, Edgar, 112.
Green, John Richard, 335.
Gregory the Great, Pope, 325.
Groton, S. D., 224, 381.

H

HALE, WALTER S., 68.
Hampton Institute, 52, 229,
273, 294.
Hanson, Joseph Mills, 70.
Hankow, China, 274.
HARD ROAD TO CIVILI-
ZATION, THE, 172-217.
Hare, Charles Willing, grand-
father of Bishop Hare, 7.
Hare, Elizabeth Catherine (Ho-
bart), mother of Bishop
Hare, 7, 8, 210, 212, 387.

Hare, Rev. Dr. George Emlen, father of Bishop Hare, 6, 9, 970.

Hare, Dr. Hobart Amory, son of Bishop Hare, 91, 71, 98, 107, 121, 156, 388, 400.

Hare, Mrs. Hobart Amory, letter to, 355.

Hare, James Montgomery, 9.

Hare, Mary Amory (Howe), wife of Bishop Hare, marriage, 13; beauty of character, 13; her failing health, 14; death, 21; 210, 387.

Hare, Mary H., sister of Bishop Hare, 21, letters to, 24, 76, 122, 138, 144, 146, 152, 153, 162, 178, 210, 212, 271, 358, 379, 380.

Hare, Robert, ancestor of Bishop Hare, 6.

Hare, Robert, Jr., 7.

Hare, Robert Emott, 9.

Hare, William Hobart, born, 4; lineage, 5-8; at the Episcopal Academy, 9; enters the University of Pennsylvania, 9; distinction at college, 10; teaches school and studies divinity, 10; takes deacon's orders, 11; assistant minister at St. Luke's, Philadelphia, 12; rector of St. Paul's, Chestnut Hill, 12; ordained to the priesthood, 12; marries Mary Amory Howe, 13; visits Minnesota, 14; awakening interest in the Indians, 15; returns to become rector of Church of the Ascension, 21;

loses his wife, 21; travels abroad, 22; becomes Secretary of Foreign Committee, Board of Missions, 22; his efficient service, 23; visits the Mormon colony, 25; elected Missionary Bishop of Niobrara, 29; previous election to an African missionary bishopric, 30; election reconsidered, 31; accepts the episcopate of Niobrara, 32; reasons therefor, 35-36; honorary degrees conferred upon him, 37; consecrated bishop, 38; begins his work, 43; visits Oneida Mission, 43; reaches Yankton, 46; his early services among the Indians, 48-50; his plan of work, 50-53; views on the Indian question, 54-56; prayers of, 57; first report of, 58-62; steamboat experiences of, 67-70; hardships of travel experienced by, 71-75, 76, 77; conceptions of duty of, 87; jurisdiction organized by, 88; address to the Indians by, 88-90; system of boarding-schools introduced by, 92-93; life at the schools described by, 94-107; severe winter weather suffered by, 100, 102; known as the Indian's friend, 108, 109; visits Red Cloud and Spotted Tail Agencies as peace commissioner, 110-111; views on the use of soldiers in Indian country, 112-120; exposed to

danger of massacre, 121; attacked for his views on the use of military, 122; on the occupation of the Black Hills by white settlers, 124-129, 130; in danger from hostile Sioux, 133, 134; trials and hardships endured by, 136-139; triumphant faith of, 139; faith of his friends in, 139, 140; considered for other bishoprics, 140; uncertain health of, 141; spends nine months in Europe, 143; ocean trip described, 145; visits Crewe Hall and Peckforton, 146; Lichfield, Hereford and Gloucester, 147, 150; goes to France, 151; to Italy, 152; serious illness of, at Venice, 152; improving health of, 153; visits the Tyrol, 154; returns to New York, 156; and to his work, 157; declines superintendency of St. Luke's Hospital, 160; sustains a suit for libel, 161-166; sufferings of, in consequence, 168, 169, 171; suit arbitrated, 171; traveling methods of, 173; discomforts borne by, 175-179; defends the Indian character, 180; experience of, with a prairie fire, 183-186; Sioux warrior Iewicaka and, 188-191; journey of, to the Cheyenne River Agency, 191-196; remarks of, on boarding-school work, 198-200; baptismal service described by, 201;

visits the Standing Rock agency, 203-205; plans mission there, 206; lost on the prairie, 206; chivalrous nature of, 210; labors of, in behalf of mission women and children, 211; faithfulness of, to his flock, 212, 213; his sympathy, 214; industry, 215; and judgment, 216; made Missionary Bishop of South Dakota, 218; All Saints School founded by, 220; makes his home at the School, 221; preaching tour by, 222-225; on the white settlers of Dakota, 225, 226; organization of jurisdiction by, 228; progress of jurisdiction under ministrations of, 228, 229; methods of reaching Indians followed by, 232, 233; the "Messiah Craze" and Ghost Dance described by, 236-239; influence of, in quieting and civilizing the Sioux, 243, 244; sent as Missionary Bishop to Japan, 245, 248-250; account of voyage by, 251-258; arrival of, at Yokohama, 259; activity of, in Japan, 260; views of, concerning true work of American churchmen there, 261, 262, 264-267; efforts of, for church unity, 263; return of, to America, 268; again sent to Japan, 269; voyage of, thither, 270-273; work of, in Japan and China, 274-276; influence of, deeply felt there,

- 376, 377; fruits of labors of, summarized, 378, *sequitur*; in education, 380; in evangelization, 381; in prosperity of the church, 381; presence of, at Indian Convocation, 386, 388, 393; part taken by, in Mohonk Conference, 294; made Honorary Chancellor of Hobart College, 295; mentioned for Bishop of Massachusetts, 295; loving cup presented to, by General Convention, 295, 296; response by, 297-298; appointed a presiding judge of ecclesiastical Court of Review, 299; as a writer and public speaker, 299, 300; tact of, 300-302; native humor of, 303; teachableness of, 304; gentleness and power of concentration, 305; views of, on the Bible, and biblical criticism, 306-314; on temperance and prohibition, 315-318; on using the word Catholic in name of the Episcopal church, 318-322; on schisms in the church, 322-325; delivers addresses at the Washington Missionary Conference, 325-342; remarks of, on the qualities of the true missionary, 343-353; interest of, in divorce reform in So. Dakota, 354; becomes leader of reform movement, 357; addresses the legislature on Marriage and Divorce, 358-370; presses the campaign, 371, 379; delegate to divorce law convention, 374; sees reform established, 376; tributes to leadership of, 377; failing health of, 379; two journeys abroad, 379; on the Spanish War, 380; continued activity of, 381; discharges episcopal duties in New York, 382; home life of, at All Saints School, 383-386; unselfishness, cheerfulness, tenderness of, 385; sufferings of, 388; goes to Atlantic City, 389, 390; asks for assistance, 390; returns to So. Dakota, 392, 394; operated on, 395; silent heroism of, 397; seventieth birthday of, celebrated, 398; testimonial to, from the Mayor and Aldermen of Sioux Falls, 399, 400; continued suffering of, 400; death, 400; funeral of, 401, 402; memorial service for, 402, 403; character and services of, summarized, 404, 405.
- Harney, Gen. William S., 127.
- Harris, Rev. Dr. J. Andrews, 11.
- Harrison, J. B., quoted, 243.
- Hicks, Miss E. E., 105.
- Henry, Rev. F. W., 288.
- Himes, Rev. J. V., 273.
- Hinman, Rev. S. D., 42, 91, 130.
- Hobart College, 7, 295.
- Hobart, John Henry, Bishop of N. Y., grandfather of Bishop Hare, 7, 48.
- Hobart, Mrs. John Henry, 8.

Hobart, Rev. Peter, ancestor of Bishop Hare, 7.
 Hobart, Rev. William, 150.
 Holly, Rt. Rev. James T., 297.
 Hope Boarding School, Springfield, S. D., 52, 197, 199, 212.
 Houghton, Lord, 145, 146, 149.
 Howe, Julia Bowen (Amory), 13.
 Howe, Rt. Rev. M. A. De W., 12, 13; letters to, 156, 164; 270.
 Howe, Mrs. M. A. De W., letter to, 63.
 Howe, Mary Amory, See Hare, M. A. H.
 Howe, Rev. Dr. Reginald H., letter to, 400.
 Huntington, Rev. Dr. Wm. R., 38.

I

IEWICAKA, conversion of, 187, 188, 190.
 IN JAPAN AND CHINA, 245-277.
 IN PARISH AND MISSION OFFICE, 12-40.
Independent, The, 173.
 Indian Convocation, 268; described, 282-292.
 Indian Rights Association, 110, 290, 294.
 Indians, missions to, in Minnesota, 15-19; Bishop Hare's interest in, 15, 35, 36; missions to, in Dakota, 42; Bishop Hare's views on the, 54-56, 58-62; religious instincts of, 80, 81; theology of,

82-86; human nature of, 90; interest of, in supply of food, 109; use of soldiers to control, 116-120; uprising among, 131-135; living like white men, 180; increasing civilization of, 187; best qualities of, displayed in wilderness, 192; how best reached by the church, 232; condition of, steadily bettered, 278, 279; large proportion of, baptized Episcopalians, 281; Convocation of, in Niobrara Deanery, 282-292; Bishop Hare's tactful dealings with, 300-302; missionary problems of the, 336-342.
 Indians' Hope of Philadelphia, 211.
 Ives, Miss Amelia, 104, 212.

J

JAPAN, Bishop Hare's service in, 245, 248, 260-268, 273-276.
 Japanese and Indian, incident of, 245-246.
 Johnny Comes out Howling, letter by, 235.
 Johnson, Rt. Rev. Frederick F., chosen assistant to bishop of So. Dakota, 392; sympathy between Bishop Hare and, 393; 401, 403.

K

KEREACH, MISS CLARA M., 105.
 King, Mr., 115.

L

LANGFORD, REV. DR. WM. S.,
274.

Lapham, E. E., 272.

*Later Studies on Indian Reser-
vations*, 243.

Lecky, William E. H., 339.

Leigh, Miss Mary J., 65, 201.

Libel suit against Bishop Hare,
161-171.

Liddon, Canon H. P., 150.

*Lights and Shadows of a Long
Episcopate*, 233.

Lincoln, Abraham, President,
U. S., 233.

Littlejohn, Rt. Rev. Abram N.,
153n.

Littlejohn, Mrs. A. M., 153.

Living Church, The, 402.

Lloyd, Rt. Rev. Arthur S., 342,
390.

Lower Brulé Agency, 47, 134,
288, 290.

M

McKim, Rt. Rev. John, 277.

McLaughlin, Major James, 204,
209.

Madison, S. D., 222, 382.

Marriage and Divorce, Bishop
Hare on, 358-370.

Medicine Root Station, 201.

"Messiah Craze," 235-243.

Minnecoujou Sioux, 67, 191,
288.

Missionaries, qualifications of
true, 343-353.

MISSIONARY TO TWO
RACES, THE, 218-244.

Missouri River, 17, 19, 30, 41,
42, 47, 50; conditions of travel
on, 67, 70, 71; 84, 95, 98, 100,
102, 105, 162, 283, 284.

Mitchell, Dr. S. Weir, 141, 151,
378, 391.

Modoc massacre, the, 45, 46.

Mohonk Conference, 294.

Moltke, Gen. von, 343.

Mormons, Bishop Hare's im-
pressions of the, 25-28.

Morris, Rt. Rev. Benjamin W.,
297.

Morris, Rev. John, 222.

Muhlenberg, Rev. Dr. W. A.
160.

My Friend the Indian, 209.

N

NICHOLS, RT. REV. WILLIAM F.,
252.

Niobrara, missionary jurisdic-
tion of, 19, 29, 30, 32; condi-
tions in, 41, 42; difficulties of
travel in, 71-73; severity of
winter in, 98-102; merged in
missionary district of South
Dakota, 218.

Niobrara Deanery, 228, 248, 282.

Niobrara League of New York,
211.

No Heart (Indian), 204, 207.

Norris, Miss Ella, 105.

O

OGALLALA SIOUX, 112, 288.

O'Gorman, Rt. Rev. Thomas,
376, 403.

Oneida Indians, 7, 38, 43, 44,
210.

Osaka, Japan, 260.

Outlook, The, 293.

P

PARKS, DR., 145.

Peabody, Miss Helen S., 221,
383.

Peabody, Miss Mary B., 221,
304.

Penn, William, 6.

Pennsylvania, University of, 6,
7, 9, 10.

Peters, Rev. Hugh, 8.

Philadelphia, Pa., 6, 7, 9, 10, 11,
12, 20, 21, 22, 29, 211, 387,
388, 391, 394.

Philadelphia *Public Ledger*,
374.

Pine Ridge Agency, 230, 240,
288, 290.

PIONEER IN NIOBRARA,
A, 41-79.

Ponca Indians, 47, 96, 288.

Potter, Rt. Rev. Alonzo, 6, 12,
27.

Potter, Rt. Rev. Henry C., 38,
295, 296, 299, 382.

Pratt, Orson, apostle of the
Mormons, 27.

Pratt, Gen. Richard H., 229.

Princeton, N. J., 4, 9.

Prohibition, Bishop Hare's
views on, 315-318.

"Protestant" or "Catholic,"
Bishop Hare on use of the
words in name of Episcopal
Church, 318-332.

R

RAEBURN, MR., 104.

Red Cloud, Chief, 82.

Red Cloud Agency, 110, 111,
115, 119, 124, 125.

Red Dog's Camp, 20.

Red Owl, Rev. George, 290.

RELIGION, SCHOOL AND
GOVERNMENT, 80-135.

Riggs, Rev. Stephen R., 42.

Robinson, Rev. John., 175.

Robinson, Lieutenant, 115.

Rogers, Rev. R. C., letter to,
99.

Roman church, Bishop Hare on
a secession to the, 332-335.

Rosebud Agency, 230, 236, 268,
288.

Ross, Rev. Amos, 201, 290.

S

ST. ANDREWS STATION, 201.

St. Elizabeth's School and Mis-
sion (see Standing Rock).

St. John's Boarding School, 52,
195, 203, 280.

St. Luke's Church, Philadelphia,
12, 13, 20, 37.

St. Luke's Hospital, N. Y.,
160, 396.

St. Luke's Mission, 203.

St. Mark's Academy, Philadel-
phia, 10.

St. Mary's Boarding School, 52,
91, 105, 212, 280.

St. Paul, 337.

St. Paul's Church, Chestnut
Hill, Bishop Hare rector of,
12, 14, 19.

- St. Paul's Boarding School, 52, 92, 93; life of, 94-99, 103, 107, 108; 166, 230, 280.
- St. Paul's College, Tokio, 276.
- St. Paul's Mission, 193, 203.
- Sans Arc Sioux, 67, 191, 288.
- Santee Indians and Agency, 47, 91, 97, 105, 138, 179, 288.
- Scott, Sir Walter, 315.
- Shanghai, China, 270, 274.
- Shaw, Robert Gould, 109.
- Sherman, Hon. Edwin A., 376, 403.
- Sherman, Gen. W. T., 127.
- Shippen, Ann, ancestress of Bishop Hare, 7.
- Sibley, Gen. Henry H., 17.
- Sioux City (Iowa) *Journal*, 127.
- Sioux Falls, S. D., 23, 220, 221, 228, 249, 251, 269, 276, 304, 318, 354, 356, 357, 367, 368, 371, 376, 377, 381, 388, 389, 392, 393, 395, 398, 399, 401, 402, 403.
- Sioux Falls *Argus-Leader*, 371, 386.
- Sioux Falls *Press*, 236.
- Sioux Indians, 42, 45, 67, 81; religion of, 82-86; 106, 109, 112, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 131, 135, 187, 191; "Messiah Craze" among, 236-243.
- Sioux Reservation, 122, 279.
- Sisseton Agency and Indians, 288, 289.
- Sitting Bull, Chief, 230.
- Smith, Rt. Rev. Benjamin B., 38.
- Smith, George A., 27, 28.
- South Dakota, Bishop Hare made bishop of, 218; white settlers of, 225; missionary jurisdiction of, organized, 228; condition of divorce laws in, 354-370; divorce reform accomplished in, 376; affection for Bishop Hare in, 399; services of Bishop Hare to, 404.
- Spirit of Missions, The*, 179.
- Spotted Tail, Chief, 121, 180, 203.
- Spotted Tail Agency, 111, 112, 119, 124, 125.
- Springfield, S. D., 197, 212, 219, 288.
- Standing Rock Agency and Mission, 203, 206, 209, 231, 236, 240, 280, 288, 290.
- Stanforth, Mrs., 97.
- Stevens, Rt. Rev. William B., 22.
- Swift, Mrs. Henry, 106.
- Swift, Rev. Henry, 106, 132, 191, 192, 193, 195, 196, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207.
- Swift, Jonathan, 296.
- Swinton, William, 326.

T

- THACKERAY, WM. M., 296.
- Thomson, Archdeacon Elliot H., 297.
- Thrall, Rev. W. H., 372, 403.
- TO THE LAST, 378-405.
- Tokio, 259, 264, 274, 276.
- Tollemache, Lord, 146.

INDEX

417

Trinity College (Hartford, Conn.), 37.
Truth Teller (see Iewicaka).
Tuttle, Rt. Rev. Daniel S., 23, 215, 277, 389, 397, 403, 405.
Two Kettle Sioux, 288.

V

VAN SCOTTER, A., 292.
Vaughan, Rev. Dr. C. J., 150.
Vermilion, S. D., 224.
Vessey, Gov. Robert S., 403.

W

WAHPETON SIOUX, 289.
Walker, Gen. Francis A., 127, 128.
Walker, Rev. Luke C., 65, 88, 290.
Wazazah Sioux, 289.
Welsh, William, 29, 34, 42, 48, 87.
Whetstone Agency (see Spotted Tail Agency).
Whipple, Rt. Rev. Henry B., 16, 38, 39, 162, 233.
White Ghost, Chief, 188.
White Wolf, Chief, 207, 208.
Wicks, Rev. W. J., 288.
Wilberforce, Rt. Rev. Samuel, 149.

Williams, Rt. Rev. Channing M., 246, 261, 297.
Williamson, Rev. J. P., 42.
Willing, Charles, ancestor of Bishop Hare, 7.
Willing, Margaret, ancestress of Bishop Hare, 6.
Winthrop, Gov. John, 8.
Wolfe, Miss Catherine Lorillard, 227.
Woman's Auxiliary to Board of Missions, 211.
Wounded Knee Creek, battle at, 236, 240, 242.

Y

YANKTON, So. Dakota, 42, 46, 63, 76, 78.
Yankton Agency, 47, 65, 71, 94, 99, 102, 158, 174, 189, 280, 283, 285.
Yanktonnais Sioux, 67, 96, 106, 289, 292.
Yeddo, Japan (see Tokio).
Yokohama, 258, 268, 271, 273.
Young, Brigham, 26, 27, 28.
Young, Rev. H. St. G., 103, 183, 186.

Z

Zitkano duzahan, Indian name for Bishop Hare, 63.

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